

pecting these two would prove Prizes, let them come in, lest his getting under Sail might frighten them away, and so he should miss the Boory.

The Satisfaction was great on all Sides, at this Junction of Confederates and Brethren in Iniquity; two Days they spent in improving their Acquaintance and Friendship, the third Day *Davis* and *Cocklyn* agreed, to go in *La Boufè's* Brigantine, and attack the Fort; they contrived it so, as to get up thither by high Water; those in the Fort suspected them to be what they really were, and therefore stood upon their Defence. When the Brigantine came within Musket-Shot, the Fort fired all their Guns upon her; the Brigantine did the like upon the Fort, and so they held each other in Play for several Hours, when the two confederate Ships came up to the Assistance of the Brigantine. Those who defended the Fort, seeing such a Number of Hands on Board these Ships, had not the Courage to stand it out any longer, but abandoning the Fort, left it to the Mercy of the Pyrates.

They took Possession of it, and continued there near seven Weeks, in which Time they all cleaned their Ships. We should have observed, that a Galley came into the Road while they were there, which *Davis* insisted should be yielded to *La Boufè*, according to his Word of Honour before given; *Cocklyn* did not oppose it, so *La Boufè* went into her, with his Crew, and, cutting her half Deck, mounted her with twenty four Guns.

Having called a Council of War, they agreed to sail down the Coast together, and, for the greater Grandeur, appointed a Commadore, who was Capt. *Davis*; but they had not kept Company long, when drinking together on Board of *Davis*, they had like to have fallen together by the Ears, the strong Liquor stirring up a Spirit of Discord among them: *Davis*, however, put an End to the Quarrel, by this short Speech:—*Heark ye, you Cocklyn and La Boufè, I find by strengthening you, I have put a Rod into your Hands to whip myself, but I'm still able to deal with you both; however, since we met in Love, let us part in Love, for I find, that three of a Trade can never agree long together.*—Upon this, the other two went on Board their respective Ships, and immediately parted, each steering a different Course.

Davis held on his Way down the Coast, and making Cape *Appollonia*, he met with two *Scotch* and one *English* Vessel, all which he plundered, and then let go. About five Days after, he fell in with a *Dutch* Interloper, of thirty Guns and ninety Men, (half being *English*,) off Cape *Three Points Bay*: *Davis* coming up along Side of her, the *Dutch* Man gave the first fire, and, pouring in a broad-Side upon *Davis*, killed nine of his Men; *Davis* returned it, and a very hot Engagement followed, which lasted from one a Clock at Noon till nine next Morning, when the *Dutch* Man struck, and yielded her self their Prize.

Davis fitted up the *Dutch* Ship for his own Use, and called her the *Rover*; a-board of her he mounted thirty two Guns, and twenty seven Swivels, and then proceeded, with her and the *King James*, to *Anamaboe*. He entered this Bay betwixt the Hours of twelve and one at Noon, and found there three Ships lying at Anchor, who were trading for Negroes, Gold and Teeth: The Names of these Ships were the *Hink Pink*, Captain *Hall* Commander; the *Princess*, Captain *Plumb*, of which *Roberts*, who will make a considerable Figure in the sequel of this History, was second Mate; and the *Morice* Sloop, Captain *Fin*; he takes these Ships without any Resistance, and having plundered them, he makes a Present of one of them, *viz.* the *Morice* Sloop, to the *Dutch* Prisoners. On Board of this Sloop alone were found a hundred and forty Negroes, besides dry Goods, and a considerable Quantity of Gold-Dust.

It happened that there were several Canoes along Side of this last, when *Davis* came in, who

saved themselves and got a-shore; these gave Notice at the Fort, that these Ships were Pyrates, upon which the Fort fired upon them, but without doing any Execution; for their Mettle was not of Weight enough to reach them; *Davis* therefore, by Way of Defiance, hoisted his black Flag, and returned their Compliment.

The same Day he sail'd with his three Ships, making his Way down the Coast towards *Princes*, a *Portuguese* Colony: But before we proceed any farther in *Davis's* Story, we shall give our Reader an Account of the *Portuguese* Settlements on this Coast, with other curious Remarks, as they were communicated to us by an ingenious Gentleman, lately arrived from those Parts.

A Description of the Islands of St. THOME, DEL PRINCE, and ANNOLONO.

AS the *Portuguese* were the great Improvers of Navigation, and the first *Europeans* who traded to, and settled on, the Coasts of *Africa*, even round to *India*, and made those Discoveries, which now turn so much to the Advantage of other Nations, it may not be amiss, previously to a Description of those Islands, to hint on that wonderful Property of the Loadstone, that a little before had been found out, and enabled them to pursue such new and daring Navigations.

The attractive Power of the Loadstone was universally known to the Ancients, as may be believed by its being a native Fossil of the *Greeks*; for 'tis called *Magnes* from *Magnesia*; but its directive, or polar Virtue, has only been known to us within this 350 Years, and is said to be found out by *John Gout*, of *Malphi*, in the Kingdom of *Naples*, *Prima d'Antant's* *usum magnetis Amalphi*; tho' others think and assure us, it was transported by *Paulus Venetus* from *China* to *Italy*, like the two other famous Arts of modern Use with us, PRINTING and the Use of GUNS.

The other Properties or Improvements of the Magnet, *viz.* its Variation, or Defluxion from an exact N. or S. Line, Variation of that Variation, and its Inclination, were the Inventions of *Sebastian Cabot*, Mr. *Gellibrant*, and Mr. *Nirman*; the Inclination of the Needle, or that Property whereby it keeps an Elevation above the Horizon, in all Places but under the Equator, where 'tis Parallel, is as surprising a Phænomenon as any, and was the Discovery of our Countrymen; and could it be found regular, I imagine it would very much help towards the Discovery of the Longitude, at least 'twould point out better Methods than are hitherto known, when Ships drew nigh Land, which would answer as useful an End almost as the other.

Before the Verticity and Use of the Compass, the *Portuguese* Navigations had extended no farther than Cape *Non*, which was their *ne plus ultra*, and therefore so called. Distress of Weather, indeed, had drove some Coasters to *Porto Santo*, and *Madeira*, before any certain Method of steering was invented; but after the Needle was seen thus inspired, Navigation every Year improv'd, under the great Encouragements of *Henry*, *Alphonfus*, and *John* II. Kings of *Portugal*, in Part of the 14th and in the 15th Century.

King *Alphonfus* was not so much at leisure as his Predecessor, to pursue these Discoveries; but, having seen the Advantages that accrued to *Portugal* by them, and that the Pope had confirmed the perpetual Donation of all they should discover between Cape *Bajadore* and *India*, inclusively, he resolv'd not to neglect the proper Assistance, and so farm'd the Profits that did or might ensue, to one *Bernard Gomez*, a Citizen of *Lisbon*, who was every Voyage obliged to discover 100 Leagues still farther on:

About the Year 1470, he made these Islands, the only Places of all the considerable and large Colonies they had in *Africa*, that do now remain to that Crown.

St. Thome is the principal of the three, whose Governour is stiled Captain General of the Islands, and from whom the other at *Princes* receives his Commission, tho' nominated by the Court of *Portugal*: It is a Bishoprick, with a great many secular Clergy, who appear to have neither Learning nor Devotion, as may be judged by several of them being Negroes: One of the Chief of them invited us to hear Mass, as a Diversion to pass Time away; where he, and his inferior Brethren, acted such affected Gestures and Strains of Voice, as shewed, to their Dishonour, that they had no other Aim, than that of pleasing us; and, what I think was still worse, it was not without a View of Interest; for as these Clergy are the chief Traders, they stoop to pirifull and scandalous Methods for ingratiating themselves: They and the Government, on this trading Account, maintain no great Harmony, being ever jealous of each other, and practising little deceitful Arts, to monopolize what Strangers have to offer for sale, whether Toys or Cloaths, which of all Sorts are ever profitable Commodities with the *Portuguese* in all Parts of the World: An ordinary Suit of Black will sell for seven or eight Pound; a Turnstile Wig of four Shillings, for a Moidore; a Watch of forty Shillings, for six Pound, &c.

The Town is of mean Building, but large and populous; 'tis the Residence of the greater Part of the Natives, who, thro' the whole Island, are computed at 10000, the Militia at 3000, and are, in general, a rascally thievish Generation, as an old grave Friend of mine can witness; for he, having carried a Bag of second-hand Cloaths on Shore, to truck for Provisions, seated himself on the Sand for that Purpose, and presently gathered a Crowd round him, to view them; one of these desired to know the Price of a black Suit, that unluckily lay uppermost, and was the best of them, agreeing to the Demand, with little Hesitation, provided it would but fit him; he put them on immediately, in as much hurry as possible, without any *co-licentia Signor*; and when my Friend was about to commend the Goodness of the Suit, and Exactness they set with, not dreaming of the Impudence of his running away from a Crowd, the Rascal took to his Heels; my Friend followed and bawled very much, and, tho' there was 500 People about the Place, it served to no other End but making him a clear Stage, that the best Pair of Heels might carry it; so he lost the Suit of Cloaths, and, before he could return to his Bag, others of them had beat off his Servant, and shared the rest.

Most of the Ships from *Guiney*, of their own Nation, and frequently those of ours, call at one or other of these Islands, to recruit with fresh Provisions, and take in Water; which on the Coast are not so good, nor so conveniently to come by: Their own Ships likewise, when they touch here, are obliged to leave the King his Custom for their Slaves, which is always in Gold, at so much a Head, without any Deduction at *Brasil*, for the Mortality that may happen afterwards; this, by being a constant Bank to pay off the civil and military Charges of the Government, prevents the Inconveniency of Remittances, and keeps both *St. Thome* and *Princes* Isle rich enough, to pay ready Money for every Thing they want of the *Europeans*.

The Beefs are small and lean, few of them exceeding two hundred Weight, none of them much more; but the Goats, Hogs and Fowls are very good; their Sugar is coarse and dirty, and their Rum very ordinary; as these Refreshments lay most with People who are in want of other Necessaries, they come to us in a Way of bartering very cheap: A good Hog for an old Cutlath; a fat Fowl for a Span of *Brasil* Tobacco, (no other Sort being valued) and so in Proportion the rest. But in Money you give eight Dol-

lars per Head for Cattle, three Dollars for a Goat, six Dollars for a grown Hog, a Testune and a half for a Fowl, a Dollar per Gallon for Rum, two Dollars a Roove for Sugar, and half a Dollar for a Dozen of Paroquets: Here is Plenty likewise of Corn and Farine, of Limes, Citrons and Yamms.

The Island is reckoned to be almost Square, each Side being 18 Leagues long; 'tis hilly, and under the *Æquinoctial*, a wooden Bridge, just without the Town, being said not to deviate the least Part of a Minute, either to the Southward or Northward; and, notwithstanding this warm Situation, and the continual vertical Suns, the Islanders are very healthy, which is imputed by those who are disposed to be merry, in a great Measure, to the Want of even so much as one Surgeon or Physician amongst them.

The Isle *Del Principe*, the next in Magnitude, is a pleasant and delightful Spot to the grave and thoughtful Disposition of the *Portuguese*; 'tis an Improvement of Country Retirement, in that this may be a happy and uninterrupted Retreat from the whole World.

I shall divide what I have to say on this Island, into Observations made on our Approach to it, and on the Seas round it; the Harbour; the Produce of the Island and Seasons; the Way of Living among the Inhabitants; and some Customs of the Negroes; with such proper Deductions on each, as may illustrate the Description, and inform the Reader.

We were bound hither from *Whydah*, at the latter Part of the Month *July*, when the Rains are over, and the Winds hang altogether S. W. as they do before the Rains, S. E. yet with this Wind we found the Ship gained unexpectedly so far to the Southward, that is the Windward, that we could with ease have weathered any of the Islands; and it seems next to impossible how this should be, if the Currents, which were strong to Leeward, in the Road of *Whydah*, had extended in like Manner cross the Bite of *Benin*: No, it must then have been very difficult to have weathered even Cape *Formosa*: On this Occasion, I shall farther expatiate upon the Currents on the whole Coast of *Guiney*.

The Southern Coast of *Africa* runs in a Western Line of Latitude, the Northern on an Eastern Line; but both strait; with the fewest Inlets, Gulphs or Bays, of either of the four Continents; the only large and remarkable one, is that of *Benin* and *Calabar*, towards which the Currents of each Coast tend, and which is strongest from the Southward, because more open to a large Sea, whose rising it is (tho' little and scarce discernable at any Distance from the Land,) that gives rise to these Currents close in Shore; which are nothing but Tides, altered and disturbed by the Make and Shape of Lands.

For Proof of this, I shall lay down the following Observations as certain Facts. That in the Rivers of *Gambia* and *Sierraleon*, in the Straits and Channels of *Benin*, and in general along the whole Coast, the Flowings are regular on the Shores, with this Difference; that, in the abovemention'd Rivers, and in the Channels of *Benin*, where the Shore contracts the Waters into a narrow Compass, the Tides are strong and high, as well as regular; but on the dead Coast, where it makes an equal Reverberation, flow and low, (not to above two or three Foot,) increasing as you advance towards *Benin*; and this is farther evident, in that at Cape *Corso*, *Succonda* and *Commenda*, and where the Land rounds and gives any Stop, the Tides flow regularly to four Foot and upwards; when on an even Coast, (tho' next adjoining,) they shall not exceed two or three Foot; and ten Leagues out at Sea, (where no such Interruption is,) they become scarcely, if at all, perceptible.

What I would deduce from this, besides a Confirmation of that ingenious Theory of the Tides, by Captain *Halley*, is first, that the Ships bound to *Angola*, *Cabenda*, and other Places on the Southern Coast of *Africa*, should cross the *Æquinoctial* from Cape

Cape *Palmas*, and run into a Southern Latitude, without keeping too far to the Westward; and the Reason seems plain, for if you endeavour to cross it about the Islands, you meet Calms, southerly Winds, and opposite Currents; and if too far to the Westward, the Trade Winds are strong and unfavourable; for it obliges you to stand into 8 or 30° Southern Latitude, till they are variable.

Secondly, On the Northern Side of *Guiney*, if Ships are bound from the *Goli-Coast* to *Sierraleon*, *Gambia*, or elsewhere to Windward, considering the Weakness of these Currents, and the Favourableness of Land Breezes, and Southerly the Rains, Turnadoes, and even the Trade Wind, when a-breast of Cape *Palmas*, it is more expeditious to pursue the Passage this Way, than by a long perambulatory Course of 4 or 500 Leagues to the Westward, and as many more to the Northward, which must be before a Wind can be obtained, that could recover the Coast.

Lastly, It is, in a great Measure, owing to this want of Inlets, and the Rivers being small and unnavigable, that the Seas rebound with so dangerous a Surf thro' the whole Continent.

Round the Shores of this Island, and in *July*, *August* and *September*, the Months we were there, there is a great Resort of Whale-Fish, tame, and sporting very nigh the Ships as they sail in; they are always in Pairs, the Female being much the smaller, and are often seen to turn on their Backs for Dalliance, the Prologue to engendring: This Fish has an enemy, called the 'Thresher, a large Fish too, that has its Haunts here at this Season, and encounters the Whale, raising himself out of the Water a considerable Height, and falling again with great Weight and Force: It is commonly said also, that there is a Sword-Fish in these Battles, who pricks the Whale up to the Surface again; but without this, I believe, he would suffocate when put to quick Motions, unless frequently approaching the Air, to ventilate and remove the Impediments to a swifter Circulation: Nor do I think he is battled for Prey, but to remove him from what is, perhaps, the Food of both. The Number of Whales here has put me sometimes on thinking that an advantageous Fishery might be made of it; but I presume these no more than those of *Brazil* are the Sort which yield the profitable Part, called Whale-Bone: All therefore that the Islanders do, is now and then to go out with two or three Canoes, and set on one for their Diversion.

The Rocks and outer Lines of the Island, are the Haunts of variety of Sea-Birds, especially Boobies and Noddies; the former are of the Bigness of a Gull, and a dark Colour; named so from their Simplicity, because they often sit still and let the Sailors take them up in their Hands; but I fancy this succeeds more frequently from their Weariness, and the Largeness of their Wings, which, when they once have rested, cannot have the Scope necessary to raise and float them on the Air again. The Noddies are smaller and flat footed also.

What I would remark more of them, is, the admirable Instinct in these Birds, with respect to the proper Seasons, and the proper Places for Support. In the aforementioned Months, when the large Fish are here, numerous Flocks of Fowl attend for the Spawn and Superfluity of their Nourishment; and in *January* few of either: For the same Reason, there are scarce any Sea Fowl seen on the *African* Coast; Rocks and Islands being generally their best Security and Subsistence.

The Harbour of *Princes* is at the E. S. E. Point of the Island; the North-Side has gradual Soundings, but here is deep Water, having no Ground at a Mile off Shore, with 140 Fathom of Line. The Port when entered, is a smooth narrow Bay, safe from Winds, (unless a little Swell when Southerly) and draughted into other smaller and sandy Ones, convenient for raising of Tents, Watering, and haw-

ling the Seam; the whole protected by a Fort, or rather Battery, of a dozen Guns on the Larboard-Side. At the Head of the Bay stands the Town, about a Mile from the anchoring Place, and consists of two or three regular Streets of wooden built Houses, where the Governor and chief Men of the Island reside. Here the Water grows shallow for a considerable Distance, and the Natives, at every Ebb, (having before encompassed every convenient Angle with a rise of Stones, something like the Weirs in *England*) resort for catching of Fish, which, with them, is a daily Diversion, as well as Subsistence; 500 attending with Sticks and wicker Baskets; and if they cannot dip them with one Hand, they knock them down with the other. The Tides rise regularly 6 Foot in the Harbour, and yet not half that Height without the Capes that make the Bay.

Here are constantly two Missionaries, who are sent for six Years, to inculcate the Christian Principles, and more especially attend the Conversion of the Negroes, the present are *Venerians*, ingenious Men, who seem to despise the loose Morals and Behaviour of the Seculars, and complain of them as of the Slaves, *ut Colore More sunt nigri*. They have a neat conventual-House and a Garden appropriated; which, by their own Industry and Labour, not only thrives with the several Natives of the Soil, but many Exoticks and Curiosities. A Fruit in particular, larger than a Chestnut, yellow, containing two Stones, with a Pulp, or clammy Substance about them, which, when suck'd, exceeds in sweetness Sugar or Honey, and has this Property beyond them, of giving a sweet Taste to every Liquid you swallow for the whole Evening after. The only Plague infesting the Garden, is a Vermin called Land-Crabs, which are in vast Numbers; they are of a bright red Colour, but in other Respects like the Sea ones: They burrough in these sandy Soils like Rabbits, and are altogether as shy.

The Island is a pleasant Intermixture of Hill and Valley; the Hills are spread with Palms, Cocoa-Nuts, and Cotton-Trees, with Numbers of Monkey, and Parrots among them; the Valleys with fruitful Plantations of *Timms*, *Kulalu*, *Papas*, Variety of Sallating, *Ananas*, or Pine Apples, *Guavas*, *Plantanes*, *Bonanas*, *Manyocos*, and *Indian Corn*; with Fowls, *Guiney Hens*, *Miscory Ducks*, Goats, Hogs, Turkeys, and wild Beefs; with each a little Village of Negroes, who, under the Direction of their several Masters, manage the Cultivation, and exchange or sell their Product for Money, much after the same Rates with the People of *St. Thome*.

We shall run thro' a Description of the Vegetables, with their Properties; not only because they are the Produce of this Island, but most of them of *Africa* in general.

The Palm-Trees are numerous on the Shores of *Africa*, and may be reckoned the first of their natural Curiosities, in that they afford them Meat, Drink, and Cloathing; they grow very straight to 40 and 50 Foot high, and, at the Top only, have 3 or 4 Circles of Branches, that spread and make a capacious Umbrella. The Trunk is very rough with Knobs, either Excrescencies, or the Healings of those Branches, that were lopp'd off to forward the Growth of the Tree, and make it answer better in its Fruit. The Branches are strongly tied together with a *Cortex*, which may be unravelled to a considerable Length and Breadth; the inward *Lamell* of this *Cortex*, are woven like a Cloath at *Benin*, and afterwards died and worn: Under the Branches, and close to the Body of the Tree, hang the Nuts; thirty Bunches perhaps on a Tree, and each of thirty Pound Weight; with prickly Films from between them, not unlike Hedge Hogs: Of these Nuts comes a liquid and pleasant scented Oyl, used as Food and Sauce all over the Coast, but chiefly in the Windward Parts of *Africa*, where they stamp, boil and skim it off in great Quantities; underneath, where the Branches fall, they tap them for Wine, called *Cockee*.

Cockra, in this Manner; the Negroes, who are mostly limber active Fellows, encompass themselves and the Trees with a Hoop of strong With, and run up with a great deal of Agility; at the Bottom of a Branch of Nuts, he that ascends makes an Excavation of an Inch and a half over, and tying fast his Calabash, leaves it to distil, which it does to two or three Quarts in a Night's Time; when done he plugs it up, and chooses another; for if suffered to run too much, or in the Day Time, the Sap is unwarily exhausted, and the Tree spoiled: The Liquor thus drawn is of a wheyish Colour, very intoxicating: It fours in 24 Hours, but when new drawn, is *pleasantest to thirst and hunger both*: It is from these Wines they draw their Arrack in *India*. On the very Top of the Palm grows a Cabbage, called so, we believe, from some Resemblance its Taste is thought to have with ours, being used like it; the Covering has a Down that makes the best of Linder, and the Weavings of other Parts are drawn out into strong Threads.

Coco-Nut-Trees are branch'd like, but not so tall as, *Palm Trees*; the Nut like them, growing under the Branches, and close to the Trunk; the milky Liquor they contain, to the quantity of half a Pint, or more, is often drank to quench Thirst, but is apt to surfeit; and this may be observed in their Way of Nourishment, that when the Quantity of Milk is large, the Shell and Meat are very thin, and they harden and thicken in Proportion, as that loses.

Cotton Trees also are the Growth of all Parts of *Africa*, as well as the Islands, they are of vast Bigness, yet not so apt to increase as the Shrubs or Bushes of five or six Foot high; these bear a Fruit (if it may be so called) about the Bigness of Pigeons Eggs, which, as the Sun swells and ripens it, bursts forth and discovers three Cells loaded with Cotton, and Seeds in the Middle of them: This in most Parts the Negroes know how to spin, and here, at *Nicongo*, and the Island *St. Jago*, how to weave into Cloths.

Tamms are a common Root, sweeter but not unlike Potatoes: *Kulalu* is a herb like Spinnage: *Papa*, a Fruit less than the smallest Pumpkins; they are all three for boiling, and to be eat with Meat; the latter are improv'd by the *English* into a Turnip or an Apple Taste, with a due Mixture of Butter or Limes.

Gurwa's are a Fruit as large as a Pipin, with Seeds and Stones in it, of an uncouth astringing Taste, tho' never so much be said in Commendation of it: At the *West-Indies*, it is common for the *Creolians*, (who have tasted both,) to give it a Preference to Peach or Nectarine; no amazing Thing for Men, whose Tastes are so degenerated, as to prefer a Toad in a Shell, (as *Ward* calls Turtle,) to Venison, and Negroes to fine *English* Ladies.

Plantanes and *Bonano's* are Fruit of oblong Figure, that I think differ only *secundum Majus & Minus*; if any, the latter are preferable, and, by being less, are juicier; they are usually, when stripped of their Coat, eat at Meals instead of Bread: The Leaf of this *Plantane* is an admirable Detergent, and, externally applied, has been known to cure the most obstinate scorbutick Ulcers.

Manyoro is a Root that shoots its Branches about the height of a Currant Bush; from this Root the Islanders make a Farine or Flower, which they sell at three Ryals a Roove, and drive a considerable Trade for it with the Ships that call in. The manner of making it, is, first to press the Juice from it, (which is poisonous) by the help of Engines, and then the Negroe Women, upon a rough Stone, rub it into a granulated Flower, which they reserve in their Houses, either to boil, as we do our Wheat, when it makes a hearty Food for the Slaves; or to make it into a Bread, fine, white, and well tasted, for themselves. One thing worth taking Notice about *Manyoro* in this Island, is, that the Woods abound with a wild, poisonous, and more mortiferous Sort, which

sometimes Men, unskilled in the Preparation of it, feed on to their Destruction: This the Missionaries assured me they often experimented in their Hogs, and believed we did in the Mortality of our Sailors.

Indian Corn is likewise, as well as the *Farine de Manyoro* and Rice, the common Victualling of our Slave Ships, and is afforded here at 1000 Heads for two Dollars. This Corn grows eight or nine Foot high, on a hard Reed or Stick, shooting forth at every six Inches Height some long Leaves; it has always an Ear, or rather Head, at the Top of it, perhaps containing 400 Fold Increase; and often two, three, or more, about Midway.

Here are some Tamarind Trees; another Tree called *Cola*, whose Fruit, or Nut (about twice the Bigness of a Chesnut, and bitter) is chewed by the *Portuguese*, to give a sweet Gust to their Water which they drink; but above all, the Bark of one is gravely affirmed by the Inhabitants, to have a peculiar Property of enlarging the Virile Member; those who are not fond of such Conceits, nor believe it in the Power of any Vegetables, have acknowledged they have seen Sights of this kind among the Negroes very extraordinary; yet, that there may be no Wishes among the Ladies for the Importation of this Bark, I must acquaint them, that they are found to grow less merry, as they encrease in Bulk. I had like to have forgot their Cinnamon Trees; there is only one Walk of them, which is the Entrance of the Governor's Villa; they thrive extremely well, and the Bark is not inferior to our Cinnamon from *India*. The Reason why they and other Spices, in a Soil so proper, receive no farther Cultivation, is, probably, their Suspicion, that so rich a Produce might make some potent Neighbour take a Fancy to the Island.

They have two Winters, or rather Springs, and two Summers: Their Winters, which are the rainy Seasons, come in *September* and *February*, or *March*, and hold two Months, returning that Fertility and generative Power to the Earth, that makes it yield a double Crop every Year, with little Sweat or Labour.

Hic Ver assiduum atque Alienis Mensibus Aestas.
— *Bis gravior Pecudes, bis Pomis utilis arbor.*

Their first coming is with *Travado's*, i. e. sudden and hard Gusts of Wind, with Thunder, Lightning, and heavy Showers; but the Continuance of these Tempests is very short; and the next new or full Moon at those Times of the Year, infallibly introduces the Rains, which once begun, fall with little Intermission, and are observ'd to be coldest in *February*. Similar to these are rainy Seasons also over all the Coast of *Africa*: If there may be allowed any general Way of calculating their Time, they happen from the Course of the Sun, as it respects the *Aequinoctial* only; for if these *Aequinoxes* prove rainy Seasons all over the World (as we are apt to think they do) whatever secret Cause operates with that Station of the Sun to produce them, will more effectually do it in those vicine Latitudes; and therefore, as the Sun advances, the Rains are brought on the *Whydah* and Gold Coast by *April*, and on the Windwardmost Part of *Guiney* by *May*: The other Season of the Sun's returning to the Southward, makes them more uncertain and irregular in Northern *Africa*; but then to the Southward again, they proceed in like manner, and are at Cape *Hope* in *October*, at *Angola* in *November*, and so in proportion at the other Parts.

The Manner of living among the *Portuguese* here, is, with the utmost Frugality and Temperance, even to Penury and Starving; a familiar Instance of this appears in the Voracity of their Dogs, who, finding such clean Cupboards at home, are wild in a manner with Hunger, and tear up the Graves of the Dead for Food, as has been often seen: They themselves are lean with Covetousness, and that Christian Vertue, which is often the Result of it, Selfdenial; they

would even train up their Cattle in the same Way, could they fetch as much Money, or had not they their Provision more immediately of Providence. The best of them (excepting the Governor now and then) neither pay nor receive any Visits of Escapade or Recreation; they meet and sit down at each others Doors in the Street every Evening; and as few of them, in so small an Island, can have their Plantations at any greater Distance, than that they may see them every Day if they will, so the Subject of their Talk is mostly how Affairs went there, with their Negroes, or their Ground, and then they part with one another innocently, but as empty as when they came together.

The Negroes have yet no hard Duty with them, they are rather Happy in Slavery; for as their Food is chiefly Vegetables, that could no Way else be expended, there are no Murmurs bred on that Account; and as their Business is Domestick, either in the Services of the House, or in Gardening, Sowing, or Planting, they have no more than what every Man would prefer for his Health and Pleasure; the hardest of their Work, is, the Carriage of their Masters, or their Wives, to and from the Plantations; this they do in Hammocks (called at *Whydah*, *Serpentines*), slung cross a Pole, with a Cloth overhead, to screen the Person, so carried, from Sun and Weather, and the Slaves are at each End; and yet even this, methinks, is better than the specious Liberty a Man has for himself and his Heirs to work in a Coal Mine.

The Negroes are, most of them, thro' the Care of their Patrons, Christians, at least nominal; but, excepting some few, they adhere still to many silly Pagan Customs, in their Mournings and Rejoicings; and in some Measure, a powerful Majority of these People has introduced their Manners among the Vulgar of the *Mulatto* and *Portuguese* Race.

If a Person die in that Colour, the Relations and Friends of him meet at the House, where the Corpse is laid out decently on the Ground, and covered all except the Face, with a Sheet; they sit round it, crying and howling dreadfully, not unlike what the Natives are said to do in *Ireland*: This Mourning lasts for eight Days and Nights, but not equally intense; for as the Friends, who compose the Chorus, go out and in, they grow weary, and unequally affected; so that the Tone lessens daily, and the Intervals of Grief are longer.

In Rejoicings and Festivals they are equally ridiculous; these are commonly made on some Friend's Escape from Shipwreck, or other Danger: They meet in a large Room of the House, with a Strum Strum, to which one of the Company, perhaps, sings wofully; the rest, standing round the Room close to the Partitions, take it in their Turns, one or two at a Time to step round, in a manner which they call Dancing, the whole clapping their Hands continually, and hooping out every Minute *Abeo*, which signify no more, than, *How do you do?* And this foolish Mirth will continue three or four Days together at a House, and, perhaps, twelve or sixteen Hours at a Time.

The *Portuguese*, tho' eminently abstemious and temperate in all other Things, are unbounded in their Lusts; and perhaps they substitute the former, in the room of a Surgeon, as a Counterpoison to the Mischiefs of a promiscuous Salacity: They have most of them Venereal Taints, and with Age become meager and hectic: I saw two Instances here of Venereal Ulcers that had cancerated to the Bowels, Spectacles enough to have effectually persuaded Men how Salutary the Restriction of Laws are.

Annobono is the last, and of the least Consequence of the three Islands; there are Plenty of Fruits and Provisions, which they exchange for old Cloaths and Trifles of any Sort; they have a Governor nominated from *St. Tome*, and two or three Priests, neither of which are minded, every one living at Discretion, and filled with Ignorance and Lust.

The Pleasure which we conceive the Reader has found in our Account of these Islands, will, we hope, atone for the Length of the Digression.

To return to *Davis*, the next Day after he left *Anamaboe*, early in the Morning, the Man at the Malt-Head espied a Sail. It must be observed, they keep a good Look-out; for, according to their Articles, he who first espies a Sail, if she proves a Prize, is entitled to the best Pair of Pistols on board, over and above his Dividend, in which they take a singular Pride; for a Pair of these honorary Pistols has sometimes been sold for thirty Pounds, from one to another.

Immediately they gave Chace, and soon came up with her; the Ship proved to be a *Hollander*, and, being betwixt *Davis* and the Shore, she made all the Sail she could, intending to run aground: *Davis* guessed her Design, and putting out all his small Sails, came up with her before she could effect it, and fired a Broad-side, upon which she immediately struck, and called for Quarter. It was granted; for, according to *Davis's* Articles, it was agreed, that Quarter should be given whenever it was called for, upon Pain of Death.

This Ship proved a very rich Prize, having the Governor of *Acra* on Board, with all his Effects, going to *Holland*; there was in Money to the Value of 15000 *l.* Sterling, besides other valuable Merchandizes, all which they brought on Board of themselves.

Upon this new Success, they restored Captain *Hall* and Captain *Plumb*, before-mentioned, their Ships again; but strengthened their Company with thirty five Hands, all white Men, taken out of these two and the *Morrice* Sloop; they also restored the *Dutch* their Ship, after having plunder'd her, as is mentioned.

Before they got to the Island of *Princes*, their Ship the *King James* sprung a Leak; *Davis* order'd all Hands out of her, on Board his own Ship, with every thing else of Use, and left her at an Anchor at *High Cameroon*. As soon as he came in Sight of the Island, he hoisted *English* Colours. The *Portuguese*, observing a large Ship sailing towards them, sent out a little Sloop to examine what she might be; this Sloop hailing of *Davis*, he told them he was an *English* Man of War, in Quest of Pyrates, and that he had received Intelligence there were some upon that Coast; upon this they received him as a welcome Guest, and piloted him into the Harbour. He saluted the Fort, which they answered; and he came to an Anchor just under their Guns, and hoisted out the Pinnace, Man of War Fashion, ordering nine Hands and a Coxen into it; to row him ashore.

The *Portuguese*, to do him the greater Honour, sent down a File of Musqueteers to receive him, and conduct him to the Governor. The Governor, not in the least suspecting what he was, received him very civilly, promising to supply him with whatever the Island afforded. *Davis* thanked him, telling him, the King of *England* would pay for whatever he should take; so, after several Civilities pass'd between him and the Governor, he returned again on Board.

It happened that a *French* Ship came in there, to supply it self with some Necessaries, which *Davis* took into his Head to plunder; but to give the Thing a Colour of Right, he persuaded the *Portuguese*, that she had been trading with the Pyrates, and that he found several Pyrates Goods on Board, which he seized for the King's Use: This Story pass'd so well upon the Governor, that he commended *Davis* for his Diligence.

A few Days after, *Davis*, with about fourteen more, went privately ashore, and walk'd up the Country towards a Village, where the Governor, and the other chief Men of the Island, kept their Wives: Their Intent, as we may suppose, was to supply their Husbands Places with them; but being discovered,

vered, the Women fled to a neighbouring Wood, and *Davis* and the rest retreated to their Ship, without effecting their Design: The Thing made some Noise, but as no body knew them, it passed over.

Having cleaned his Ship, and put all Things in Order, his Thoughts now were turned upon the main Business, *viz.* the Plunder of the Island. Not knowing where the Treasure lay, the following Stratagem came into his Head, to get it with a little Trouble; he consulted his Men upon it, and they liked the Design: His Scheme was, to make a Present to the Governor of a Dozen Negroes, by Way of Return for the Civilities received from him, and afterwards to invite him, with the chief Men of the Island, and some of the Friars, on board his Ship, to an Entertainment; the Minute they came on Board, they were to be secured in Irons, and there kept till they should pay a Ransom of 40000*l.* Sterling.

But this Stratagem proved fatal to him; for a *Portuguese* Negroe swam a-shore in the Night, and discovered the whole Plot to the Governor, and also let him know, that it was *Davis* who had made the Attempt upon their Wives. However, the Governor dissembled, received the Pyrates Invitation civilly, and promised that he and the rest would come.

The next Day *Davis* went on Shore himself, as if it were out of greater Respect, to bring the Governor on Board: He was received with the usual Civility, as were several other principal Pyrates. Some of these, by the Way, had assumed the Title of Lords, and as such took upon them to advise or counsel their Captain, upon any important Occasion; and likewise held certain Privileges, which the common Pyrates were debarred from; such as walking the Quarter-Deck, using the great Cabin, going a-shore at Pleasure, and treating with foreign Powers, that is, with the Captains of Ships they made Prize of. *Davis* and some of the Lords were desired to walk up to the Governor's House, to take some Refreshment before they went on Board again; they accepted it without the least Suspicion, but never returned again. An Ambuscade was laid, and, a Signal being given, a whole Volley was fired upon them; they every Man dropp'd, except one; this one fled back, escaped into the Boat, and got on Board the Ship: *Davis* was shot thro' the Bowels, yet he rose again, and made a weak Effort to get away; but his Strength soon forsook him, and he dropp'd down dead. Just as he fell, he perceived he was followed, and drawing out his Pistols, he fired them at his Pursuers: Thus, like a game Cock, giving a dying Blow, that he might not fall unrevenged.

The LIFE of Captain BARTHO. ROBERTS.

Bartholomew Roberts sailed from London in an honest Employ, a-board of the *Princess*, Captain *Plumb* Commander, of which Ship he was second Mate: He left England in November, 1719, and arrived at *Guinea* about February following, when being at *Anamaboe*, taking in Slaves for the *West-Indies*, he was taken in the said Ship by Captain *Howel Davis*, as mentioned in his Life. In the Beginning he was very averse to this sort of Life, and would certainly have escaped from them, had a fair Opportunity presented itself; yet afterwards he changed his Principles, as many besides him have done upon another Element, and perhaps for the same Reason too, *viz.* Preferment. — What he did not like as a private Man, he could reconcile to his Conscience as a Commander.

Davis being cut off in the manner beforementioned, the Company found themselves under a Necessity of filling up his Post, for which there appeared two or three Candidates, among the select Part of them, that were distinguished by the Title of Lords; such were *Sympson*, *Ashplant*, *Anstis*, &c. Upon canvassing this Matter, and considering how shatter'd and weak a Condition their Government must be in without a Head, since *Davis* had been remov'd, in the manner beforemention'd, my Lord *Dennis* propos'd, 'tis said, over a Bowl, to this Purpose.

That it was not of any great Signification who was dignify'd with the Title; since really and in Truth, all good Governments, and among them theirs, had the supreme Power lodg'd with the Community, who might doubtless depose and revoke as suited Interest or Humour. We are the Original of this Claim (says he) and should a Captain be so farcey as to exceed Prescription at any Time, why down with Him!

It will be a Caution after he is dead to his Successors, of what fatal Consequence any sort of assuming may be. However, it is my Advice, that, while we are sober, we pitch upon a Man of Courage, and skill'd in Navigation, one who, by his Council and Bravery, seems best able to defend this Commonwealth, and ward us from the Dangers and Tempests of an instable Element, and the fatal Consequence of Anarchy; and such a one I take Roberts to be: A Fellow, I think, in all Respects, worthy your Esteem and Favour.

This Speech was loudly applauded by all but Lord *Sympson*, who had secret Expectations himself, and who, on this Disappointment, grew sullen, and left them, swearing, *he did not care who they chose Captain, so it was not a Papist: for against them he had conceived an irreconcilable Hatred, because his Father had been a Sufferer in Monmouth's Rebellion.*

Roberts was accordingly elected, tho' he had not been above six Weeks among them; the Choice was confirm'd both by the Lords and Commoners, and he accepted of the Honour with saying, *That since he had dipp'd his Hands in muddy Water, and must be a Pirate, it was better being a Commander than a common Man.*

As soon as the Government was settled, by promoting other Officers in the room of those that were kill'd by the *Portuguese*, the Company resolv'd to revenge Captain *Davis's* Death, he being more than ordinarily respected by the Crew, for his Affability and good Nature, as well as his Conduct and Bravery upon all Occasions; and, pursuant to this Resolution, about 30 Men were landed, in order to make an Attack upon the Fort, which must be ascended to by a steep Hill against the Mouth of the Cannon. There

Men



J. Nicholls delin.

L. Basire sculp.

Capt BARTHOLOMEW ROBERTS.

Men were headed by one *Kennedy*, a bold daring Fellow, but very wicked and profligate; they march'd directly up under the Fire of their Ship Guns, and as soon as they were discover'd, the *Portuguese* quitted their Post and fled to the Town; upon which the Pyrates march'd in without Opposition, set Fire to the Fort, and threw all the Guns off the Hill into the Sea, which after they had done, they retreated quietly to their Ship.

But this was not look'd upon as a sufficient Satisfaction for the Injury they received, therefore most of the Company were for burning the Town, which *Roberts* said he would yield to, if any means could be proposed of doing it without their own Destruction; for the Town had a securer Situation than the Fort, a thick Wood coming almost close to it, and affording Cover to the Defendants; who under such an Advantage, he told them, it was to be fear'd, would fire and stand better to their Arms; besides, that bare Houses would be but a slender Reward for their Trouble and Loss. This prudent Advice prevail'd; however, they mounted the *French* Ship which they had seiz'd at this Place, with 12 Guns, and light'n'd her, in order to come up to the Town, the Water being shoal, and with her they battered down several Houses: After this, they all returned on Board, gave back the *French* Ship to those that had most Right to her, and sail'd out of the Harbour by the Light of two *Portuguese* Ships, which they were pleas'd to set on Fire there.

Roberts stood away to the Southward, and met with a *Dutch* Guinea Man, which he made Prize of; but after having plundered her, the Skipper had his Ship again. Two Days after, he took an *English* Ship, call'd the *Experiment*, Captain *Cornet*, at *Cape Lopez*: The Men went all into the Pyrate Service, and having no Occasion for the Ship, they burnt her, and then steer'd for *St. Thome*; but meeting with nothing in their Way, they sail'd for *Annoy*, and there watered, took in Provisions, and put it to a Vote of the Company, whether their next Voyage should be to the *East-Indies*, or to *Brazil*; the latter being resolv'd on, they sail'd accordingly, and in 28 Days arriv'd at *Perinamio*, an uninhabited Island on that Coast: Here they water'd boot-top'd their Ship, and made ready for the designed Cruise.

Now we are upon this Coast, we think it will be very proper to present our Readers with a Description of the Country, and some ingenious Remarks of a Friend, which shew how beneficial a Trade might be carried on here by our *West-India* Merchants, at a little Hazard.

A

DESCRIPTION

O F

B R A S I L, &c.

B R A S I L. (a Name signifying the holy Cross) was discovered for the King of *Portugal*, by *Alvarez Cabral*, *Ann. Dom.* 1501; it extends almost from the *Equinoctial* to 28° South. The Air is temperate and cool, in comparison of the *West-Indies*, from stronger Breezes and an opener Country, which gives less Interruption to the Winds.

The northernmost Part of it, stretching about 180 Leagues, is a fine fertile Country, and was taken from the *Portuguese* by the *Dutch West-India* Company, *Anno.* 1657, or thereabouts; but the Conquerors, as is natural where there is little or no Religion subsisting, made such heavy Exactions on the *Portuguese*, and extended such Cruelty to the Na-

tives, that prepared them both to unite in a voluntary Revolt, facilitated by the *Dutch* Mismanagement. For the States, being at this Time very intent on their *India* Settlements, not only recalled Count *Maurice* their Governor, but neglected Supplies to their Garrisons; however, tho' the others were countenanced with a Fleet from *Portugal*, and had the Affection of the Natives, yet they found Means to withstand and struggle with this superior Power, from 1642, to 1660, and then was wholly abandoned by them, on Articles dishonourable to the *Portuguese*, viz.

That the *Dutch*, on Relinquishing, should keep all the Places they had conquered in *India* from *Portugal*. That the *Portuguese* should pay the States 80000 *l.* and permit them still the Liberty of Trade to *Africa* and *Brazil*, on the same Customs and Duties with the King of *Portugal's* Subjects. But since that Time, new Stipulations and Treaties have been made; wherein the *Dutch*, who have been totally excluded the *Brazil* Trade, have, in lieu thereof, a Composition of 1% *per Cent.* for the Liberty of trading to *Africa*; and this is always left by every *Portuguese* Ship, before she begins her Slaving, with the *Dutch* General of the *Gold-Coast*, at *Des Minas*.

There are only three principal Towns of Trade on the *Brazil* Coast, *St. Salvatore*, *St. Sebastian*, and *Pernambuco*.

St. Salvatore, in the *Bahia los todos Santos*, is an Archbishoprick and Seat of the Viceroy, the chief Port of Trade for Importation, where most of the Gold from the Mines is lodged, and whence the Fleets for *Europe* generally depart. The Seas about it abound with Whale-Fish, which in the Season they catch in great Numbers; the Flesh is salted up generally to be the Victualling of their Slave-Ships, and the Train reserved for Exportation, at 50 and 55 Millrays a Pipe.

Rio Janeiro, or the Town *St. Sebastian*, is the Southernmost of the *Portuguese* Ports, and the worst provided of Necessaries; but commodious for a Settlement, because nigh the Mine, and convenient to supervise the Slaves, who, as we have been told, do usually allow their Master a Dollar *per Diem*, and have the Overplus of their Work to themselves.

The Gold from hence is esteem'd the best, it being of a copperish Colour, and they have a Mint to run it into Coin, both here and at *Bahia*; the Moindores of either having the initial Letters of each Place upon them.

Pernambuco, though mention'd last, is the second in Dignity, a large and populous Town, and has its rise from the Ruins of *Olinda*, or *The Hansome*, a City of a far pleasanter Situation, six Miles up the River, but not so commodious for Traffick and Commerce. Just above the Town the River divides it self into two Branches, not running directly into the Sea, but to the Southward; and in the Nook of the Island made by that Division, stands the Governor's House, a square plain Building of Count *Maurice's*, with two Towers, on which are only this Date inscribed, *Anno* 1641. The Avenues to it are every way pleasant, through Vists of tall Coco-Nut Trees.

Over each Branch of the River is a Bridge; that leading to the Country is all of Timber, but the other to the Town, consisting of twenty six or twenty eight Arches, is half of Stone, and made by the *Dutch*, who in their Time had little Shops and gaming Houses on each Side for Recreation.

The Pavements also of the Town are in some Places of broad Tiles, the remaining Fragments of their Conquest. The Town has the outer Branch of the River behind it, and the Harbour before it; jetting into which latter are close Keys, for the weighing and receiving of Customage on Merchandize, and for the Meeting and conferring of Merchants and Traders. The Houses are strong built, but homely lorned, like those of *Lisbon*, for the Admission of

Air

Air, without Closets, and, what is worse, without Hearths; which makes their Cookery consist all in frying and stewing upon Stoves; and that they do till the Flesh becomes tender enough to shake it to Pieces, when one Knife is thought sufficient to serve a Table of half a Score.

The greatest Inconvenience of *Pernambuco*, is, that there is not one Publick-House in it; so that Strangers are obliged to hire any ordinary one they can get, at a Guinea a Month: And others, who come to transact Affairs of Importance, must come recommended, if it were only for the sake of Privacy.

The Market is stocked well enough, Beef being at five Farthings *per l.* a Sheep or a Goat at nine Shillings, a Turkey at four Shillings, and very large Fowls at two Shillings a-Piece. These may be procured much cheaper, by hiring a Man to fetch them out of the Country. The dearest in its kind is Water, which being fetched in Vessels from *Olinde*, will not be put on Board in the Road under two Crusado's a Pipe.

The *Portuguese* here are darker than those of *Europe*, not only from a warmer Climate, but their many Intermarriages with the Negroes, who are numerous there, and some of them of good Credit and Circumstances. The Women here, like the Mulatto Generation every where else, are fond of Strangers; not only the Courtezans, whose Interest may be supposed to wind up their Affections, but also the married Women; who think themselves obliged, when you favour them with the Secrecy of an Appointment; but the Unhappiness of pursuing Amours, is, that the generality of both Sexes are touched with venereal Taints, without so much as one Surgeon among them, or any Body skilled in Physick, to cure or palliate the progressive Mischief: The only Person pretending that Way, a few Years ago, was an *Irish* Father, whose Knowledge was all comprehended in the Virtues of two or three Simples, and those, with the Salubrity of the Air and Temperance, is what they depend on, for subduing the worst of Malignity: It may not be unworthy Notice, that, tho' few are exempted from the Misfortune of a Running, Eruptions, or the like, yet few or none are precipitated into those deplorable Circumstances so common in unskilful mercurial Processes.

There are three Monasteries, and about six Churches, none of them Rich or Magnificent, unless one dedicated to St. *Antonio*, the Patron of their Kingdom, which shines all over with exquisite Pieces of Paint and Gold.

The Export of *Brasil*, besides Gold, is chiefly Sugars and Tobacco; the latter are sent off in Rols of a Quintal Weight, kept continually moistened with Molosses, which, with the Soil it springs from, imparts a strong and peculiar Scent, more sensible in the Snuff made from it, which, tho' under Prohibition of importing to *Lisbon*, sells here at 2 *s. per l.* as the Tobacco does at about 6 Millrays a Roll. The finest of their Sugars sells at 8 *s. per* Roove, and a small ill tasted Rum, drawn from the Dregs and Molosses, at two Testunes a Gallon.

Besides these, they send off great Quantities of *Brasil* Wood, and Whale Oyl, with some Gums and Parrots; the latter are different from the *African* in Colour and Bigness; for as they are blue and larger, these are green and smaller; and the Females of them ever retain the wild Note, and cannot be brought to talk.

In lieu of this Produce, the *Portuguese*, once every Year by their Fleet from *Lisbon*, import all manner of European Commodities; and whoever is unable to lay in Store, or neglect of supplying himself, at that Season, buys at a very advanced Rate before the Return of another.

To transport Passengers, Slaves, or Merchandize, from one Settlement to another, or in Fishing, they make use of Bark-Logs, by the *Brasilians* called

Jingadaks: They are made of four Pieces of Timber, the two outermost being the longest, pinned and fastened together, and sharpened at the Ends: Towards each Extremity a Stool is fix'd, to sit on for paddling, or to hold by, when the Agitation is more than Ordinary; with these odd sort of Engines, continually washed over by the Water, do these People, with a little triangular Sail sprected about the Middle of it, venture out of Sight of Land, and along the Coasts for many Leagues, in any sort of Weather; and if they overfet with a Squall, which is not uncommon, they swim and presently turn it upright again.

The Natives are of the darkest Copper Colour, with thin Hair, of a square strong Make, and muscular; but not so well looking as the *Wooley* Generation: They acquiesce patiently to the *Portuguese* Government, who use them much more humanly and Christian-like than the *Dutch* did, and by that Means have extended Quietness and Peace, as well as their Possessions, three or four hundred Miles into the Country. A Country abounding with fine Pastures and numerous Herds of Cattle, and which yields a vast Increase from every Thing that is sown: Hence they bring down to us Parrots, small Monkeys, Armadillos and Sanguins, and we have been assured, they have, in the In-land Parts, a Serpent of a vast Magnitude, called *Siboya*, able, they say, to swallow a whole Sheep; several have seen here the Skin of another Specie full six Yards long, and therefore we think the Story not improbable.

The Harbour of *Pernambuco* is perhaps singular, it is made of a Ledge of Rocks, half a Cable Length from the Main, and but little above the Surface of the Water, running at that equal Distance and Height several Leagues, towards Cape *Augustine*; a Harbour running between them, capable of receiving Ships of the greatest Burthen: The Northernmost End of this Wall of Rock, is higher than any Part of the contiguous Line; on this a little Fort is built, commanding the Passage either of Boat or Ship, as they come over the Bar into the Harbour: On the Starboard Side, or the Side towards the Main, after you have entered a little Way, stands another Fort, which is a *Pentagon*, that would prove of small Account, I imagine, against a few disciplined Men; and yet in these consist all their Strength and Security, either for the Harbour or Town: They have begun indeed a Wall, since their removing from *Olinde*, designed to surround the latter; but the slow Progress they make in raising it, leaves room to suspect 'twill be a long Time in finishing.

The Road without is used by the *Portuguese*, when they are nigh sailing for *Europe*, and wait for the Convoy, or are bound to *Bahia* to them; and by Strangers only when Necessity compels; the best of it is in ten Fathom Water, near three Miles W. N. W. from the Town; nigher in't is foul with the many Anchors lost there by the *Portuguese* Ships, and farther out in about 14 Fathom 'tis corally and Rocky. *July* is the worst and Winter Season of the Coast, the Trade Winds being then very strong and dead, bringing in a prodigious and unsafe Swell into the Road, intermixed every Day with Squalls, Rain, and a hazy Horizon, but at other times serene Skies and Sunshine.

In these Southern Latitudes is a Constellation, which, from some Resemblance it bears to a *Jerusalem* Cross, has the Name of *Crofers*, the brightest of this Hemisphere, and Observations are taken by it, as by the North Star in Northern Latitudes. What we mention this for, is, to introduce the admirable Phenomenon in these Seas of the Magellanick Clouds, whose Risings and Sittings are so regular, that, we have been assured, the same Nocturnal Observations are made by them as by the Stars. They are two Clouds, small and whitish, no larger in Appearance than a Man's Hat, and are seen here in *July* in the Latitude of 88 S. about four of the Clock in the Morning; if their Appearance should be said to be the

the Reflection of Light, from some Stellary Bodies above them, yet the Difficulty is not easily answered, how these, beyond others, become so durable and regular in their Motions.

From these casual Observations on the Country, the Towns, Coast, and Seas of *Brasil*, it would be an Omission to leave the Subject, without some Essay on an interloping Slave Trade here, which none of our Countrymen are adventurous enough to pursue, though very probably, under a prudent Manager, it would be attended with Safety and very great Profit; and I admire the more it is not struck at, because Ships from the Southern Coast of *Africa*, lengthen the Voyage to the *West-Indies* but a very little, by taking a Part of *Brasil* in their Way.

The Disadvantages the *Portuguese* are under for purchasing Slaves, are these; that they have very few proper Commodities for *Guinea*, and the Gold, which was their chiefest, by an Edict in *July 1722*, stands now prohibited from being carried thither; so that the Ships employed therein are few, and insufficient for the great Mortality and Call of their Mines: besides, would they venture at breaking so destructive a Law as the abovementioned (as no doubt they do, or they could make little or no Purchase) yet Gold does not raise its Value like Merchandize in travelling, especially to *Africa*, and when the Composition with the *Dutch* is also paid, they may be said to buy their Negroes at almost double the Price that the *English*, *Dutch*, or *French* do, which necessarily raises their Value extravagantly at *Brasil*; those who can purchase one, buying a certain Annuity than *South-Sea* Stock.

Thus far of the Call for Slaves at *Brasil*; I shall now consider and obviate some Difficulties objected against any Foreigners, *English* or others, interposing in such a Trade, and they are some on theirs, and some on our Side.

On their Side it is prohibited under Pain of Death, a Law less effectual to the Prevention of it than pecuniary Mulcts would be; because a Penalty so inadequate and disproportioned is only *Interror*, and makes it merciful in the Governor, or his Instruments, to take a Composition of eight or ten Moidors, when any Subject is caught, and 'tis the common Custom so to do as often as they are found out.

On our Side it is Confiscation of what they can get, which, considering they have no Men of War to guard the Coast, need be very little, without suppose Neglect and Carelessness.

Suppose me a Man of War, or Privateer, and that, being in want of Provisions, or in Search of Pyrates, I put in to *Pernambuco* for Intelligence, to enable me for the Pursuit: The Dread of Pyrates keep every one off, till you have first sent an Officer with the proper Compliments to the Governor, who immediately gives Leave for your buying every Necessary you are in want of, provided it be with Money, and not an Exchange of Merchandize, which is against the Laws of the Country.

On this first time of going on Shore depends the Success of the whole Affair, and it requires a cautious and discreet Management in the Person entrusted: He will be immediately surrounded at landing with the great and the small Rabble, to enquire Who he is? and whence he comes? and whither bound? &c. and the Men are taught to answer, from *Guinea*, denying any thing of a Slave on Board, they being put under Hatches, that they may make no Shew; nor need they, for those who have Money to lay out will conclude on that themselves.

By that time the Compliment is paid to the Governor, the News has spread all round the Town, and some Merchant addresses you as a Stranger, and offers you the Civility of his House, but privately desires to know what Negroes he can have, and at what Price. A Governor may possibly use an Instrument in sifting this, but the Appearance of the Gentleman, and the Circumstance of being so soon

engaged after leaving the other, will go a great way in forming a Man's Judgment, and leaves him no room for the Suspicion of such a Snare; however, to have a due Guard, Intimations will suffice, and bring him Friends enough to carry off the best Part of a Cargo in two Nights time, from 20 to 30 Moidors a Boy, and from 30 to 40 a Man Slave. The Hazard is less at *Rio Janeiro*.

There has been another Method attempted, of settling a Correspondence with a *Portuguese* Merchant or two, who, as they may be certain within a Fortnight of any Vessel's arriving on their Coast with Slaves, might settle Signals for the debarking them at an unfrequented Part of the Coast; but whether any Exceptions were made to the Price, or that the *Portuguese* dread Discovery, and the severe Prosecution on so notorious a Breach of the Law, we cannot tell; but it has hitherto proved abortive.

However, Stratagems so laudable, and attended with so much Profit, at no other Hazard than loss of Time, are worth attempting; it is what is every Day practised with the *Spaniards* from *Jamaica*.

Upon this Coast our Rovers cruiz'd for about nine Weeks, keeping generally out of Sight of Land, but without seeing a Sail; which discourag'd them so, that they determined to leave the Station, and steer for the *West-Indies*; and, in order thereto, they stood in to make the Land for the taking of their Departure, by which means they fell in, unexpectedly, with a Fleet of 42 Sail of *Portuguese* Ships, off the Bay of *los todos Santos*, with all their Lading in for *Lisbon*; several of them of good Force, who lay there waiting for two Men of War of 70 Guns each for their Convoy. However, *Roberts* thought it should go hard with him but he would make up his Market among them, and thereupon he mix'd with the Fleet, and kept his Men hid till proper Resolutions could be form'd; that done, they came close up to one of the deepest, and ordered her to send the Master on board quietly, threatening to give them no Quarters, if any Resistance, or Signal of Distress was made. The *Portuguese*, being surprized at these Threats, and the sudden flourish of Curllashes from the Pyrates, submitted without a Word, and the Captain came on Board: *Roberts* saluted him after a friendly manner, telling him, that they were Gentlemen of Fortune, and that their Business with him, was only to be informed which was the richest Ship in that Fleet; and if he directed them right, he should be restored to his Ship without Molestation, otherwise, he must expect immediate Death.

Whereupon this *Portuguese* Master pointed to one of 40 Guns, and 150 Men, a Ship of greater Force than the *Rover*; but this no Ways dismayed them; They were only *Portuguese*, they said, and so immediately steered away for him. When they came within Haul, the Master whom they had Prisoner was ordered to ask, *How Signior Captain did?* And to invite him on Board, for that he had a Matter of Consequence to impart to him; which being done, he returned for Answer, *That he would wait upon him presently*: But by the Bustle that immediately followed, the Pyrates perceived, they were discovered, and that this was only a deceitful Answer to gain Time, to put their Ship in a Posture of Defence; so, without further Delay, they poured in a Broad-Side, boarded and grappled her: The Dispute was short and warm, wherein many of the *Portuguese* fell, and two only of the Pyrates. By this Time the Fleet was alarmed, Signals of Top-gallant Sheets flying, and Guns fired, to give Notice to the Men of War, who rid still at an Anchor, and made but scurvy haste out to their Assistance; and, if what the Pyrates themselves related be true, the Commanders of those Ships were blameable to the highest Degree, utterly unworthy their Title, or so much as the Name of Men: For *Roberts*, finding the Prize to fall heavy, and yet resolving not to lose

her, lay by for the headmost of them, which much out failed the other, and prepared for Battle, which was ignominiously declined, tho' the *Portuguese* was of such superior Force; for not daring to venture on the Pirate alone, he tarried so long for his Comfort, that he gave them both time leisurely to make off.

They found this Ship exceeding rich; being laden chiefly with Sugar, Skins, and Tobacco, and 4000 Moidors in Gold; besides Chains and Trincets, of considerable Value; particularly a Cross set with Diamonds, designed for the King of *Portugal*; which they afterwards presented to the Governor of *Caiana*, by whom they were obliged.

Elated with this Booty, they had nothing now to think of but some safe Retreat, where they might give themselves up to all the Pleasures that Luxury and Wantonness could bestow; and for the present they pitch'd upon a Place called the *Devil's Islands*, in the River of *Surinam*, on the Coast of *Caiana*; where they arrived, and found the civilest Reception imaginable, not only from the Governor and Factory, but their Wives, who exchanged Wares, and drove a considerable Trade with them.

They seiz'd a Sloop in this River, and by her gained Intelligence, that a Brigantine had also sailed in Company with her, from *Rhode-Island*, laden with Provisions for the Coast. A Welcome Cargo! They growing short in the Sea Store, and as *Sancho* says, *No Adventures to be made without Belly-Timber*. One Evening as they were rumaging their Mine of Treasure the *Portuguese* Prize, this expected Vessel was descri'd at Mast-Head, and *Roberts*, imagining no Body could do the Business so well as himself, takes 40 Men in the Sloop, and goes in pursuit of her; but a fatal Accident followed this rash, tho' inconsiderable Adventure, for *Roberts*, thinking of nothing less than bringing in the Brigantine that Afternoon, never troubled his head about the Sloop's Provision, nor inquired what there was on Board to subsist such a Number of Men. Out he sails after his expected Prize, which he not only lost further Sight of, but, after eight Days contending with contrary Winds and Currents, found they were thirty Leagues to Leeward. The Current still opposing their Endeavours, and perceiving no Hopes of beating up to their Ship, they came to an Anchor, and inconsiderately sent away the Boat, to give the rest of the Company Notice of their Condition, and to order the Ship to them; but too soon, even the next Day, their Wants made them sensible of their Infatuation; for their Water was all expended, and they had taken no thought how they should be supply'd, till either the Ship came, or the Boat returned, neither of which was likely to be under five or six Days. Here, like *Tantalus*, they almost famished in Sight of the fresh Streams and Lakes; being drove to such Extremity at last, that they were forc'd to rare up the Floor of the Cabin, and patch up a sort of Tub or Tray with Rope Yarns, to paddle ashore, and fetch off immediate Supplies of Water to preserve Life.

After some Days, the long-wish'd-for Boat came back, but with the most unwelcome News in the World, for *Kennedy*, who was Lieutenant, and left in Absence of *Roberts*, to command the Privateer and Prize, was gone off with both. This was Mortification with a Vengeance, and, you may imagine, they did not depart without some hard Speeches from those that were left, and had suffered by their Treachery. That there may need no further mention of this *Kennedy*, I shall leave Captain *Roberts*, for a Page or two, with the Remains of his Crew, to vent their Wrath in a few Oaths and Execrations, and follow the other, whom we may reckon, from that Time, as steering his Course towards *Execution Dock*.

Kennedy was now chosen Captain of the revolted Crew, but could not bring his Company to any determined Resolution; some of them were for pur-

suing the old Game, but the greater Part of them seem'd to have Inclinations to turn from those evil Courses, and get home privately, there being now no Act of Pardon in Force; therefore they agreed to break up, and every Man to shift for himself, as he should see Occasion. The first Thing they did, was to part with the great *Portuguese* Prize, having the Master of the Sloop, whose Name was *Cane*, aboard, who they said was a very honest Fellow, for he had humoured them upon every Occasion, and told them of the Brigantine that *Roberts* went after. This *Cane*, when the Pirates first took him, complimented them at an odd Rate, telling them they were welcome to his Sloop and Cargo, and wish'd that the Vessel had been larger, and the Loading richer, for their Sakes: To this good natured Man they gave the *Portuguese* Ship, which was then above half loaded, three or four Negroes, and all his own Men, for which he returned Thanks to his kind Benefactors, and departed.

Captain *Kennedy*, in the *Rover*, sailed to *Barbadoes*, near which Island they took a very peaceable Ship belonging to *Virginia*; the Commander was a Quaker, whose Name was *Knot*; he had neither Pistol, Sword, nor Cutlash on Board: Mr. *Knot* appearing so very passive to all, they said to him, some of them thought this a good Opportunity to go off; accordingly eight of the Pirates went aboard, and he carried them safe to *Virginia*; They made the Quaker a Present of 10 Chests of Sugar, 10 Rolls of *Brasil* Tobacco, 30 Moidors, and some Gold-Dust, in all to the value of about 250 *l*. They also made Presents to the Sailors, some more, some less, and lived a jovial Life all the while they were upon their Voyage, Captain *Knot* giving them their Way; nor indeed could he help himself, unless he had taken an Opportunity to surprize them, when they were either drunk or asleep; for awake they wore Arms aboard the Ship, and put him in a continual Terror; it not being his Principle to fight, unless with Art and Collusion. However, he managed these Weapons well till he arrived at the Capes, after which four of the Pirates went off in a Boat, which they had taken with them, for the more easily making their Escapes, and made up the Bay towards *Maryland*, but were forced back by a Storm into an obscure Place of the Country. Here meeting with good Entertainment among the Planters, they continued several Days without being discovered to be Pirates. In the mean Time Captain *Knot*, leaving four others on Board his Ship, who intended to go to *North-Carolina*, made what haste he could to discover to Mr. *Sportswood* the Governor, what sort of Passengers he had been forced to bring with him. The Governor, by good Fortune, got them seized; and Search being made after the others, who were revealing about the Country, they were also aken, and all try'd, convicted and hang'd. Two *Portuguese* Jews, who were taken on the Coast of *Brasil*, and whom they brought with them to *Virginia*, were the principal Evidences. The latter had found Means to lodge Part of their Wealth with the Planters, who never brought it to Account: But Captain *Knot* surrendered up every Thing that belonged to them that were taken aboard, even what they presented to him, in lieu of such Things as they had plundered him of in their Passage, and obliged his Men to do the like.

Some Days after the taking of the *Virginia* Man last mentioned, in cruising the Latitude of *Jamaica*, *Kennedy* took a Sloop bound thither from *Boston*, loaded with Bread and Flower; aboard of this Sloop went all the Hands who were for breaking the Gang, and left those behind that had a Mind to pursue further Adventures. Among the former were *Kennedy*, their Captain, of whose Honour they had such a despicable Notion, that they were about to throw him over-board, when they found him in the Sloop, as fearing he might betray them all, at their return to *England*; he having in his Childhood

Childhood been bred a Pick-pocket, and before he became a Pyrate, a House-breaker; both which are Professions that these Gentlemen have a very mean Opinion of. However, Captain *Kennedy*, by taking solemn Oaths of Fidelity to his Companions, was suffered to proceed with them.

In this Company there was but one that pretended to any Skill in Navigation; for *Kennedy* could neither write nor read, he being preferred to the Command merely for his Courage, which indeed he had often signaliz'd, particularly in taking the *Portuguese* Ship. This Man proved to be a Pretender only; for, changing their Course to *Ireland*, where they agreed to land, they ran away to the North-West Coast of *Scotland*, and there were tost about by hard Storms of Wind for several Days, without knowing where they were, and in great Danger of perishing. At length they pushed the Vessel into a little Creek, and went all ashore, leaving the Sloop at an Anchor for the next Comers.

The whole Company refreshed themselves at a little Village, about five Miles from the Place where they left the Sloop, and passed there for ship-wreck'd Sailors; nor is there any doubt but they might have travelled on without Suspicion, but the mad and riotous Manner of their Living on the Road occasioned their Journey to be cut short, as we shall observe presently.

Kennedy and another left them here, and, travelling to one of the Sea-Ports, ship'd themselves for *Ireland*, and arrived there in Safety. Six or seven wisely withdrew from the rest, travelled at their leisure, and got to their much desired Port of *London*, without being disturbed or suspected; but the main Gang alarm'd the Country wherever they came, drinking and roaring at such a Rate, that the People shut themselves up in their Houses in some Places, not daring to venture out among so many mad Fellows: In other Villages they treated the whole Town, squandering their Money away, as if, like *Aesop*, they wanted to lighten their Burthens: This expensive manner of Living procured two of their drunken Straglers to be knock'd on the Head, they being found murdered on the Road, and their Money taken from them: All the rest, to the Number of seventeen, as they drew nigh to *Edinburgh*, were arrested and thrown into Goal, upon Suspicion of they knew not what. However, the Magistrates were not long at a loss for proper Accusations, for two of the Gang offering themselves for Evidences, they were accepted of; and the others were brought to a speedy Trial, at which nine were convicted and executed.

Kennedy having spent all his Money, came over from *Ireland*, and kept a common B——y-House on *Deptford* Road, and now and then, 'twas thought, made an Excursion abroad in the Way of his former Profession; till one of his Household W——s gave Information against him for a Robbery, for which he was committed to *Bridewell*. But because she would not do the Business by halves, she found out a Mate of a Ship that *Kennedy* had committed Piracy upon, as he foolishly confessed to her: This Mate, whose Name was *Grant*, paid *Kennedy* a Visit in *Bridewell*, and, knowing him to be the Man, procured a Warrant, and had him committed to the *Marshalsea* Prison.

The Game that *Kennedy* had now to play, was to turn Evidence himself; accordingly he gave a List of eight or ten of his Comrades; but not being acquainted with their Habitations, one only was taken, who, tho' condemn'd, appeared to be a Man of a fair Character, was forced into their Service, and took the first Opportunity to get from them, and therefore receiv'd a Pardon; but *Walter Kennedy*, being a notorious Offender, was executed the 19th of July, 1721, at *Execution Dock*.

The rest of the Pyrates who were left in the Ship *Rover*, staid not long behind, for they went ashore to one of the *West-India* Islands; what became of them afterwards, we can't tell, but the Ship was

found at Sea by a Sloop belonging to *St. Christophers*, and carried into that Island with only nine Negroes aboard.

Thus we see what a disastrous Fate ever attends the Wicked, and how rarely they escape the Punishment due to their Crimes, who, abandon'd to such a profligate Life, rob, spoil, and prey upon Mankind, contrary to the Light and Law of Nature, as well as the positive Command of God. It might have been hoped, that the Examples of these Deaths, would have been as Marks, to the Remainder of this Gang, how to shun the Rocks their Companions had spic on; and that they would have surrendered to Mercy, or diverted themselves for ever from such Pursuits, lest in the End they might be subjected to the same Law and Punishment, which they must be conscious they now equally deserved; an impending Law, which never can let them sleep soundly unless when they are drunk. But all the Use that was made of it here, was to commend the justice of the Court that condemn'd *Kennedy*, for he was a *bad Dog* (they said) and deserved the Fate he met with.

But to go back to *Roberts*, whom we left on the Coast of *Caiana*, in a grievous Passion at what *Kennedy* and the Crew had done; and who was now projecting new Adventures with his small Company in the Sloop. Considering now that hitherto they had been but as a Rope of Sand, they formed a set of Articles, to be signed and sworn to, for the better Conservation of their Society, and doing Justice to one another; excluding all *Irish* Men from the Benefit of it, to whom they had an implacable Aversion upon the Account of *Kennedy*. How indeed *Roberts* could think that an Oath would be obligatory, where Defiance had been given to the Laws of God and Man, I can't tell, but he thought their greatest Security lay in this, *That it was every one's Interest to observe the Articles, if they were minded to keep up so abominable a Combination.*

The following is the Substance of the Articles, as taken from the Pyrates own Informations.

I.

EVERY Man has a Vote in Affairs of Moment, and an equal Title to the fresh Provisions, or strong Liquors, at any Time seized; which he may use at Pleasure, unless a Scarcity make it necessary, for the good of all, to vote a Retrenchment.

II.

Another Particular was, that every Man should be called fairly in turn, by List, on Board of Prizes, because, over and above their proper Share, they were on these Occasions allowed a Shift of Cloaths: But if they defrauded the Company to the Value of a Dollar, in Plate, Jewels, or Money, MAROONING was their Punishment. (This was a barbarous Custom of putting the Offender on Shore, on some desolate or uninhabited Cape or Island, with a Gun, a few Shot, a Bottle of Water, and a Bottle of Powder, to subsist with, or starve.) If the Robbery was only between one another, they contented themselves with sitting the Ears and Nose of him that was Guilty, and set him on Shore, not in an uninhabited Place, but somewhere, where he was sure to encounter Hardships.

III.

No Person to game at Cards or Dice for Money.

IV. &c

IV.

The Lights and Candles to be put out at eight o' Clock at Night: If any of the Crew, after that Hour, still remained inclined for Drinking, they were to do it on the open Deck. This Roberts believed would give a Check to their Debauches, for he was a sober Man himself; but he found at length, that all his Endeavours to put an End to this Debauch, proved ineffectual.

V.

To keep their Piece, Pistols, and Cutlash clean, and fit for Service. In this they were extravagantly nice, endeavouring to out do one another in the Beauty and Richness of their Arms, giving sometimes at an Auction made at the Mast, 30 or 40 l. a Pair, for Pistols. These were slung in Time of Service, with different coloured Ribbands, over their Shoulders, in a Way peculiar to these Fellows, in which they took great Delight.

VI.

No Boy or Woman to be allowed amongst them. If any Man were found seducing any of the latter Sex, and carried her to Sea, disguised, he was to suffer Death: So that when any fell into their Hands, as it chanced in the Onflow, they put a Centinel immediately over her, to prevent ill Consequences from so dangerous an Instrument of Division and Quarrel; but then here lies the Roguery; they contend who shall be Centinel, which happens generally to one of the greatest Bullies, who, to secure the Lady's Virtue, will let none lie with her but himself.

VII.

To desert the Ship, or their Quarters in Battle, was punished with Death, or Marooning.

VIII.

No striking one another on Board, but every Man's Quarrels to be ended on Shore, at Sword and Pistol, Thus: The Quarter-Master of the Ship, when the Parties will not come to any Reconciliation, accompanies them on Shore with what Assistance he thinks proper, and turns the Disputants Back to Back, at so many Paces Distance: At the Word of Command, they turn and fire immediately, or else the Piece is knocked out of their Hands: If both miss, they come to their Cutlasses, and then he is declared Victor who draws the first Blood.

IX.

No Man to talk of breaking up their Way of Living, till each had shared 1000 l. If in order to this, any Man should lose a Limb, or become a Cripple in their Service, he was to have 800 Dollars, out of the publick Stock, and for lesser Hurts proportionably.

X.

The Captain and Quarter-Master to receive two Shares of a Prize; the Master, Boatswain, and Gunner, one Share and a half, and other Officers one and a Quarter.

XI.

The Musicians to have Rest on the Sabbath Day, but the other six Days and Nights, none, without special Favour.

These, we are assured, were some of Roberts's Articles; but as they had taken Care to throw overboard the Original they had signed and sworn to, there is a great deal of Room to suspect, that the Remainder contained something too horrid to be disclosed to any, except such as were willing to be Sharers in the Iniquity of them; let them be what they will, they were together the Test of all new Comers, who were initiated by an Oath taken on a Bible, reserv'd for that Purpose only, and were subscrib'd to in Presence of the Worshipful Mr. Roberts. And in Case any Doubt should arise concerning the Construction of these Laws, and it should remain a Dispute whether the Party had infring'd them or no, a Jury was appointed to explain them, and bring in a Verdict upon the Case in Doubt.

Since we are now speaking of the Laws of this Company, I shall go on, and, in as brief a Manner as I can, relate the principal Customs, and Government, of this roguish Common-Wealth; which are pretty near the same with all Pyrates.

For the Punishment of small Offences, which are not provided for by the Articles, and which are not of Consequence enough to be left to a Jury of the Mens own chusing, the Quarter-Master, who is a principal Officer among the Pyrates, claims all Authority this Way, excepting in Time of Battle: If they disobey his Command, are quarrellsome and mutinous with one another, misuse Prisoners, plunder beyond his Order, and, in particular, if they be negligent of their Arms, which he musters at Discretion, he punishes at his own Arbitrement, with drubbing or whipping, which no one else dare do without incurring the Lash from all the Ships Company: In short, this Officer is Trustee for the whole, is the first on Board any Prize, separating for the Company's Use what he pleases, and returning what he thinks fit to the Owners, excepting Gold and Silver, which they have voted not returnable.

After a Description of the Quarter-Master, and his Duty, who acts as a sort of a civil Magistrate on Board a Pirate Ship, we shall consider their military Officer, the Captain; and what Privileges and Powers he exerts in such anarchy and unruliness of the Members: Why truly very little, they only permit him to be Captain, on Condition that they may be Captain over him; they separate to his Use the great Cabin, and sometimes vote him small Parcels of Plate and China, (for it may be noted that Roberts drank his Tea constantly) but then every Man, as the Humour takes him, will use the Plate and China, intrude into his Apartment, swear at him, seize a Part of his Victuals and Drink, if they like it, without his offering to find Fault or contest it. Yet Roberts, by a better Management than usual, became the chief Director in every Thing of Moment, and it happened thus:—The Rank of Captain being obtained by the Suffrage of the Majority, it falls on one superior for Knowledge and Boldness, who is *Pistol Proof*, as they call it, and can make those fear, who do not love him; Roberts is said to have exceeded his Fellows in these Respects, and, when he was advanced, he enlarged the Respect that followed it, by making a sort of Privy-Council of half a Dozen of the greatest Bullies; such as were his Competitors, and had Interest enough to make his Government easy; yet even those, in the latter Part of his Reign, he had run counter to in every Project that opposed his own Opinion; for which, and because he grew reserved, and would not drink

and roar at their Rate, a Cabal was formed to take away his Captainship, which Death did more effectually.

The Captain's Power is uncontroulable in Time of Chace, or in Battle, when he drubs, cuts, or even shoots any one who dares deny his Command. The same Privilege he takes over Prisoners, who receive good or ill Usage, mostly as he approves of their Behaviour; for tho' the meanest would take upon them to misuse a Master of a Ship, yet *Roberts* would controul herein, when he saw it, and merrily, over a Bottle, give his Prisoners this double Reason for it. First, That it preserved his Precedence; and secondly, That it took the Punishment out of the Hands of a much more rash and mad Set of Fellows than himself. When he found that Rigour was not expected from his People, (for he often practised it to appease them,) then he would give Strangers to understand, that it was pure Inclination that induced him to a good Treatment of them, and not any Love or Partiality to their Persons; for, says he, *there is none of you but will hang me, I know, whenever you can clinch me within your Power.*

And now, seeing the Disadvantages they were under for pursuing the Account, viz. a small Vessel ill repaired, and without Provisions or Stores; they resolved one and all, with the little Supplies they could get, to proceed for the *West-Indies*, not doubting to find a Remedy for all these Evils, and to retrieve their Loss.

In the Latitude of *Desolata*, one of the Islands, they took two Sloops, which supply'd them with Provisions and other Necessaries; and a few Days afterwards, took a Brigantine belonging to *Rhode Island*, and then proceeded to *Barbadoes*; off of which Island, they fell in with a *Bristol* Ship of 10 Guns, in her Voyage out, from whom they took abundance of Cloaths, some Money, twenty five Bales of Goods, five Barrels of Powder, a Cible, Hawser, 10 Casks, of Oatmeal, six Casks of Beef, and several other Goods, besides five of her Men; and after they had detained her three Days, let her go. This Vessel being bound for the abovesaid Island, the acquainted the Governor with what had happened, as soon as she arrived.

Upon this, a *Bristol* Galley that lay in the Harbour, was ordered to be fitted out with all imaginable Expedition, with 20 Guns, and 80 Men; there being then no Man of War upon that Station; and also a Sloop with 10 Guns, and 40 Men: The Galley was commanded by one Captain *Rogers*, of *Bristol*, and the Sloop by Captain *Graves*, of that Island, and Captain *Rogers*, by a Commission from the Governor, was appointed Commadore,

The second Day after *Rogers* sailed out of the Harbour, he was discovered by *Roberts*, who, knowing nothing of their Design, gave them Chace: The *Barbadoes* Ships kept an easy sail till the Pyrates came up with them, and then *Roberts* gave them a Gun, expecting they would have immediately struck to his pyritical Flag; but instead thereof, he was forced to receive the Fire of a Broadside, with three Huzzas at the same Time. An Engagement ensued, in which *Roberts*, being hardly put to it, was obliged to crowd all the Sail the Sloop would bear, to get off: The Galley sailing pretty well, kept Company for a long while, keeping a constant Fire, which galled the Pyrate; however, at length, by throwing over their Guns, and other heavy Goods, and thereby lightening the Vessel, they, with much ado, got clear; but *Roberts* could never endure a *Barbadoes* Man afterwards, and when any Ships belonging to that Island fell in his Way, he was more particularly severe to them than others.

Captain *Roberts* sailed in the Sloop to the Island of *Dominico*, where he watered, and got Provisions of the Inhabitants, to whom he gave Goods in Exchange. At this Place he met with 13 *Englishmen*, who had been set a-shore by a *French Guard de la*

Coste, belonging to *Martinico*, taken out of two *New-England* Ships, that had been seized, as Prize, by the said *French Sloop*: The Men willingly entered with the Pyrates, and it proved a seasonable Recruit.

They staid not long here, tho' they had immediate Occasion for cleaning their Sloop, because they did not think this a proper Place; and herein they judged right; for the touching at this Island, had like to have been their Destruction, because they having resolved to go away to the *Granada* Islands, for the aforesaid Purpose, by some Accident it came to be known to the *French* Colony, who sending Word to the Governor of *Martinico*, he equipped and manned two Sloops to go in Quest of them. The Pyrates sailed directly for the *Granadilloes*, and hall'd into a Lagoon, or *Corrocoo*, where they cleaned with unusual dispatch, staying but a little above a Week, by which Expedition they missed of the *Martinico* Sloops only a few Hours; *Roberts* sailing over Night, and the *French* arriving the next Morning. This was a fortunate Escape, especially considering, that it was not from any Fears of their being discovered, that they made so much haste from the Island; but, as they had the Impudence themselves to own, for the want of Wine and Women.

Thus narrowly escaped, they sailed for *Newfoundland*, and arrived upon the Banks the latter End of *June*, 1720. They entered the Harbour of *Trepassi*, with their black Colours flying, Drums beating, and Trumpets sounding. There were two and twenty Vessels in the Harbour, which the Men all quitted upon the Sight of the Pyrate, and fled a-shore. It is impossible particularly to recount the Destruction and Havock they made here, burning and sinking all the Shipping, except a *Bristol* Galley, and destroying the Fisheries, and Stages of the poor Planters, without Remorse or Compunction, for nothing is so deplorable as Power in mean and ignorant Hands; it makes Men wanton and giddy, unconcerned at the Misfortunes they are imposing on their Fellow Creatures, and keeps them smiling at the Mischief, that bring themselves no Advantage. *They are like mad Men, that cast Fire-Branas, Arrows, and Death, and say, are not in Sport?*

Roberts mann'd the *Bristol* Galley he took in the Harbour, and mounted 16 Guns on Board her; afterwards cruizing out upon the Banks, he met with nine or ten Sail of *French* Ships, all which he destroyed, except one of 26 Guns, which they seized, and carried off for their own Use, This Ship they christened the *Fortune*, and leaving the *Bristol* Galley to the *French* Men, they sail'd away in Company with the Sloop, on another Cruize, and took several Prizes, viz. the *Richard* of *Bathurst*, *John* *than* *Whitfield* Master; the *Willing Mind* of *Peole*, the *Expectation* of *Topsam*; and the *Samuel*, Captain *Cary*, of *London*; out of these Ships they encreas'd their Company, by entring all the Men they could well spare, in their own Service. The *Samuel* was a rich Ship, and had several Passengers on Board, who were used very roughly, in order to make them discover their Money, threatening them every Moment with Death, if they did not resign every Thing up to them. They tore up the Hatches and entered the Hold, like a parcel of Furies, and, with Axes and Cutlasses, cut and broke open all the Bales, Cases and Boxes, they could lay their Hands on; and when any Goods came upon Deck, that they did not like to carry a-board, instead of tossing them into the Hole again, they threw them over-board into the Sea; all this was done with incessant cursing and swearing, more like Fiends than Men. They carried with them, Sails, Guns, Powder, Cordage, and 8 or 9000 *l.* worth of the choicest Goods; and told Captain *Cary*, *That they should accept of no Act of Grace; that the King and People might be damned with their Acts of Grace for them; neither would they go to Hope-Point, to be hanged up a Sun-drying, as Kidd's and Braddish's Company*

were; but that if they should ever be over-power'd, they would set Fire to the Powder, with a Pistol, and go all merrily to Hell together.

After they had brought all the Booty a-board, a Consultation was held whether they should sink or burn the Ship; but whilst they were debating the Matter, they spy'd a Sail, and so left the *Samuel*, to give her Chace. At Midnight they came up with the same, which prov'd to be a Snow from *Bristol*, bound for *Boston*, Captain *Bozeles* Master. They us'd him barbarously, because of his Country; Captain *Rogers*, who attack'd them off *Barbadoes*, being of the City of *Bristol*.

July 16, which was two Days afterwards, they took a *Virginia* Man call'd *The Little York*, *James Philips* Master, and *The Love*, of *Liverpool*; which they plunder'd, and let go. The next Day, a Snow, from *Bristol*, call'd *The Phoenix*, *John Richards* Master, met with the same Fate from them; as also a Brigantine, Captain *Thomas*, and a Sloop call'd *The Sathury*. They took all the Men out of the Brigantine, and sunk the Vessel.

When they left the Banks of *Newfoundland*, they sail'd for the *West-Indies*; and the Provisions growing short, they went for the Latitude of the Island *Descada*, to cruize, it being esteem'd the likeliest Place to meet with those Ships that (as they us'd in their Mirth to say) were consign'd to them with Supplies. And it has been very much suspected, that Ships have loaded with Provisions at the *English* Colonies, on pretence of trading on the Coast of *Africa*; when they have, in Reality, been consign'd to them: And though a Shew of Violence is offer'd to them when they meet, yet they are pretty sure of bringing their Cargo to a good Market.

However, at this Time they miss'd of their usual Luck; and Provisions and Necessaries becoming more scarce every Day, they retir'd towards *St. Christopher's*, where, being denied all Succour or Assistance from the Government, they fir'd, in Revenge, on the Town, and burnt two Ships in the Road, one of them commanded by Captain *Cox*, of *Bristol*. They then retreated farther, to the Island of *St. Bartholomew*, where they met with much handsomer Treatment; the Governor not only supplying them with Refreshments, but he and the Chiefs caressing them in the most friendly Manner: And the Women, from so good an Example, endeavour'd to out-vie each other in Dress, and Behaviour, to attract the good Graces of such generous Lovers, that paid well for their Favours.

Sated, at length, with these Pleasures, and having taken on board a good Supply of fresh Provisions, they voted unanimously for the Coast of *Guinea*, and, in the Latitude of 22 Degrees North in their Voyage thither, they met with a *French* Ship from *Martinico*, richly laden, and, which was unlucky for the Master, had a Property of being fitter for their Purpose than the Banker. Exchange was no Robbery, they said; and so, after a little Mock-complaisance to *Monsieur*, for the Favour he had done them, they shifted their Men, and took Leave. This was their first *Royal Fortune*.

In this Ship *Roberts* proceeded on his design'd Voyage; but, before they reach'd *Guinea*, he propos'd to touch at *Braza*, the southernmost of *Cape Verd* Islands, and clean. But here, again, by an intolerable Stupidity, and Want of Judgment, they got so far Leeward of their Port, that, despairing to regain it, or any of the Windward Parts of *Africa*, they were oblig'd to go back again with the Trade-Wind, for the *West Indies*, which had very near been the Destruction of them all. *Surinam* was the Place now design'd for, which was no less than 700 Leagues distant; and they had but one Hoghead of Water left to supply 124 Souls for that Passage: A sad Circumstance, that eminently exposes the Folly and Madness common among Pyrates; and he must be an inconsiderate Wretch, indeed, who, if he could separate the Wickedness and Punishment from

the Fact, would yet hazard his Life amidst such Dangers, as their Want of Skill and Forecast often makes them liable to.

Their Sins, we may presume, were never so troublesome to their Memories, as now, when inevitable Destruction seem'd to threaten them, without the least Glimpse of Comfort or Alleviation to their Misery; for, with what Face could Wretches, who had ravag'd and made so many necessitous, look up to Heaven for Relief? They had to that Moment liv'd in Defiance of the Power that now alone they must trust to for their Preservation; and, indeed, without the miraculous Intervention of Providence, there appear'd only this miserable Choice, viz. a present Death by their own Hands, or a ling'ring one by Famine.

They continu'd their Course, and came to an Allowance of one single Mouthful of Water for 24 Hours. Many of them drank their Urine, or Sea-Water, which, instead of allaying, gave them an inextinguishable Thirst, that kill'd 'em: Others pined, and wasted a little more Time in Fluxes and Apyrexies; so that they dropp'd away daily. Those that sustain'd the Misery best, were such as almost starv'd themselves, forbearing all Sorts of Food, unless a Mouthful or two of Bread, the whole Day: So that those who surviv'd, were as weak as it was possible for Men to be, and alive.

But if the dismal Prospect they set out with gave them Anxiety, Trouble, or Pain, what must their Fears and Apprehensions be, when they had not one Drop of Water left, or any other Liquor to moisten or animate? This was their Case, when (by the working of Divine Providence, no doubt), they were brought into Soundings, and at Night anchor'd in seven Fathom Water. This was an inexpressible Joy to 'em, and, as it were, fed the expiring Lamp of Life with fresh Spirits: But this could not hold long. When the Morning came, they saw Land from the Mast-Head, but it was at so great a Distance, that it afforded but an indifferent Prospect to Men who had drank nothing for the two last Days: However, they dispatch'd their Boat away, and late the same Night it return'd, to their no small Comfort, with a load of Water; informing them, that they had got off the Mouth of *Merizeinga* River, on the Coast of *Surinam*.

One would have thought so miraculous an Escape should have wrought some Reformation; but, alas! they had no sooner quench'd their Thirst, but they had forgot the Miracle, till Scarcity of Provisions awaken'd their Senses, and bid them guard against starving. Their Allowance was very small, and yet they would profanely say, *That Providence which had gave them Drink, would, no doubt, bring them Meat also, if they would use but an honest Endeavour*.

In pursuance of these honest Endeavours, they were steering for the Latitude of *Barbadoes*, with what little they had left, to look out for more, or starve, and, in their Way, they met a Ship that answer'd their Necessities, and after that a Brigantine. The former was call'd *The Greyhound*, belonging to *St. Christopher's*, and bound to *Philadelphia*; the Mate of which sign'd the Pyrate's Articles, and was afterwards Captain of *The Ranger*, Consort to *The Royal Fortune*.

Out of the Ship and Brigantine the Pyrates got a good Supply of Provisions and Liquor; so that they gave over the design'd Cruize, and water'd at *Tobago*, where hearing of the two Sloops that had been fitted out and sent after them at *Corvoco*, they sail'd to the Island of *Martinico*, to make the Governor some sort of an Equivalent for the Care and Expedition he had shewn in that Affair.

It is the Custom at *Martinico* for the *Dutch* Interlopers, that have a Mind to trade with the People of the Island, to hoist their Jacks when they come before the Town. *Roberts* knew the Signal, and, being an utter Enemy to them, he bent his Thoughts upon

upon Mischief. Accordingly, he came in with his Jack flying, which, as he expected, they mistook for a good Marker, and thought themselves happiest that could soonest dispatch off their Sloops and Vessels for Trade. When *Roberts* had got them within his Power (one after another) he told them, he would not have it said that they came off for nothing, and therefore order'd them to leave their Money behind, for that they were a Parcel of Rogues, and he hop'd they would always meet with such a *Dutch Trade* as this was. He reserv'd one Vessel to set the Passengers on shore again, and fir'd the rest, to the Number of 20.

Roberts was so enrag'd at the Attempts that had been made for taking of him, by the Governors of *Barbadoes* and *Martinico*, that he order'd a new Jack to be made, which they ever after hoisted, with his own Figure pourtray'd, standing upon two Skulls, and under them the Letters *A B H* and *A M H*; signifying a *Barbadian's* and a *Martinican's* Head: As shall be seen in the Plate of Captain *Roberts*.

At *Dominico*, the next Island they touch'd at, they took a *Dutch* Interloper of 22 Guns, and 75 Men, and a Brigantine belonging to *Rhodes* Island, of which one *Norton* was Master. The former made some Defence, till some of his Men being killed, the rest were discourag'd, and struck their Colours. With these two Prizes they went down to *Guatalupe*, and brought out a Sloop, and a *French* Fly-Boat laden with Sugar: the Sloop they burnt, and went on to *Moonay*, another Island, thinking to clean: But finding the Sea ran too high there to undertake it with Safety, they bent their Course for the North Part of *Hispaniola*, where, at *Beaver's* Key, in the Gulf of *Saminah*, they clean'd both the Ship and the Brigantine. For though *Hispaniola* be scull'd by the *Spaniards* and *French*, and is the Residence of a President from *Spain*, who receives, and finally determines Appeals from all the other *Spanish West-India* Islands; yet is its People by no Means proportion'd to its Magnitude: So that there are many Harbours in it, to which Pyrates may securely resort, without Fear of Discovery from the Inhabitants.

Whilst they were here, two Sloops came in, as they pretended, to pay *Roberts* a Visit: the Masters, whose Names were *Porter* and *Luckerman*, address'd the Pyrate as the Queen of *Sheba* did *Solomon*; to wit, *That, having heard of his Fame and Achievements*, they had put in there to learn his Art and Wisdom in the Business of pyrating, being Vessels on the same honourable Design with himself; and they hop'd, with the Communication of his Knowledge, they should also receive his Charity, being in Want of Necessaries for such Adventures. *Roberts* was won upon by the Peculiarity and Bluntness of these two Men, and gave them Powder, Arms, and what ever else they had Occasion for, spent two or three merry Nights with them, and, at parting, said, *He hop'd the L—— would prosper their Humble Works*.

They pass'd some Time here, after they had got their Vessel ready, in their usual Debaucheries; they had taken a considerable Quantity of Rum and Sugar, so that Liquor was as plenty as Water, and few there were who denied themselves the immoderate Use of it; nay, Sobriety brought a Man under a Suspicion of being in a Plot against the Commonwealth, and in their Sense, he was looked upon to be a Villain that would not be drunk. This was evident in the Affair of *Harry Glasby*, chosen Master of the *Royal Fortune*, who, with two others, laid hold of the Opportunity at the last Island they were at, to move off without bidding Farewell to his Friends. *Glasby* was a reserv'd sober Man, and therefore gave Occasion to be suspected, so that he was soon miss'd after he went away. A Detachment being sent in quest of these Deserters, they were all three brought

back again the next Day. This was a capital Offence, for which they were ordered to be brought to an immediate Tryal.

Here was the Form of Justice kept up, which is as much as can be said of several other Courts, that have more lawful Commissions for what they do. — Here was no seeing of Council, and bribing of Witnesses was a Custom not known among them; no packing of Juries, no torturing and wresting the Sense of the Law, for bye Ends and Purposes, no puzzling or perplexing the Cause with unintelligible canting Terms, and useless Distinctions; nor was their Sessions burthened with numberless Officers, the Ministers of Rapine and Extortion, with ill boding Aspects, enough to fright *Astrea* from the Court.

The Place appointed for their Tryals, was the Steerage of the Ship: in order to the Procedure, a large Bowl of Rum Punch was made, and placed upon the Table; the Pipes and Tobacco being ready, the judicial Proceedings began; the Prisoners were brought forth, and Articles of Indictment against them read; they were arraigned upon a Statute of their own making, and the Letter of the Law being strong against them, and the Fact plainly proved, they were about to pronounce Sentence, when one of the Judges moved, that they should first Smoak t'other Pipe; which was accordingly done.

All the Prisoners pleaded for Arrest of Judgment very movingly; but the Court had such an Abhorrence of their Crime, that they could not be prevailed upon to shew Mercy, till one of the Judges, whose Name was *Valentine Ashplant*, stood up, and, taking his Pipe out of his Mouth, said, he had something to offer to the Court in behalf of one of the Prisoners; which he delivered to this Effect. — *By G——, Glasby shall not dye; I—— name if he shall.* After this learned Speech, he sat down in his Place, and resumed his Pipe. This Motion was loudly oppos'd by all the rest of the Judges, in equivalent Terms; but *Ashplant*, who was resolute in his Opinion, made another pathetical Speech, in the following Manner. *G—— to—— nge Gentlemen, I am as good a Man as the best of you; I—— in my S—— I if ever I turn'd my Back to my Man in my Life, or ever sell, by G——; Glasby is an honest Fellow, notwithstanding this Misfortune, and I love him, the D—— I—— name if I don't: I hope he'll live and repent of what he has done; let a—— name, if he must die, I will die along with him.* Having deliver'd this, he pulled out a Pair of Pistols, and presented them to some of the learned Judges upon the Bench; who, perceiving his Argument so well supported, thought it reasonable that *Glasby* should be acquitted; and so they all came over to his Opinion, and allow'd it be Law.

But all the Mitigation that could be obtained for the other Prisoners, was, that they should have the Liberty of choosing any four of the whole Company to be their Executioners. The poor Wretches were ty'd immediately to the Mast, and there shot dead, pursuant to their villainous Sentence.

When they put to Sea again, the Prizes, which had been detain'd only for fear of spreading any Rumour concerning them, a Thing that had like to have been so fatal at *Corvoco*, were thus dispos'd of: They burnt their own Sloop, and maim'd *Morton's* Brigantine, sending the Master away in the *Dutch* Interloper, not dissatisfied.

With the *Royal Fortune*, and the Brigantine, which they christen'd the *Good Fortune*, they push'd towards the Latitude of *Disceada*, to look out for Provisions, being very short again: and, just to their Wish, Captain *Hingsone's* ill Fortune brought him in their Way, being richly laden for *Jamaica*; him they carried to *Barbados* and plundered; then stretching back again to the *West-Indies*, they continually met with some Consignment or other, (chiefly *French*;) which stored them with Plenty of Provisions, and recruit-

ed their starving Condition; so that, stocked with this sort of Ammunition, they began to think of something worthier their Aim; for these Robberies that only supplied what was in constant Expenditure, by no Means answered their Intentions; and accordingly, they proceeded again for the Coast of *Guinea*, where they thought to buy Gold Dust very cheap. In their Passage thither, they took Numbers of Ships of all Nations, some of which they burnt or sunk, as the Carriage or Characters of the Masters displeased them.

Notwithstanding the successful Adventures of this Crew, yet it was with great Difficulty they could be kept together, under any kind of Regulation; for being almost always mad or drunk, their Behaviour produced infinite Disorders, every Man being in his own Imagination, a Captain, a Prince, or a King. When *Roberts* saw there was no managing of such a Company of wild ungovernable Brutes, by gentle Means, nor any Method of keeping them from drinking to excess, which was the Cause of all their Disturbances, he put on a rougher Deportment, and a more magisterial Carriage towards them, correcting whom he thought fit: If any seemed to resent his Usage, he told them, *They might go a-shore and take Satisfaction of him, if they thought fit, at Sword and Pistol, for he neither valued or feared any of them.*

About 400 Leagues from the Coast of *Africa*, the Brigantine, who had hitherto lived with them in all amicable Correspondence, thought fit to take the Opportunity of a dark Night, and leave the Commodore, which leads me back to the Relation of an Accident, that happened at one of the Islands of the *West-Indies*, where they water'd before they undertook this Voyage, which had like to have thrown their Government (such as it was) off the Hinges, and was partly the Occasion of the Separation: The Story is as follows.

Captain *Roberts*, having been insulted by one of the drunken Crew, whose Name we have not learnt, he, in the Heat of his Passion, killed the Fellow on the Spot, which was resented by a great many others, but particularly by one *Jones*, a brisk active young Man, who died lately in the *Marshallsea*, and was his Mess-Mate. This *Jones* was at that Time a-shore, watering the Ship, but as soon as he came on Board, he was told that Captain *Roberts* had killed his Comrade; upon which he boldly cursed *Roberts*, and said, he ought to be served so himself. *Roberts*, hearing *Jones's* Invektive, ran to him with a Sword, and ran him into the Body; and *Jones*, notwithstanding his Wound, seized the Captain, threw him over a Gun, and beat him handsomely. This Adventure put the whole Company in an Uproar, and some taking Part with the Captain, and others against him, there had like to have ensued a general Battle with one another, like my Lord *Thomas's* Cocks; however, the Tumult was at length appeas'd, by the Meditation of the Quarter-Master; and as the Majority of the Company were of Opinion, that the Dignity of the Captain ought to be supported on Board; that it was a Post of Honour, and therefore the Person whom they thought fit to confer it on, should not be violated by any single Member; therefore they sentenced *Jones* to undergo two Lashes from every one of the Company for his Misdemeanour, which was executed upon him as soon as he was well of his Wound.

This severe Punishment did not at all convince *Jones* that he was in the wrong, but rather animated him to some sort of a Revenge: However, not being able to do it upon *Roberts's* Person, on board the Ship, he and several of his Comrades correspond with *Anstis*, Captain of the Brigantine, and conspire with him and some of the principal Pyrates on board

that Vessel, to go off from the Company. What made *Anstis* a Malecontent, was, the Inferiority he stood in with respect to *Roberts*, who carried himself with a haughty and magisterial Air to him and his Crew; he regarding the Brigantine only as a Tender, and, as such, left them no more than the Refuse of their Plunder. In short, *Jones* and his Consort go on board of Captain *Anstis*, on Pretence of a Visit, and there consulting with their Brethren, they find a Majority for leaving of *Roberts*, and so came to a Resolution to bid a soft Farewel, as they call it, that Night, and to throw over-board whosoever should stick out: But they prov'd to be unanimous, and effected their Design as abovemention'd.

We shall have no more to say of Captain *Anstis*, till the Story of *Roberts* is concluded; therefore we return to him, in the pursuit of his Vbyage to *Guinea*. The Loss of the Brigantine was a sensible Shock to the Crew, she being an excellent Sailor, and having 70 Hands a-board: However, *Roberts*, who was the Occasion of it, put on a Face of Unconcern at this his ill Conduct and Mismanagement, and resolv'd not to alter his Purposes upon that Account.

Roberts fell in to Windward nigh the *Senegal*, a River of great Trade for Gum, on this Part of the Coast, monopoliz'd by the *French*, who constantly keep Cruizers, to hinder the interloping Trade. At this Time they had two small Ships on that Service, one of 10 Guns and 65 Men, and the other of 16 Guns and 75 Men; who, having got a Sight of Mr. *Roberts*, and supposing him to be one of these prohibited Traders, chae'd, with all the Sail they could make, to come up with him; but their Hopes, which had brought them very nigh, too late deceived them: For, on the hoisting of *Jolly Roger*, which was the Name they gave their black Flag, their *French* Hearts fail'd, and they both surrender'd without any, or, at least, with very little Resistance. With these Prizes they went into *Sierraleon*, and made one of them their Consort, by the Name of *The Ranger*, and the other a Store-Ship, to clean by.

Sierraleon River disgorges with a large Mouth, the Starboard-Side of which draughts into little Bays, safe and convenient for cleaning and watering. What still made it preferable to the Pyrates, was, that the Traders settled here are naturally their Friends. There are about 30 *Englishmen* in all, who, in some Part of their Lives, have been either privateering, buccaneering, or pyrating, and still retain and love the Riots and Humours common to that sort of Life. They live very friendly with the Natives, and have many of them, of both Sexes, to be their *Grometras*, or Servants. The Men are faithful, and the Women so obedient, that they are very ready to prostitute themselves to whomsoever their Masters shall command them. The *Royal African Company* has a Fort on a small Island, called *Bene Island*, but 'tis of little Use, besides keeping their Slaves; the Distance making it incapable of giving any Molestation to their Starboard Shore. Here lives at this Place an old Fellow, who went by the Name of *Crickers*, who was formerly a noted Buccaneer, and, while he follow'd the Calling, had robbed and plundered many a Man. He kept the best House in the Place, had two or three Guns before his Door, with which he saluted his Friends the Pyrates, when they put in, and liv'd a jovial Life with them, all the while they are there.

Here follows a List of the rest of those lawless Merchants, and their Servants, who carry on a private Trade with the Interlopers, to the great Prejudice of the *Royal African Company*, who, with extraordinary Industry and Expence, have made and maintain Settlements, without any Consideration from those, who, without such Settlements and Forts, would soon be under an Incapacity of pursuing any such private Trade. Wherefore, 'tis to be hop'd, proper Means will be taken, to root out the Remainder of

such a pernicious Set of People, who have all their Lives supported themselves by the Labours of other Men.

Two of these Fellows enter'd with *Roberts's* Crew, and continu'd with them, till the Destruction of the Company.

A LIST of the White Men, who lived on the High Land of Sierraleon, when *Roberts* was there, and the Craft they occupy.

JOHN Icaistone, three Boats and Periagoe.
His Man *Tom*.

His Man *John Brown*.

Alexander Mitaleton, one Long-Boat.

His Man *Charles Hazekins*.

John Pierce, } Partners, one Long-Boat.
William Mead, }

Their Man *John Vernon*.

David Chatmers, one Long-Boat.

John Chatmers, one Long-Boat.

Richard Richardson, one Long-Boat.

Norton, } Partners, two Long-Boats, and
Richard Warren, } two small Boats.
Robert Glynn, }

His Man *John Franks*.

William Warts, and one young Man.

John Bonnerman.

John England, one Long-Boat.

Robert Samples, one Long-Boat.

William Presgrove, }
Harry, } One Sloop, two Long Boats,
Davis, } a small Boat, and Periagoe.
Mitchel, }

Richard Lamb,
With *Roquis Rodrigus*, a Portuguese.

George Bishop.

Peter Brown.

John Jones, one Long Boat.

His Irish young Man.

At *Rio Pango*, *Benjamin Gun*.

At *Kidham*, *George Teats*.

At *Gallyneas*, *Richard Lemmons*.

The Harbour is so convenient for Wooding and Watering, that it occasions many of our trading Ships, especially those of *Bristol*, to call in there, with large Cargoes of Beer, Cyder, and strong Liquors, which they exchange with these private Traders, for Slaves and Teeth, purchased by them at the *Rio Nunc's*, and other Places to the Northward: So that here was what they call good Living.

Hither *Roberts* came about the End of *June*, 1721. and had Intelligence that *The Scallop*, and *Weymouth*, two Men of War, of 50 Guns each, had left that River about a Month before, and design'd to return about *Christmas*; so that the Pyrates could indulge themselves with all the Satisfaction in the World, in that they knew they were not only secure whilst there, but that in going down the Coast, after the Men of War, they should always be able to get such Intelligence of their Rendezvous, as would serve to make their Expedition safe. So after six Weeks stay, the Ships being clean'd and fitted, and the Men weary of whoring and drinking, they bethought themselves of Business, and went to Sea the Beginning of *August*, taking their Progress down the whole Coast, as low as *Jaquin*, plundering every Ship they met of what was valuable in her, and sometimes, to be more mischievously wicked, they would throw what they did not want over board, accumulating Cruelty to Theft.

In this Range, they exchanged their old *French* Ship, for a fine Frigate built Ship, call'd the *Onslow*, belonging to the Royal *African* Company, Captain *Gee* Commander, which happened to lye at *Sylos*, to get Water and Necessaries for the

Company. A great many of Captain *Gee's* Men were ashore when *Roberts* bore down, and so the Ship was consequently surpriz'd into his Hands, tho' had they been all on Board, it was not likely the Case would have been otherwise, the Sailors, most of them, voluntarily joining the Pyrates, and encouraging the same Disposition in the Soldiers, who were going Passengers with them to *Cape-Corso-Castle*. Their Fears being constantly tickled with the Feats and Gallantry of those Fellows, made them fancy, that to go, was only being bound on a Voyage of Night Errantry, to relieve the Distress'd, and gather up Fame, and so they likewise offered themselves; but here the Pyrates were at a Stand, they entertained so contemptible a Notion of Landmen, that they put 'em off with Refusals for some Time, till at length being weary'd with Solicitations, and pitying a Parcel of stout Fellows, who, they said, were going to starve upon a little Canky and Plantane, they accepted of them, and allowed them a quarter Share, as it was then term'd, out of Charity.

There was a Clergyman on Board the *Onslow*, sent from *England*, to be Chaplain of *Cape-Corso-Castle*; some of the Pyrates were for keeping him, alledging merrily, that their Ship wanted a Chaplain; accordingly they offered him a Share to take on with them, promising that he should do nothing for his Money, but make Punch, and say Prayers, yet, however brutish they might be in other Things, they bore so great a Respect to his Order, that they resolv'd not to force him against his Inclinations: and the Parson, having no Relish for this sort of Life, excus'd himself from accepting the Honour they design'd him: they were satisfied, and generous enough to deliver him back every Thing he owned to be his: The Parson laid hold of this favourable Disposition of the Pyrates, and laid Claim to several Things belonging to others, which were also given up, to his great Satisfaction; in fine, they kept nothing which belonged to the Church, except three Prayer-Books, and a Bottle Screw.

The Pyrates kept the *Onslow* for their own Use, and gave Captain *Gee* the *French* Ship; and then fell to making such Alterations as might fit her for a Sea Rover; pulling down her Bulk Heads, and making her flush; so that she became, in all Respects, as compleat a Ship for their Purpose, as any they could have found; they continued to her the Name of the *Royal Fortune*, and mounted her with 40 Guns.

She and the *Ranger* proceeded (as we said before) to *Jaquin*, and from thence to *Old Calabar*, where they arriv'd about *October*, in order to clean their Ships. This Place was the most suitable along the whole Coast; for there is a Bar with not above 15 Foot Water upon it, and the Channel intricate; so that had the Men of War been sure of their being harboured here, they might still have bid Defiance to their Strength; for the Depth of Water at the Bar, as well as the Want of a Pilot, was a sufficient Security to the Rovers, and invincible Impediments to them. Here therefore they sat easy, and divided the Fruits of their dishonest Industry, and drank and drove Care away. The Pilot, who brought them into this Harbour, was Captain *L——e*, who, for this, and other Services, was extremely well paid, according to the Journal of their own Account, which does not run in the ordinary and common Way, of *Debtor contra Creditor*, but much more concise, lumping it to their Friends, and so carrying the Debt in their Heads, against the next honest Trader they meet.

They took at *Calabar* Captain *Jarne*, and two or three *Bristol* Ships, the Particulars of all which would be an unnecessary Prolixity. We therefore come now to give an Account of the Usage they received from the Natives of this Place. The *Calabar* Negroes did not prove so civil as they expected, they refused to have any Commerce or

Trade with them, when they understood they were Pyrates: An Indication that these poor Creatures, in the narrow Circumstances they were in, and without the Light of the Gospel, or the Advantage of an Education, have, notwithstanding, such a moral innate Honesty, as would upbraid and shame the most knowing Christian: But this did but exasperate these lawless Fellows, and so a Party of 40 Men were detach'd to force a Correspondence, or drive the Negroes to Extremities; and they accordingly landed under the Fire of their own Cannon. The Negroes drew up in a Body of 2000 Men, as if they intended to dispute the Matter with them, and stand till the Pyrates advanced within Pistol-shot; but finding the Loss of two or three made no Impression on the rest, the Negroes thought fit to retreat, which they did with some Loss: The Pyrates set Fire to the Town, and then return'd to their Ships. This terrified the Natives, and put an entire Stop to all the Intercourse between them, so that they could get no Supplies, which obliged them, as soon as they had finished the cleaning and trimming of their Ships, to lose no Time, but depart for Cape Lopez, where they watered, and at *Anna-Bona* took a-board a Stock of fresh Provisions, and then sailed for the Coast again.

This was their last and fatal Expedition, which we shall be the more particular in, because it cannot be imagined, that they could have had the Assurance to have undertaken it, but upon a Presumption, that the Men of War, (whom they knew were upon the Coast,) were unable to attack them, or else, pursuant to the Rumour that had indiscreetly obtained at *Sierraleon*, were gone thither again.

It is impossible at this Time, to think they could know of the weak and sickly Condition they were in, and therefore, we may suppose, they founded the Success of this second Attempt upon the Coast, on the latter Presumption; and this seems to be confirmed by their falling in with the Coast as low as Cape Labou, (and even that was higher than they designed,) in the Beginning of *January*, and taking the Ship called the *King Solomon*, with 20 Men in their Boat, and a trading Vessel, both belonging to the Company. The Pirate Ship happened to fall about a League to Leeward of the *King Solomon*, at Cape *Appollonia*, and the Current and Wind opposing their working up with the Ship, they agreed to send the Long-Boat, with a sufficient Number of Men, to take her: The Pyrates are all Volunteers on these Occasions, the Word being always given, *who will go?* And presently the stanch and firm Men offer themselves; because, by such Readiness, they recommend their Courage, and have an Allowance also of a Shift of Cloaths, from Head to Foot, out of the Prize.

They rowed towards the *King Solomon* with a great deal of Alacrity, and being hail'd by the Commander of her, answer'd, *Defiance*. Captain *Trabern*, before this, observing a great Number of Men in the Boat, began not to like his Visitors, and prepared to receive them, firing a Musket as they came under his Stern, which they return'd with a Volley, and made greater Speed to get on board: Upon this, he applied to his Men, and ask'd them, whether they would stand by him, to defend the Ship, it being a Shame they should be taken by half their Number, without any Repulse? But his Boatwain, *Philips*, took upon him to be the Mouth of the People, and put an End to the Dispute; he said plainly, he would not fight, laid down his Arms in the King's Name, as he was pleas'd to term it, and called out to the Boat for Quarters; so that the rest, by his Example, were mislead to the losing of the Ship.

When they came on Board, they brought her under Sail, by the expeditious Method of cutting her Cable; *Walden*, one of the Pyrates, telling the Master, that the heaving up the Anchor would be a needless Trouble, when they designed to burn the

Ship. They brought her under Commadore *Roberts's* Stern, and not only rifled her of what Sails, Cordage, &c. they wanted for themselves, but wantonly throw'd the Goods of the Company overboard, like Spend-thrifts, that neither expected or designed any Account.

On the same Day also they took the *Floss*, a Dutch Ship, robb'd her of Masts, Yards, and Stores, and then cut down her Fore-Mast; but what sat as heavily as any Thing with the Skipper, was, their taking some fine Sauzages he had on board, of his Wife's making, and stringing them in a ludicrous Manner round their Necks, till they had sufficiently shew'd their Contempt of them, and then they threw them into the Sea. Others chopp'd the Heads of his Fowls off, to be dress'd for their Supper, and courteously invited the Landlord, provided he would find Liquor. It was a melancholly Request to the Man, but it must be comply'd with, and he was obliged, as they grew drunk, to sit quietly, and hear them sing *French* and *Spanish* Songs out of his *Dutch* Prayer-Books, with other Prophane's, that he (and a Dutch Man) stood amazed at.

In chasing too near in, they alarmed the Coast, and Expresses were sent to the *English* and *Dutch* Factories, giving an Account of it: They were sensible of this Error immediately, and, because they would make the best of a bad Marker, they resolv'd to keep out of Sight of Land, and lose the Prizes they might expect between that and *Whydah*, to make the more sure of that Port, where commonly is the best Booty; all Nations trading thither, especially *Portuguese*, who purchase chiefly with Gold, the Idol their Hearts were bent upon. Yet notwithstanding this unlikely Course, they met and took several Ships between *Axim* and that Place; the circumstantial Stories of which, and the pannaick Terrors they struck into his Majesty's Subjects, being tedious and unnecessary to relate, I shall pass by, and come to their Arrival in that Road.

They came to *Whydah* with a *St. George's* Ensign, a black Silk Flag flying at their Mizzen-Peck, and a Jack and Pendant of the same: The Flag had a Death on it, with an Hour Glass in one Hand, and cross Bones in the other, a Dart by it, and underneath a Heart dropping three Drops of Blood.—The Jack had a Man pourtray'd on it, with a flaming Sword in his Hand, and standing on two Skuls, subscribed, *A B H* and *A M H* i. e. a *Barbadian's* and a *Martinican's* Head, as has been before taken Notice of. Here they found eleven Sail in the Road, *English*, *French*, and *Portuguese*; the *French* were three stout Ships, of thirty Guns, and upwards of 100 Men each; yet when *Roberts* came to fire, they, with the other Ships, immediately struck their Colours and surrendered to his Mercy. One Reason it must be confess'd of his easy Victory, was, that the Commanders and a good Part of the Men were ashore, according to the Custom of the Place, to receive the Cargoes, and return the Slaves; they being oblig'd to watch the Seasons for it, which otherwise, in so dangerous a Sea as this, would be impracticable. These all, except the *Porcupine*, ransom'd with him for eight Pound of Gold-Dust a Ship, not without the trouble of passing or repassing from the Shore, before they could settle it; and, notwithstanding the Agreement and Payment, they took away one of the *French* Ships, tho' with a Promise to return her, if they found she did not sail well, taking with them several of her Men for that End.

Some of the Foreigners, who never had Dealing this Way before, desired, for Satisfaction to their Owners, that they might have Receipts for their Money; which were accordingly given; a Copy of one of them we have here subjoin'd, viz.

THIS is to certify whom it may or doth concern, that our GENTLEMEN OF FORTUNE, have received eight Pounds of Gold-Dust,

*Proof, for the Ransom of the Hardey, Captain Ditt-
with Commander; so that we discharge the said
Ship.*

Witness our Hands, this
13th of Jan. 1721-2.

Barr. Roberts.
Harry Glasby,

Others were given to the Portuguese Captains, which were in the same Form, but being sign'd by two waggish Fellows, viz. Sutton and Simpson, they subscrib'd by the Names of,

Aaron Whifflespin,
Snr. Tugmutton.

But there was something so singularly cruel and barbarous done here to the *Porcupine*, Captain Fletcher, as must not be pass'd over without special Remark.

This Ship lay in the Road, almost flaved, when the Pyrates came in, and the Commander, being on Shore settling his Accounts, was sent to for the Ransom, but he excus'd it, as having no Orders from the Owners; tho' the true Reason might be, that he thought it dishonourable to treat with Robbers; and that the Ship, separate from the Slaves, towards whom he could mistrust no Cruelty, was not worth the Sum demanded. Hereupon, Roberts sends the Boat to transport the Negroes, in order to set her on Fire; but being in haste, and finding that unshackling them would cost much Time and Labour, they actually set her on Fire, with eighty of these poor Wretches on Board, chained two and two together, under the miserable Choice of perishing by Fire or Water: Those who jumped over-board from the Flames; were seized by Sharks, a voracious Fish, very common in this Road, and, in their Sight, tore Limb from Limb alive. A Cruelty unparell'd! And for which had every Individual been hanged, few could have thought that Justice had been rigorously executed.

The Pyrates, indeed, were oblig'd to dispatch their Business here in haste, because they had intercepted a Letter from General Phips to Mr. Baldwin, the Royal African's Company's Agent at *Whydah*, giving an Account, that Roberts had been seen to Windward of Cape Three Points, that Baldwin might the better guard against the Damages to the Company's Ships, if she should arrive at that Road before the *Swallow* Man of War, which he assured him, at the Time of that Letter, was pursuing them to that Place. Roberts call'd up his Company, and desired they would hear Phips's Speech, (for so he was pleas'd to call the Letter,) and, notwithstanding their vapouring, perswaded them of the Necessity of moving; 'for, says he, such brave Fellows cannot be supposed to be frightened at this News, yet, we must all own, that it were better to avoid dry Blows, which is the best that can be expected, if we are over-taken.'

This Advice weigh'd with them, and they got under Sail, having stay'd only from Thursday to Saturday Night, and at Sea they voted for the Island of *Anna Bona*; but the Winds, hanging out of the Way, cross'd their Purpose, and brought them to Cape Lopez, where we shall leave them for their approaching Fate, and relate some further Particulars of his Majesty's Ship the *Swallow*, viz. where it was she had spent her Time, during the Mischief that was done, and by what Means she was unable to prevent it; what also was the Intelligence she receiv'd, and the Measures thereon formed, that at last brought two such Strangers as Mr. Roberts and Capt. Ogle, to meet in so remote a Corner of the World.

The *Swallow* and *Weymouth* left *Sierraleon*, May, 28, where, we have already taken Notice, Roberts arrived about a Month after, and doubtless learn'd the Intent of their Voyage, and cleaning on the Coast: This made him set down with more Securi-

ty to his Diversion, and furnished him with such Informations, as made his first Range down the Coast, in August following, more prosperous; the *Swallow* and *Weymouth* being then at the Port of *Princes* a cleaning.

Their Stay at *Princes* was from July 28, to Sept. 20, 1721, where, by a Fatality, common to the Irregularities of Seamen, who cannot in such Cases be kept under due Restraints, they buried 100 Men in three Weeks Time, and reduced the Remainder of the Ships Companies into so sickly a State, that it was with Difficulty they brought them to sail; and this Misfortune was probably the Ruin of Roberts, for it prevented the Men of War's going back to *Sierraleon*, as it was intended, there being a Necessity of leaving his Majesty's Ship *Weymouth* (in much the worse Condition of the two) under the Guns of Cape Corso, to impress Men, being unable at this Time, either to hand the Sails, or weigh her Anchor: Now Roberts, being ignorant of the Occasion or Alteration of the first Design, fell into the Mouth of Danger, when he thought himself the farthest from it; for the Men of War did not endeavour to attain further to Windward, when they came from *Princes*, but, to secure Cape Corso Road under their Lee, they luckily hovered in the Track he had took.

The *Swallow* and *Weymouth* fell in with the Continent at Cape *Appollonia*, Octo. 20th, and there received the ungrateful News from one Captain Bird; a Notice that awakened and put them on their Guard; but they were far from expecting any Temerity should ever bring him a second Time on the Coast, while they were there; therefore the *Swallow* having seen the *Weymouth* into Cape Corso Road Nov. 10th, she ply'd to Windward as far as *Bassim*, rather as an Alarm, to recover a sickly Ship's Company, and shew herself to the Trade, which was found every where disturb'd, than to chase the Pirate. Every Thing being quiet, they were returning to their Confort, when accidentally meeting a Portuguese Ship, she told them, that the Day before, she saw two Ships chase an English Vessel into *Funk*, which she believed must have fallen into their Hands. On this Story, the *Swallow* clung her Wind, and endeavoured to gain that Place, but receiving soon after, viz. Octo. the 14th, a contrary Report from Captain Plummer, an intelligent Man, in the *Tyson* of Bristol, who had come further to Windward, and neither saw or heard any Thing of this; she turned her Head down the second Time, anchored at Cape *Appollonia* the 23d, at Cape *Tres Puntas* the 27th, and in Corso Road January the 7th, 1721-2.

They learned that their Confort the *Weymouth*, was, by the Assistance of some Soldiers from the Castle, gone to Windward, to demand Restitution of some Goods or Men belonging to the African Company, that were illegally detained by the Dutch at *Des Alinas*; and while they were regretting so long a Separation, an Express came to General Phips, from *Asim*, on the 9th, followed by another from *Disco-ve*, an English Factory, with Information that three Ships had chased and taken a Galley nigh *Asim* Castle, and a trading Boat belonging to the Company: No doubt was made concerning what they were, it being taken for granted they were Pyrates, and supposed to be the same that had the *August* before infested the Coast. The natural Result therefore, from these two Advices, was, to hasten for *Whydah*; for it was concluded the Prizes they had taken, had informed them how nigh the *Swallow* was, and withal, how much better in Health than she had been for some Months past; so that, unless they were very mad indeed, they would, after being discovered, make the best of their Way for *Whydah*, and secure the Booty there, without which, their Time and Industry had been entirely lost; most of the Gold lying in that Corner.

The

The *Swallow* weighed from *Cape-Corso*, *January* the 10th, but was retarded by waiting some Hours on the *Margaret*, a Company's Ship, at *Accra*, again on the *Portugal*, and a whole Day at *Apong*, on a Person they used to stile *Miss Betty*: A Conduct that Mr. *Phips* blamed, when he heard the Pyrates were missed at *Whydah*, altho' he had given it as his Opinion, that they could not be passed by, and intimated, that to stay a few Hours would prove no Prejudice.

This, however, hinder'd the *Swallow's* catching them at *Whydah*, for the Pyrates came into that Road, with a fresh Gale of Wind, the same Day the *Swallow* was at *Apong*, and sail'd the 13th of *January* from thence, she arriving the 17th. She gained Notice of them by a *French* Shallop from *Grand Papa*, the 14th at Night, and from *Little Papa* next Morning by a *Dutch* Ship; so that the Man of War was on all Sides, as she thought, sure of her Purchase, particularly when she made the Ships, and discovered three of them to get under Sail immediately at Sight of her, making Signals to one another, as tho' they designed a Defence; but these were found to be three *French* Ships, and those at Anchor, *Portuguese* and *English*, all honest Traders, who had been ransack'd and ransomed.

This Disappointment chagrin'd the Ship's Company, who were very intent upon their Market; which was reported to be an Arm-Chest full of Gold, and kept with three Keys; tho' in all liklyhood, had they met with them in that open Road, one or both would have made their Escapes; or if they had thought fit to have fought, an Emulation in their Defence would probably have made it desperate.

While they were contemplating on the Matter, a Letter was received from Mr. *Balwin*, Governor here for the Company, signifying, that the Pyrates were at *Jaquin*, seven Leagues lower. The *Swallow* weighed at two next Morning, *January* the 16th, and got to *Jaquin* by Day Light, but to no other End, than frightening the Crews of two *Portuguese* Ships on Shore, who took her for the Pirate that had struck so much Terror at *Whydah*: She returned therefore that Night, and having been strengthened with thirty Volunteers, *English* and *French*, the discarded Crews of the *Porcupine*, and the *French* Ship they had carried from hence, she put to Sea again *January* the 19th, conjecturing, that either *Calabar*, *Princes*, the *River Gabone*, *Cape Lopez*, or *Annabona*, must be touched at for Water and Refreshment, tho' they should resolve to leave the Coast. As to the former of those Places, we have before observed, it was hazardous to think of it, or rather impracticable; *Princes* had been a four Grape to them, but being the first in the Way, she came before the Harbour the 29th, where learning no News, without losing Time, they steered for the *River Gabone*, and anchored at the Mouth of it *February* the 1st.

This River is navigable by two Channels, and has an Island about five Leagues up, call'd *Papaguays* or *Parrots*, where the *Dutch* Cruizers for this Coast generally clean, and where sometimes Pyrates come in to look for Prey, or to refit, it being very convenient, by Reason of a soft Mud about it, that admits a Ships lying on Shore, with all her Guns and Stores in, without Damage. Hither Captain *Ogle* sent his Boat and a Lieutenant, who spoke with a *Dutch* Ship above the Island, from whom he had this Account, viz. That he had been four Days from *Cape Lopez*, and had left no Ship there. However, they beat up for the Cape, without regard to this Story, and on the 5th, at Dawning, were surprized with the Noise of a Gun, which, as the Day brightened, they found was from *Cape Lopez* Bay, where they discovered three Ships at Anchor, the largest with the King's Colours and Pendant flying, which was soon after concluded to be Mr. *Roberts* and his Confirts. The *Swallow* being to Windward, and un-

expectedly deep in the Bay, was obliged to steer off, for avoiding a Sand, called the *Frenchman's Bank*, which the Pyrates observed for some Time, and rationally interpreting it to be Fear in her, righted the *French Ranger*, which was then on the Heel, and ordered her to chase out in all haste, bending several of her Sails in the Pursuit. The Man of War, finding they had foolishly mistaken her Design, humoured the Deceit, and kept off to Sea, as if she had been really afraid, and managed her Steerage so, under the Direction of Lieutenant *Sun*, an experienced Officer, as to let the *Ranger* come up with her, when they thought they had got so far as not to have their Guns heard by her Comfort at the Cape. The Pyrates had such an Opinion of their own Courage, that they never could dream any Body would use a Stratagem to speak with them, and so were the more easily drawn into the Snare.

The Pyrates now drew nigh enough to fire their Chase Guns; they hoisted the black Flag that was worn in *Whydah* Road, and got their Spritsail Yard along-ships, with Intent to board; no one having ever asked all this while, what Country Ship they took the Chase to be; they would have her to be a *Portuguese*, Sugar being then a Commodity among them, and were swearing every Minute at the Wind or Sails to expedite so sweet a Chase; but, alas! all turned sour in an Instant: It was with the utmost Consternation they saw her suddenly bring to, and hawl up her lower Ports, now within Pistol-shot, and they struck their black Flag upon it directly. After the first Surprise was over, they kept firing at a Distance, hoisted it again, and vapoured with their Cutlasses on the Poop; tho' wisely endeavouring at the same Time to get away. Being now at their Wits End, Boarding was proposed by the Heads of them, and so to make one desperate Push; but the Motion not being well seconded, and their Main-Top-Mast coming down by a Shot, after two Hours firing, it was declined: They grew sick, struck their Colours, and called out for Quarters; having 10 Men killed outright, and 20 wounded, without the loss or hurt of one of the King's Men. The *Ranger* had 32 Guns, was mann'd with 16 *French* Men, 10 Negroes, and 77 *English*. The Colours were thrown over board, that they might not rise in Judgment, nor be display'd in Triumph over them.

While the *Swallow* was sending their Boat to fetch the Prisoners, a Blast and Smoak was seen to pour out of the great Cabin, and they thought they were blowing up; but, upon Enquiry afterwards, they found that half a Dozen of the most desperate, when they saw all Hopes fled, had drawn themselves round what Powder they had left in the Steerage, and fired a Pistol into it; but it was too small a Quantity to effect any Thing, more than burning them in a frightful Manner.

This Ship was commanded by one *Skyrme*, a *Welchman*, who, tho' he had lost his Leg in the Action, would not suffer himself to be dressed, or carried off the Deck; but, like *Widrington*, fought upon his Stump. The rest appeared gay and brisk, most of them with white Shirts, Watches, and Silk Vests; but the Gold-Dust belonging to them was most of it left in the *Little Ranger* in the Bay, this Company's proper Ship, with the *Royal Fortune*.

I cannot but take Notice of two, among the Crowd of those disfigured from the Blast of Power just before mentioned, viz. *William Main* and *Roger Ball*. An Officer of the Ship seeing a Silver Call hang at the Waist of the former, said to him, *I presume you are Boatswain of this Ship. Then you presume wrong*, answered he, *for I am Boatswain of the Royal Fortune, Captain Roberts Commander. Then Mr. Boatswain you will be hang'd I believe*, replies the Officer. *That is as your Honour pleases*, answered he again, and was for turning away: But the Officer desired to know of him, how the Powder which had made them in that Condition, came to take Fire. — By G —, says he, *they are all mad and bewitch'd*.

bewitch'd, for I have lost a good Hat by it (the Hat and he being both blown out of the Cabin Gallery into the Sea.) *But what signifies a Hat Friend,* says the Officer. — *Not much,* answered he. The Men being busy in stripping him of his Shoes and Stockings, the Officer enquired further of him, whether *Roberts's Company* were all as likely Fellows as these. — *There are 120 of them,* (answered he) *as clever Fellows as ever trod Shoe Leather: Would I were with them.* No doubt on't, says the Officer. — *By G — it is naked Truth* answered he, looking down and seeing himself by this time quite stripp'd.

The Officer then approached *Roger Ball*, who was seated in a private Corner, with a Look as full as Winter, and asked him how he came blown up in that frightful Manner. — *Why,* says he, *John Morris fired a Pistol into the Powder, and if he had not done it I would* — (bearing his Pain all the while without the least Complaint.) The Officer gave him to understand he was a Surgeon, and that if he desired it, he would dress him; but he swore it should not be done, and that if any thing was applied to him he would tear it off. — Nevertheless the Surgeon had good Nature enough to dress him, tho' with much Trouble: At Night he was a kind of *Delirium*, and raved on the Bravery of *Roberts*, saying, he should shortly be released, as soon as they should meet him. This procured him a lashing down upon the Forecastle, which he resisting with all his Force, it caused him to be used with the more Violence, so that he was tied down with so much Severity, that his Flesh being sore and tender with the blowing up, he died next Day of a Mortification.

They secured the Prisoners with Pinions and Shackles, but the Ship was so much disabled in the Engagement, that they had once Thoughts to set her on Fire: This however would have given them the Trouble of taking the Pirate's wounded Men on board themselves; and as they were certain the *Royal Fortune* would wait for her Consort's Return, they lay by her two Days, repaired her Rigging, and other Damages, and sent her into *France* with the *French Men*, and four of their own Hands.

On the 9th in the Evening, the *Swallow* gained the Cape again, and saw the *Royal Fortune* standing into the Bay, with the *Neptune*, Captain *Hill*, of *London*: A good Prefage of the next Day's Success; for they did not doubt but the Temptation of Liquor and Plunder, which they might find in this their new Prize, would make the Pyrates very confused; and so it happened.

On the 10th in the Morning, the Man of War bore away to round the Cape. *Roberts's* Crew, discerning their Masts over the Land, went down into the Cabin to acquaint him of it, he being then at Breakfast with his new Guest, Captain *Hill*, on a savory Dish of Solomongundy and some of his own Beer. He took no Notice of it, and his Men almost as little, some saying she was a *Portuguese Ship*, others a *French Slave Ship*, but the major Part swore it was the *French Ranger* returning; and they were merrily debating for some Time, on the Manner of Reception, as whether they should salute her or not; but as the *Swallow* approached nigher, Things appeared plainer; and though they were stigmatized with the Name of *Cowards*, who shewed any Apprehension of Danger, yet some of them, now undeceived, declared it to *Roberts*, especially one *Armstrong*, who had deserted from that Ship, and knew her well: Those *Roberts* swore at as *Cowards*, who meant to dishearten the Men, asking them if it were so, whether they were afraid to fight or no? In short, he hardly refrained from Blows. What his own Apprehensions were, till she hawled up her Ports, and hoisted her proper Colours, is uncertain; but then, being perfectly convinced, he slipped his Cable, got under Sail, and ordered his Men to Arms, without any Shew of Timidity, dropping a first Rate Oath, that it was a *Prize*, but, at the same Time, resolved, like a gallant Rogue, to get clear or die.

There was one *Armstrong*, as I just mentioned, a Deserter from the *Swallow*, whom they enquired of concerning the Trim and Sailing of that Ship; he told them she sail'd best upon a Wind, and therefore, if they designed to leave her, they should go before it.

The Danger was imminent, and the Time very short, to consult of Means to extricate himself; his Resolution in this Streight, was as follows: To pass close to the *Swallow*, with all their Sails, and receive her Broadside, before they returned a Shot; if disabled by this, or that they could not depend on sailing, then to run on Shore at the Point, and every one to shift for himself among the Negroes; or failing in these, to board, and blow up together, for he saw that the greatest Part of his Men were drunk, passively courageous, and unfit for Service.

Roberts himself made a gallant Figure, at the Time of the Engagement, being dressed in a rich crimson Damask Waistcoat and Breeches, a red Feather in his Hat, a Gold Chain round his Neck, with a Diamond Cross hanging to it, a Sword in his Hand, and two Pair of Pistols hanging at the End of a Silk Sling, slung over his Shoulders, according to the Fashion of the Pyrates. He is said to have given his Orders with Boldness and Spirit; coming, according to what he had purposed, close to the Man of War, he received her Fire, and then hoisted his black Flag, and returned it, flooring away from her, with all the Sail he could pack; and had he took *Armstrong's* Advice, to have gone before the Wind, he had probably escaped; but keeping his Tacks down, either by the Wind's shifting, or ill Steerage, or both, he was taken a-back with his Sails, and the *Swallow* came a second Time very nigh to him: He had now, perhaps, finished the Fight very desperately, if Death, who took a swift Passage in a Grape Shot, had not interposed, and struck him directly on the Throat. He settled himself on the Tackles of a Gun; which one *Stephenson*, from the Helm, observing, ran to his Assistance, and not perceiving him wounded, swore at him, and bid him stand up, and fight like a Man; but when he found his Mistake, and that his Captain was certainly dead, he gushed into Tears, and wished the next Shot might be his Portion. They presently threw him over-board, with his Arms and Ornaments on, according to the repeated Request he made in his Life-time.

Roberts was a tall black Man, near forty Years of Age, born at *Norwy-bagh*, nigh *Haverford-West* in *Pembrokeshire*, of good natural Parts, and personal Bravery, tho' he applied them to such wicked Purposes as made them of no Commendation, frequently drinking *D — n to him, who ever lived to wear a Halter*. He forc'd himself at first among this Company out of the *Prince*, Captain *Plumb*, at *Anamaboe*, about three Years before, where he served as second Mate, and shed, as he us'd to tell the *fresh Men*, as many Crocodile Tears then, as they did now, but Time and good Company had wore it off. He could not plead Want of Employment, nor Incapacity of getting his Bread in an honest Way, to favour so vile a Change, nor was he so much a Coward as to pretend it; he frankly own'd, it was to get rid of the disagreeable Superiority of some Masters he was acquainted with, and the love of Novelty and Change that maritime Preregrinations had accustom'd him to. *In an honest Service*, said he, *there is thin Commons, low Wages, and hard Labour; in this, Plenty and Satiety, Pleasure and Ease, Liberty and Power; and who would not ballance Creditor on this Side, when all the Hazard that is run for it, at worst, is only a four Look or two at choking.* No, A merry Life and a short one, shall be my Motto. Thus he preach'd himself into an Approbation of what he at first abhorred; and, being daily regal'd with Music, Drinking, and the Gaiety and Diversions of his Companions, these depraved Propensities were quickly edg'd and strengthened, to the extinguishing of Fear and Conscience. Yet among

all the vile and ignominious Acts he had perpetrated, he is said to have had an Aversion towards forcing Men into that Service, and had procured some their Discharge, notwithstanding so many made it their Plea.

When *Roberts* was gone, as tho' he had been the Life and Soul of the Gang, their Spirits sunk; many deserted their Quarters, and all stupidly neglected any Means for Defence or Escape; and their Main-mast soon after being shot by the Board, they had no Way left, but to surrender and call for Quarters. The *Swallow* kept aloof, while her Boat passed and repassed for the Prisoners; because they understood they were under an Oath to blow up; and some of the Desperadoes shewed a Willingness that Way, Matches being lighted, and Scuffles happening between those who would, and those who opposed it: But we cannot easily account for this Humour, which can be termed no more than a false Courage, since any of them had Power to destroy his own Life, either by Pistol, or Drowning, without involving others in the same Fate, who were in no Temper of Mind for it: And, at best, it had been only dying for fear of Death.

She had 40 Guns, and 157 Men, 45 whereof were Negroes; three only were killed in the Action, without any Loss to the *Swallow*. There was found upwards of 2,000 *l.* in Gold-Dust in her. The Flag could not be got easily from under the fallen Mast, and therefore was recovered by the *Swallow*; it had the Figure of a Skeleton in it, and a Man pourtray'd with a flaming Sword in his Hand, intimating a Defiance of Death; but this has been before described.

The *Swallow* returned back into Cape Lopez Bay, and found the little *Ranger*, whom the Pyrates had deserted in haste, for the better Defence of the Ship: She had been plundered, according to what we have learn'd, of 2,000 *l.* in Gold-Dust, (the Shares of those Pyrates who belonged to her) and Captain *Hill*, in the *Neptune*, was not unjustly suspected; for he would not wait the Man of War's returning into the Bay again, but sail'd away immediately, making no Scruple afterwards to own the Seizure of other Goods out of her, and surrendering, as a Confirmation of all, 40 Ounces at *Barbadoes*. To sum up the whole, if it be considered, first, that the sickly State of the Men of War, when they sail'd from *Princes*, was the Misfortune that hindered their being as far as *Sierraleon*, and consequently out of the Track the Pyrates then took: That those Pyrates, directly contrary to their Design in the second Expedition, should get above Cape Corso, and that night *Asim* a Chace should offer, that inevitably must discover them, and be soon communicated to the Men of War: That the satiating their evil and malicious Tempers at *Uhydah*, in burning the *Porcupine*, and running off with the French Ship, had strengthened the *Swallow* with 30 Men: That the *Swallow* should miss them in that Road, where probably she had not, or at least had not so effectually, obtained her End: That they should be so far infatuated at Cape Lopez, as to divide their Strength, which, when collected, might have been so formidable: And lastly, that the Conquest should be without Bloodshed: I say, considering all these Circumstances, it shews that the Hand of Providence was concerned in their Destruction.

As to their Behaviour after they were taken, it was found that they had great Inclinations to rebel, if they could have laid hold of an Opportunity: For they were very uneasy under Restraint, having been lately all Commanders themselves; nor could they brook their Diet or Quarters, without cursing and swearing, and upbraiding each other, with the Folly that had brought them to it.

So that to secure themselves against any mad desperate Undertaking of theirs, the Crew of the *Swallow* strongly barricado'd the Gun Room, and made another Prison before it; an Officer, with Pistols and

Cutlasses, doing Duty, Night and Day, and the Prisoners within being manacled and shackled.

They would yet in these Circumstances be impudently merry, saying, when they viewed their Nakedness: *That they had not left them a Halfpenny, to give old Charon, to ferry them over Styx:* And at their thin Commons, they would observe, that they fell away so fast, that they should not have Weight left to hang them. *Sutton* used to be very prophane; he happening to be in the same Irons with another Prisoner, who was more serious than ordinary, and read and pray'd often, as became his Condition; this Man *Sutton* used to swear at, and ask him, *what he proposed by such Noise and Devotion?* Heaven, says the other, *I hope.* Heaven, you Fool, says *Sutton*, *did you ever hear of any Pyrates going thither? Give me Hell, it's a merrier Place: I'll give Roberts a Salute of 13 Guns at my Entrance.* And when he found such ludicrous Expressions had no Effect on him, he made a formal Complaint, and requested that the Officer would either remove this Man, or take his Prayer-Book away, as a common Disturber.

A Combination and Conspiracy was formed, betwixt *Moody*, *Asplant*, *Magnes*, *Mare*, and others, to rise, and kill the Officers, and run away with the Ship. This they had carried on by Means of a Mulatto Boy, who was allowed to attend them, and proved very trusty in his Messages between the Principals; but the Evening of that Night they were to have made this Struggle, two of the Prisoners that sat next to *Asplant*, heard the Boy whisper them upon the Project, and name to him the Hour they should be ready; upon which, they presently gave Notice of it to the Captain, which put the Ship in an Alarm for a little Time; and, on Examination, they found that several of them had made Shift to break off, or lose, their Shackles; but all this tended only to procure to themselves worse Usage and Confinement.

In the same Passage to Cape Corso, the Prize, *Royal Fortune*, was in the same Danger. She was left at the Island of St. Thomas's, in the Possession of an Officer, and a few Men, to take in some fresh Provisions. (which were scarce at Cape Corso,) with Orders to follow the Ship. There were only some of the Pyrates Negroes, three or four wounded Prisoners, and *Scudamore* their Surgeon; from whom they seemed to be under no Apprehension, especially from the last, who might have hoped for Favour on Account of his Employ, and had stood so much indebted for his Liberty, eating and drinking constantly with the Officer; yet this Fellow, regardless of the Favour, and lost to all Sense of Reformation, endeavoured to bring over the Negroes to his Design of murdering the People, and running away with the Ship. He easily prevailed with the Negroes to come into the Design; but when he came to communicate it to his Fellow Prisoners, and would have drawn them into the same Measures, by telling them, he understood Navigation, that the Negroes were stout Fellows, and, by a Smattering he had in the *Angolan* Language, he had found them willing to undertake such an Enterprize; and that it was better venturing to do this, run down the Coast and raise a new Company, than to proceed to Cape Corso, and be hanged like Dogs, and Sun-dry'd: One of them abhorring the Cruelty, or fearing the Success, discovered it to the Officer, who made him immediately a Prisoner, and brought the Ship safe.

When they came to be lodged in Cape Corso-Castle, their Hopes of this kind were all cut off, and they were assured they must there soon receive a final Sentence: The Note was now changed among most of them, and, from vain insolent jesting, they became serious and devout, begging for good Books, and joining in publick Prayers, and singing of Psalms, twice at least every Day.

As to their Tryals, if we should give them at length, it might appear tedious to the Reader, for which Reason, we have, for the avoiding Tautology and Repetition, put as many of them together as were try'd for the same Fact, reserving the Circumstances which are most material, with Observations on the dying Behaviour of such of them, as came to our Knowledge.

And first, it may be observed from the List, that a great Part of these Pirate Ships Crews, were Men entered on the Coast of *Africa*, not many Months before they were taken; from whence, it may be concluded, that the pretended Constraint of *Roberts* on them, was very often a Complotment between Parties equally willing: And this *Roberts* several Times openly declared; particularly to the *Oussow's* People, whom he called aft, and ask'd of them *who was willing to go, for he would force no Body?* This was deposed, by some of his best Hands, after Acquittal; nor is it reasonable to think he should reject *Irish* Volunteers, only from a Pique against *Kennedy*, and force others, that might hazatd, and, in Time, destroy his Government: But their Behaviour soon put him out of this Fear, and convinc'd him, that the Plea of Force was the only best Artifice they had to shelter themselves under, in Case they should be taken; and that they were less Rogues than others only in Point of Time.

It may likewise be taken notice of, that the Country, wherein they happened to be tried, is, among other Happineffes, exempted from Lawyers, and Law-Books; so that the Office of Register, of necessity, fell on one not versed in those Affairs; which might justify the Court in want of Form, more essentially supply'd with Integrity and Impartiality.

But, perhaps, if there was less Law, there might be more Justice, than in some other Courts; for, if the civil Law be a Law of universal Reason, judging of the Rectitude or Obliquity of Mens Actions, every Man of common Sense is endued with a Portion of it, at least sufficient to make him distinguish Right from Wrong, or what the Civilians call, *Malum in se*.

Therefore, here, if two Persons were equally guilty of the same Fact, there was no convicting one, and bringing the other off by any Quirk, or Turn of Law; for they form'd their Judgments upon the Constraint, or Willingness, the Aim, and Intention of the Parties, and all other Circumstances, which make a material Difference. Besides, in Crimes of this Nature, Men bred up to the Sea must be more knowing, and much abler than others more learned in the Law; for, before a Man can have a right Idea of a Thing, he must know the Terms standing for that Thing: The Sea Terms being a Language by it self, which no Lawyer can be supposed to understand; he must therefore of Consequence want that discrimi-

nating Faculty, which should direct him to judge right of the Facts meant by those Terms.

The Court well knew, it was not possible to get the Evidence of every Sufferer by this Crew, and therefore, first of all, considered how the Deficiency should be supplied; whether or no they could pardon one *Jo. Dennis*, who had early offered himself as King's Evidence, and was the best read in their Lives and Conversations: Here indeed, they were at a Loss for Law, and concluded in the Negative, because it looked like compounding with a Man to swear falsely, losing by it those great Helps he could have afforded.

Another great Difficulty in their Proceedings, was, how to understand those Words in the Act of Parliament, of, *particularly specifying in the Charge, the Circumstances of Time, Place, &c. i. e.* so to understand them, as to be able to hold a Court; for if they had been indicted on particular Robberies, the Evidence had happened mostly from the Royal *African* Company's Ships, on which these Gentlemen of *Cape Corso-Castle* were not qualified to sit, their Oath running, *That they have no Interest, directly or indirectly, in the Ship or Goods, for the Robbery of which the Party stands accused*: And this they thought they had, Commissions being paid them on such Goods: And on the other Side, if they were incapacitated, no Court could be formed, the Commission absolutely requiring three of them by Name.

To reconcile all Things, therefore, the Court resolved, to bottom the whole of their Proceedings on the *Swallow's* Depositions, which were clear and plain, and had the Circumstance of Time when, Place where, Manner how, and the like, particularly specified, according to the Statute in that Case made and provided. But this admitted only a general Intimation of Robbery in the Indictment, therefore, *to approve their Clemency*, (it looking Arbitrary on the Lives of Men, to lump them to the Gallows, in such a summary Way as must have been done, had they solely adhered to the *Swallow's* Charge) they resolved to come to particular Tryals.

Secondly, *That the Prisoners might not be ignorant whereon to answer*, and so have all fair Advantages to excuse and defend themselves, the Court farther agreed, with Justice and Equanimity, to hear any Evidence that could be brought, to weaken or corroborate the three Circumstances that complet a Pirate: first, being a Volunteer amongst them at the Beginning; secondly, being a Volunteer at the taking or robbing of any Ship; or lastly, voluntarily accepting a Share in the Boory of those that did; for, by a Parity of Reason, where these Actions were of their own disposing, and yet committed by them, it must be believed their Hearts and Hands joined together, in what they acted against his Majesty's Ship the *Swallow*.



The TRIALS of the PYRATES,

Taken by His Majesty's Ship the Swallow, begun at Cape Corso-Castle, on the Coast of Africa, March the 28th, 1722.

THE Commission impowered any Three named therein, to call to their Assistance such a Number of qualified Persons, as might make the Court always consist of Seven: And accordingly, Summons were signed to Lieut. Jo. Barnsley, Lieut. Ch. Fanshawe, Capt. Samuel Hartsease, and Capt. William Menzies, viz.

BY Virtue of a Power and Authority unto us given, by a Commission from the King, under the Seal of Admiralty, You are hereby required to attend and make one of the Court, for the trying and adjudging of the Pyrates, lately taken on this Coast, by his Majesty's Ship the Swallow.

Given under our Hands this 28th of March, 1722, at Cape Corso-Castle.

Mungo Heardman, Francis Boye,
James Phips, Edward Hyde.
Henry Dodson,

The Commissioners being met in the Hall of the Castle, the Commission was first read; after which, the President, and then the other Members, took the Oath prescribed in the Act of Parliament, and having directed the Form of that for Witnesses, as follows, the Court was opened.

I A. B. do solemnly promise and swear on the Holy Evangelists, to bear true and faithful Witness, between the King and Prisoner, or Prisoners, in Relation to the Fact, or Facts, of Piracy and Robbery, he or they do now stand accused of.
So help me God.

The Court consisted of

Captain Mungo Heardman, President.
James Phips Esq; General Mr. Edward Hyde, Secretary to the Company.
of the Coast.
Mr. H. Dodson, } Mer. Lieut. John Barnsley,
Mr. F. Boye, } Lieut. Ch. Fanshawe.

The following Prisoners, out of the Pirate Ship Ranger, having been commanded before them, the Charge, or Indictment, was exhibited.

Prisoners taken in the Ranger.

Mens Names.	Ships from.	Time when
* James Skyrin	Greyhound Sloop	Oct. 1720
* Rich. Hardy	Pirate with Davis	1718
* Wm. Main	Brigantine Capt. Peet	June 1720
* Henry Dennis		1718
* Val. Ashplant	Pirates with C. Davis	1719
* Rob. Birdson		1719
* Rich. Harris	Phoenix of Bristol, C.	June 1720
* D. Littlejohn	Richarbs.	
* Thomas How	at Newfoundland	July 1720
† Her. Hunkins	Success Sloop	
* Hugh Harris	Willing Mind	July 1720
* W. Mackintosh		
† Thomas Willis	Richard of Biddeford	July 1720
† John Wilken	Mary and Martha	
* Ja. Greenham	Little York, Philips M	July 1720
* John Jaynson	Love of Lancaster	

Mens Names.	Ships from.	Time when
† Chri. Lang.	Thomas Brigantine.	Sept. 1720
* John Mitchel	Norman Galley	Octo. 1720
† Withstandenot		
Peter la Fever	Jeremiah and Anne	Apr. 1720
* Wm. Shurin		
* Wm. Wats	Sierraleon	July 1721
* Wm. Davis		
† James Barrow	Martha Snow Capt.	Aug. 1721
* Joshua Lee	Lady.	
Rob Hartley 1.	Robinson of Liverpool	Aug. 1721
† James Crane	Capt. Kanning	
George Smithson	Stanwich Galley Cap.	Aug. 1721
Roger Pye		
† Rob. Fletcher	Tarlton	Octo. 1721
* Ro. Hartley 2.		
† Andrew Rance	A Dutch Ship	Octo. 1721
* Cuthbert Goss	Mercy Galley of Bristol at Callibar	
* Tho. Giles		Octo. 1721
* Israel Hynde		
William Church	Gertruyck of Holland	Fe. 1721-2
Philip Haak	Flushingham of ditto	
William Smith	Elizabeth, Captain	Fe. 1721-2
Adam Comry	Sharp	
William Graves	K. Solomon C. Travern	Fe. 1721-2
* Peter de Vine		
John Johnson	off Cape Apollonia	Fe. 1721-2
John Stodgil		
Henry Dawson	Whydah Sloop at Ja-	Fe. 1721-2
William Glass,	quin.	
Joshab Robinson	Tarlton C. T. Tarlton	Fe. 1721-2
John Arnaught		
John Davis	Porcupine C. Fletcher	Fe. 1721-2
† Henry Graves		
Tho. Howard	Onshore Capt. Gee at	Fe. 1721-2
† John Rimer		
Thomas Clephen	Cestos	Fe. 1721-2
Wm. Guineys		
† James Cosins	French Ship in Why-	Fe. 1721-2
Tho. Stretton		
* William Petty	dak Road	Fe. 1721-2
Mic. Lemmen		
* Wm. Wood	French Ship in Why-	Fe. 1721-2
* Ed. Watts		
* John Horn	French Ship in Why-	Fe. 1721-2
Pierre Ravon		
John Dugan	French Ship in Why-	Fe. 1721-2
James Ardeon		
Erienne Gilliot	French Ship in Why-	Fe. 1721-2
Ren. Marraud		
John Gitting	French Ship in Why-	Fe. 1721-2
Jo. Richardeau		
John Lavogue	French Ship in Why-	Fe. 1721-2
John Duplaisy		
Peter Grossey	French Ship in Why-	Fe. 1721-2
Rence Frogier		
Lewis Arnaut	French Ship in Why-	Fe. 1721-2
Rence Thoby		
Math Roulac	French Ship in Why-	Fe. 1721-2
John Gumar		
John Paquette	French Ship in Why-	Fe. 1721-2
Allan Pigan		
Pierce Skillot	French Ship in Why-	Fe. 1721-2

You, James Skyrm, Michael Lemmon, Robert Hartley, &c.

YE, and every one of you, are, in the Name, and by the Authority, of our dread Sovereign Lord George, King of Great-Britain, indicted as follows:

Forasmuch as, in open Contempt of the Laws of your Country, ye have all of you been wickedly united, and articulated together, for the Annoyance and Disturbance of his Majesty's trading Subjects by Sea. And have, in Conformity to the most evil and mischievous Intentions, been twice dozen the Coast of Africa, with two Ships; once in the Beginning of August, and a second Time, in January last, sinking, burning, or robbing such Ships, and Vessels, as then happened in your Way.

Particularly, ye stand charged at the Instance, and Information, of Captain Chaloner Ogle, as Traytors and Pyrates, for the unlawful Opposition ye made to his Majesty's Ship, the Swallow, under his Command.

For that on the 5th of February last past, upon Sight of the aforesaid King's Ship, ye did immediately weigh Anchor from under Cape Lopez, on the Southern Coast of Africa, in a French built Ship, of 32 Guns, called the Ranger, and did pursue and chase the aforesaid King's Ship, with such Dispatch and Precipitancy, as declared ye common Robbers and Pyrates.

That about Ten of the Clock the same Morning, drawing within Gun-shot of his Majesty's aforesaid Ship the Swallow, ye hoisted a pyratrical black Flag, and fired several chase Guns, to deter, as much as ye were able, his Majesty's Servants from their Duty.

That an Hour after this, being very nigh to the aforesaid King's Ship, ye did audaciously continue in a hostile Defence and Assault, for about two Hours more, in open Violation of the Laws, and in Defiance to the King's Colours and Commission.

And lastly, that in the acting, and compassing of all this, ye were all, and every one of you, in a wicked Combination, voluntarily to exert, and actually did, in your several Stations, use your utmost Endeavours to distress the said King's Ship, and murder his Majesty's good Subjects.

To which they severally pleaded, *Not Guilty*.

Then the Court called for the Officers of the Swallow, Mr. Isaac Sun, Lieutenant, Ralph Baldrick, Boatswain, Daniel Macklauglin, Mate, desiring them to view the Prisoners, and say whether they knew them? And requiring them to give an Account in what Manner they had attack'd and fought the King's Ship; and they agreed as follows

That they had viewed all the Prisoners, as they stood now before the Court, and were assured they were the same taken out of one, or other, of the Pyrates Ships, *Royal Fortune*, or *Ranger*; but verily believe them to be taken out of the *Ranger*.

That they did in the King's Ship, at break of Day, on Monday, the 5th of February, 1721-2, discover three Ships at Anchor, under Cape Lopez, on the Southern Coast of Africa; the Cape bearing then W. S. W. about three Leagues, and perceiving one of them to have a Pendant flying, and having heard their Morning-Gun before, they immediately suspected them to be Roberts the Pyrate, his Consort, and a French Ship, which they knew had been lately carried out of *Whydah* Road.

The King's Ship was oblig'd to hawl off N. W. and W. N. W. to avoid a Sand called the *French Man's Bank*, the Wind then at S. S. E. and found, in half an Hour's time, one of the three had got under Sail from the Carreen, and was bending her Sails, in a Chace towards them. To encourage this Rashness and Precipitancy, they kept away before the Wind, as tho' afraid; but with their Tacks on

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Board, their Main-Yard braced, and making at the same Time, very bad Steerage.

About half an Hour after Ten, in the Morning, the Pyrate Ship came within Gun-shot, and fired four Chace Guns, hoisted a black Flag at the Mizzen-Peck, and got their Sprit-sail Yard under their Bow-sprit, for boarding. In half an Hour more, approaching still nigher, they starboarded their Helm, and gave her a Broadside, the Pyrate bringing to, and returning the same.

After this, the Deponents say, their Fire grew slack for some Time, because the Pyrate was shot to far a Head on the Weather-Bow, that few of their Guns could point to her; yet in this Interval their black Flag was either shot away, or hawled down a little Space, and hoisted again.

At length, by their ill Steerage, and the Favour of the Wind, they came near a second Time; and about Two in the Afternoon shot away their Main-Topmast.

The Colours they fought under, besides a black-Flag, were a red *English* Ensign, a King's Jack, and a *Dutch* Pendant, which they struck, at, or about, Three in the Afternoon, and called for Quarters; it proving to be a *French* built Ship of 32 Guns, called the *Ranger*,

Isaac Sun,
Ralph Baldrick,
Daniel Macklauglin.

When the Evidence had been heard, the Prisoners were called upon to answer, how they came on Board this Pyrate Ship; and their Reason for so audacious a Resistance, as had been made against the King's Ship was also demanded.

To this, each, in his Reply, owned himself to be one of those taken out of the *Ranger*; that he had signed their pyratrical Articles, and shared in their Plunder, some few only accepted, who had been there too short a Time. But that neither in this signing, or sharing, nor in the Resistance that had been made against his Majesty's Ship, had they been Volunteers, but had acted in these several Parts, from a Terror of Death; which by a Law amongst them, was to be the Portion of those who refused. The Court then ask'd, who made those Laws? How those Guns came to be fired? Or why they had not deserted their Stations, and mutiny'd, when so fair a Prospect of Redemption offered? They replied still, with the same Answers, and could extenuate their Crimes with no other Plea, than being forced Men. Wherefore the Court were of Opinion, that the Indictment, as it charged them with an unlawful Attack and Resistance of the King's Ship, was sufficiently proved; but then, it being undeniably evident, that many of these Prisoners had been forced, and some of them of very short standing, they did, on mature Deliberation, come to this merciful Resolution.

That they would hear farther Evidence for, or against, each Person singly, in Relation to those Parts of the Indictment, which declared them Volunteers, or charged them with aiding and assisting, at the burning, sinking, or robbing of other Ships; for if they acted, or assisted, in any Robberies or Devastations, it would be a Conviction they were Volunteers; here such Evidence, though it might want the Form, still carried the Reason of the Law with it.

The Charge was exhibited also against the following Pyrates, taken out of the *Royal Fortune*.

Mens Names.	Ships from.	Time when
* Mich. Mare	in the <i>Rover</i>	5 Years ago
* Chris. Moody	under <i>Davis</i>	1718.
* Mar. Johnson	a <i>Dutch</i> Ship	13.
* James Phillips	the <i>Revenge</i> Pyrate Sloop	17.
* David Symson	} Pyrates with <i>Da-</i> <i>vis</i>	
* Tho. Sutton		
	3 U	† Hag

Mens Names.	Ships from,	Time when
† Hag. Jacobson	a Dutch Ship	1719
* W. Williams 1	Sadbury Captain Tho-	June 1720
* Wm. Fernon	mas Newfoundland	
* W. Williams 2		
* Roger Scot	Tork of Bristol	
* Tho. Owen		
* Wm. Taylor	Expe. of Topsham	May 1720
* Jo. Nofiter	Willing Minn of Pool	
* John Parker	Happy Return Sloop	July 1720
* Robert Crow	Mary and Martha	
* George Smith	Success Sloop	
* Jo. Clements	Blessing of Lymington	
* John Walden	from Martinico	
* Jo. Mansfield	Richard Pink	
† James Harris	a fishing Boat	July 1720
* John Philips	Samuel Capt. Cary	
Harry Glasby		
Hugh Menzies	May Flower Sloop	Feb. 1720
* Wm. Magnus		
* Joseph Moor	Loyd Galley Capt.	May 1721
† John du Frock	Hyngston	
Wm. Champnies		
George Danson		
† Isaac Russell	Jeremiah and Anne	Ap. 1721
* Rob. Lilbourn	Capt. Turner	
* Rob. Johnson		
Wm. Darling	Christopher Snow	
† Wm. Mead	Norman Galley	
Tho. Diggles	a Sloop at St. Nicholas	
* Ben. Jeffreys	a Dutch Ship	Ap. 1720
John Francia	Adventure Sloop	
* D. Harding	a Dutch Galley	
* John Coleman	do. run from the Swal.	
* Charles Bunce		
* R. Armstrong		
* Abra. Harper		
* Peter Lesley		
* John Jessup 1		
Tho. Watkins		May 1721
* Philip Bill	Onslow C. Gee at Sestos	
* Jo. Stephenson		
* James Cromby		
Thomas Garrat		Aug. 1721
† George Ogle		
Roger Gorsuch		Oct. 1721
John Watson	Martha Snow	
William Child		
* John Griffin	Mercy Gal. at Calabar	
* P. Scudamore		
Christ. Granger		
Nicho. Brattle		
James White		
Tho. Davis	Cornwall Galley at	ditto
Tho. Sever	Calabar	
* Rob. Bevins		
* T. Oughtierlany		
* David Rice	Joceline Capt. Loane	Oct. 1721
* Rob. Hares		Jan. 1721
Hugh Riddle	Diligence Boat	
Stephen Thomas		
* John Lane		
* Sam. Fletcher	King Solomon	ditto
* Wm. Philips		
Jacob Johnson		
* John King	Robinson C. Kanning	ditto
Benjamin Par		
William May		
Ed. Thornden	Elizabeth C. Sharp	ditto
* George Wilson		
Ed. Tarlton	Tarlton of Liverpool	
* Robt. Hays	at Cape la Hou	Feb. 1721
Tho. Roberts		
John Richards	Charlton Captain Al-	
John Cane	wright	
Richard Wood		
Richard Scot		
Wm. Davison	Porcupine C. Fletcher	Feb. 1721
Sam. Morwell	Whydah Road	
Ed. Evans		
* John Jessup 2	surrendered up at	
	Princes	

You, Harry Glasby, William Davison, William Champnies, Samuel Morwell, &c.

YE, and every one of you, are, in the Name, and by the Authority of our most dread Sovereign Lord George, King of Great-Britain, indicted as follows.

Forasmuch as in open Contempt and Violation of the Laws of your Country, to which ye ought to have been subject, ye have all of you been wickedly united and articulated together, for the Annoyance and Destruction of his Majesty's trading Subjects by Sea; and in Conformity to so wicked an Agreement and Association, ye have been twice lately down this Coast of Africa, once in August, and a second Time in January last, spoiling and destroying many Goods and Vessels of his Majesty's Subjects, and other trading Nations.

Particularly ye stand indicted at the Information and Instance of Captain Chaloner Ogle, as Traytors, Robbers, Pyrates, and common Enemies to Mankind.

For that on the 10th of February last, in a Ship ye were possess'd of called the Royal Fortune, of 40 Guns, ye did maintain a hostile Defence and Resistance for some Hours, against his Majesty's Ship the Swallow, nigh Cape Lopez Bay, on the Southern Coast of Africa.

That this Fight and insolent Resistance against the King's Ship, was made, not only without any Pretence of Authority, more than that of your own private depraved Wills, but was done also under a black Flag, flagrantly by that, denoting yourselves common Robbers and Traytors, Opposers and Violators of the Laws.

And lastly, that in this Resistance, ye were all of you Volunteers, and did, as such, contribute your utmost Efforts, for disabling and distressing the aforesaid King's Ship, and deterring his Majesty's Servants therein from their Duty.

To which they severally pleaded, Not Guilty.

Whereupon the Officers of his Majesty's Ship, the Swallow, were called again, and testified as follows.

That they had seen all the Prisoners now before the Court, and knew them to be the same which were taken out of one or other of the Pyrate Ships, Royal Fortune or Ranger, and verily believed them to be those taken out of the Royal Fortune.

That the Prisoners were possess'd of a Ship of 40 Guns, called the Royal Fortune, and were at an Anchor under Cape Lopez, on the Coast of Africa, with two others, when his Majesty's Ship the Swallow, (to which the Deponents belong'd, and were Officers), stood in for the Place, on Saturday the 10th of February, 1721-2: The largest had a Jack, Ensign and Pendant flying, being this Royal Fortune, who, on Sight of them, had their Boats passing and repassing, from the other two, which they supposed to be with Men: The Wind not favouring the aforesaid King's Ship, she was oblig'd to make two Trips to gain nigh enough the Wind to fetch in with the Pyrates; and being at length little more than random Shot from them, they found she slipped her Cable, and got under Sail.

At Eleven the Pyrate was within Pistol-Shot, a Breast of them, with a black Flag, and Pendant hoisted at their Main-topmast Head. The Deponents say, they then struck the French Ensign, that had continued hoisted at their Staff all the Morning till then, and display'd the King's Colours; giving her, at the same Time, their Broadside, which was immediately return'd.

The Pyrates Mizzen-topmast fell, and some of her Rigging was torn, yet she still out sailed the Man of War, and did half Gun-Shot from them, while they continued to fire without Intermission, and the other to return such Guns as could be brought to bear, till, by favour of the Winds, they were advanced

advanced very nigh again; and, after exchanging a few more Shot, about half an Hour past one, his Main-Mast came down, having received a Shot a little below the Parrel.

At Two she struck her Colours, and called for Quarters, proving to be a Ship formerly called the *Onslow*, but by them, the *Royal Fortune*; and the Prisoners from her assured them, that the smallest Ship of the two, then remaining in the Road, belonged to them, by the Name of the *Little Ranger*, which they had deserted on this Occasion.

Isaac Sun,
Ralph Baltrick,
Daniel Macklauglin.

The Prisoners were ask'd several Questions by the Court, to the same Purpose with those put to the others in the Morning, as, What Exception they had to make against what had been sworn? And what they had to say in their Defence? And their Replies were much the same with the other Prisoners; that they were forced Men, had not fired a Gun in this Resistance against the *Swallow*, and that what little Assistance they did give on this Occasion, was to the Sails and Rigging, to comply with the arbitrary Commands of *Roberts*, who had threatened, and they were perswaded would, have shot them on Refusal.

The Court, to dispense equal Justice, mercifully resolved for these, as they had done for the other Pyrate Crew; that further Evidence should be heard against each Man singly, to the two Points, of being a Voluntier at first, and to their particular Acts of Piracy and Robbery since: That so Men, who had been lately received amongst them, and as yet had not been at the taking, or plundering, of any Ship, might have the Opportunity and Benefit of clearing their Innocence, and not fall promiscuously with the Guilty.

By Order of the Court,
John Atkins, Register.

Wm. Magnes, Tho. Oughterlauncy, Wm. Main, Wm. Mackintosh, Val. Ashplant, John Walden, Israel Hind, Marcus Johnson, Wm. Petty, Wm. Fernon, Abraham Harper, Wm. Wool, Tho. Howe, John Stephenson, Ch. Bunce, and John Griffin.

Against these it was deposed by Captain *Joseph Trahern*, and *George Fern* his Mate, that they were all of them, either at the attacking and taking of the Ship *King Solomon*, or afterwards at the robbing and plundering of her, and in this Manner;

That on the 6th of *January* last, their Ship riding at Anchor near Cape *Appollonia* in *Africa*, they discovered a Boat rowing towards them, against Wind and Stream, from a Ship that lay about three Miles to Leeward: They judged from the Number of Men in her, as she nearer advanced, that she was a Pyrate, and made some Preparations for receiving her; believing, on a nigher View, they would think fit to withdraw from an Attack, that must be on their Side with great Disadvantage in an open Boat, and against double the Number of Men; yet by the Rashness and the Pusillanimity of his own People (who laid down their Arms, and immediately called for Quarter) the Ship was taken, and afterwards robbed by them.

President. Can you charge your Memory with any Particulars in the Seizure and Robbery?

Evidence. We know that *Magnes*, Quarter-Master of the Pyrate Ship, commanded the Men in this Boat that took us, and assumed the Authority of ordering her Provisions and Stores out, which being of different Kinds, we soon found, were seized and sent away under more particular Directions; for *Main*, as Boatswain of the Pyrate Ship, carried away two Cables, and several Coils of Rope, as what belonged to his Province, beating some of our own Men for not being brisk enough at working in the Rob-

bery. *Petty*, as Sail-maker, saw to the Sails and Canvas; *Harper*, as Cooper, to the Cask and Tools; *Griffin*, to the Carpenter's Stores; and *Oughterlauncy*, as Pilot, having shifted himself with a Suit of my Cloathes, a new tie Wig, and called for a Bottle of Wine, ordered the Ship, very arrogantly, to be steer'd under Commadore *Roberts's* Stern, which I supposed was to know what Orders there were concerning her. So far particularly. In the general, Sir, they were very outrageous and emulous in Mischief.

President. Mr. *Castel*, acquaint the Court of what you know in Relation to this Robbery of the *King Solomon*; in particular, after what Manner the Pyrate-Boat was dispatch'd for this Attempt.

Tho. Castel. I was a Prisoner, Sir, with the Pyrates, when their Boat was ordered upon that Service, and found, upon a Resolution of going, Word was passed through the Company, Who would go? And I saw all that did, did it voluntarily; there being no Compulsion, but rather a pressing who should be foremost.

The Prisoners yielded to what had been sworn about the Attack and Robbery, but denied the latter Evidence, saying, *Roberts* hector'd and upbraided them with Cowardice on this very Occasion; and told some, they were very ready to step on board of a Prize when within Command of the Ship, but now there seem'd to be a Trial of their Valour, they were backward and fearful.

President. So that *Roberts* forced ye upon this Attack.

Prisoners. *Roberts* commanded us into the Boat, and the Quarter-Master to rob the Ship; neither of whose Commands we dared to have refused.

President. And granting it so, those are still your own Acts, since done by Orders from Officers of your own Election. Why would Men, honestly disposed, give their Votes for such a Captain and such a Quarter-Master, as were every Day commanding them on distastful Services?

Here succeeded a Silence among the Prisoners; but at length *Fernon* very honestly own'd, that he did not give his Vote to *Magnes*, but to *David Symphon* (the old Quarter-Master,) for in Truth, says he, I took *Magnes* for too honest a Man, and unfit for the Business.

The Evidence was plain and home, and the Court, without any Hesitation, brought them in Guilty.

WILLIAM Church, Phil. Haak, James White, Nich. Brattle, Hugh Riddle, William Thomas, Thomas Roberts, Jo. Richards, Jo. Cane, R. Wood, R. Scot, Wm. Davison, Sam. Morrell, Edward Evans, Wm. Guineys, and 18 French Men.

The four first of these Prisoners, it was evident to the Court, served as Musick on board the Pyrate, were forced lately from the several Merchant Ships they belonged to; and that they had, during this Confinement, an uneasy Life of it, having sometimes their Fiddles, and often their Heads broke, only for excusing themselves, or saying they were tired, when any Fellow took it in his Head to demand a Tune.

The other *English* had been a very few Days on board the Pyrate, only from *Whydah* to Cape *Lopez*, and no Capture or Robbery done by them in that Time. And the *French Men* were brought with a Design to reconduct their own Ship, or the *Little Ranger* in exchange, to *Whydah* Road again, and were used like Prisoners; neither quarter'd, nor suffered to carry Arms. So that the Court immediately acquiesced in acquitting them.

THO. Sutton, David Symphon, Christopher Moody, Phil. Bill, R. Hardy. Hen. Dennis, David Rice, Wm. Williams, R. Harris, Geo. Smith, Ed. Warts, Jo. Mitchell, and James Barrow.

The Evidence against these Prisoners, were *Geret de Haen*, Master of the *Flushingham*, taken nigh *Adam*, about the Beginning of *January* last.

Ben.

Benj. Krest Master, and James Groot Mate of the *Gertruycht*, taken nigh Gabone in December last, and Mr. Castel, Wingfield, and others, that had been Prisoners with the Pyrates.

The former deposed, that all these Prisoners (excepting Hardy) were on board at the Robbery and Plunder of their Ships, behaving in a vile outrageous Manner, putting them in bodily Fears, sometimes for the Ship, and sometimes for themselves; and in particular, Krest charged it on Sutton, that he had ordered all their Gunner's Stores out; on which the Prisoner presently interrupted, and said, he was perjured, *That he had not taken Half*. A Reply, I believe, not design'd as any saucy Way of jesting, but to give their Behaviour an Appearance of more Humanity than the Dutch would allow.

From Mr. Castel, Wingfield, and others, they were proved to be distinguish'd Men; Men, who were consulted as Chiefs in all Enterprizes; belonged to the House of Lords (as they call'd it) and could carry an Authority over others. The former said particularly of Hardy, Quarter-Master of the *Ranger*, that when the *Diligence* Sloop was taken (whereto he belonged) none was busier in the Plunder, and he was the very Man who scuttled and sunk that Vessel.

From some of the Prisoners acquitted, it was farther demanded, Whether the Acceptance or Refusal of any Office was not in their own Option? And it was declared, that every Officer was chosen by a majority of Votes, and might refuse, if he pleased, since others gladly embraced what brought with it an additional Share of Prize. *Guilty*.

The Court on the 31st of March, remanded the following Six before them for Sentence, viz. Dav. Sympfon, Wm. Magnes, R. Hardy, Thomas Sutton, Christopher Moody, and Valen. Ashplant.

To whom the President spoke to the following Purpose: *The Crime of Piracy, of which all of you have been justly convicted, is of all other Robberies the most aggravating and inhumane; in that being removed from the Fears of Surprise, in remote and distant Parts, ye do in Wantonness of Power often add Cruelty to Theft.*

Pirates, unmoved at Distress or Poverty, not only spoil and rob, but do it from Men's necessity, and who are purchasing their Livelihoods thro' Hazards and Difficulties, which ought rather to move Compassion; and what is still worse, do often, by Persuasion or Force, engage the inconsiderate Part of them, to their own and Families Ruin; removing them from their Wives and Children, and, by that, from the Means that should support them from Misery and Want.

To a trading Nation, nothing can be so destructive as Piracy, or call for more exemplary Punishment; besides, the national Reflection it infers. It cuts off the Returns of Industry, and those plentiful Importations that alone can make an Island flourishing; and it is your Aggravation, that ye have been the Chiefs and Rulers in these licentious and lawless Practices.

However, contrary to the Measures ye have dealt, ye have been heard with Patience, and tho' little has, or possibly could, have been said in Excuse or Extenuation of your Crimes, yet Charity makes us hope, that a true and sincere Repentance (which we heartily recommend) may entitle ye to Mercy and Forgiveness, after the Sentence of the Law has taken Place, which now remains upon me to pronounce.

YOU Dav. Sympfon, William Magnes, R. Hardy, Tho. Sutton, Christopher Moody, and Val. Ashplant.

Ye, and each of you, are adjudged and sentenced, to be carried back to the Place from whence ye came, from thence to the Place of Execution, without the Gates of this Castle, and there, within

the Flood-Marks, to be hanged by the Neck till ye are dead.

After this, ye, and each of you, shall be taken down, and your Bodies hanged in Chains.

Warrant for Execution.

PURSUANT to the Sentence given on Saturday, by the Court of Admiralty, at Cape-Cons-Castle, against Dav. Sympfon, William Magnes, R. Hardy, Tho. Sutton, Christopher Moody, and Valentine Ashplant.

You are hereby directed to carry the aforesaid Malefactors to the Place of Execution, without the Gates of this Castle, To-morrow Morning at Nine of the Clock, and there, within the Flood-Marks, cause them to be hanged by the Neck till they are dead, for which, this shall be your Warrant. Given under my Hand, this 2d Day of April, 1722.

To Joseph Gordyn,
Provost-Marshal.

Mungo Heardman.

The Bodies remove in Chains, to the Gibbets already erected on the adjacent Hillocks.

M. H.

William Phillips.

IT appeared by the Evidence of Captain Jo. Trahern, and George Fenn, Mate of the *King Solomon*, that this Prisoner was Boatwain of the same Ship, when she was attacked and taken off Cape Appollonia, the 6th of January last, by the Pyrates Boat.

When the Boat drew nigh, (they say,) it was judged from the Number of Men in her, that they were Pyrates, and being hailed, they answered, *Defiance*; at which the Commander snatched a Musquet from one of his Men, and fired, asking them at the same Time, Whether they would stand by him, to defend the Ship? But the Pyrates returning a Volley, and crying out, they would give no Quarters if any Resistance was made, this Prisoner took upon him to call out for Quarters, without the Master's Consent, and misled the rest to the laying down their Arms, and giving up the Ship, to half the Number of Men, in an open Boat. It was further evident, he became, after this, a Volunter amongst them. First, because he was presently very forward and brisk, in robbing the Ship *King Solomon* of her Provisions and Stores. Secondly, because he endeavoured to have his Captain ill used; and lastly, because he had confessed to Fenn that he had been obliged to sign their Articles that Night (a Pistol being laid on the Table, to signify he must do it, or be shot) when the whole appeared to be an Untruth from other Evidence, who also asserted his being armed in the Action against the *Swallow*.

In Answer to this, he first observed, The Unhappiness he was under, of being Friendless in this Part of the World, which, elsewhere, by witnessing to the Honesty of his former Life, would, he believed, in a great Measure, have invalidated the wrong Evidence that had been given of his being a Volunter with the Pyrates. He own'd, indeed, he made no Application to his Captain, to intercede for a Discharge; but excused it with saying, he had a Dislike to him, and therefore was sure that such Application would have availed him nothing.

The Court observed the Pretences of this, and others of the Pyrates, of a Pistol and their Articles being served up in a Dish together, or of their being misused and forced from an honest Service, was often a Comploment of the Parties, to render them less suspected of those they came from, and was to answer the End of being put in a News Paper or Affidavit; and the Pyrates were so generous as not to refuse a Compliment to a Brother that cost them nothing, and, at the same Time, secured the best Hands; the best I call them, because such a Dependence made them act more boldly. *Guilty*.

Harry

Harry Glasby, Master.

TH-E-R-E appearing several Persons in Court, who had been taken by *Roberts's Ship*, where of the Prisoner was Master, their Evidence was accepted as follows.

Jo. Trabern, Commander of the *King Solomon*, deposed, that the Prisoner, indeed, attempted to act as Master of the *Pyrate Ship*, while he was under Restraint there, but was observed like no Master, every one obeying at Discretion, of which he had taken Notice, and complained to him, how hard a Condition it was, to be a Chief among Brutes; and that he was weary of his Life, and such other Expressions, now out of his Memory, as shewed him in a great Measure not inclined to that Course of Living.

Jo. Wingfield, a Prisoner with them at *Calabar*, said the same, as to the Quality he acted in; but that he was civil beyond any of them, and verily believed, that when the *Brigantine* he served on Board of as a Factor for the *African Company*, was voted to be burnt, this Man was the Instrument of preventing it, expressing himself with a great deal of Sorrow, for this and the like malicious Rogueries of the Company he was in; that to him shewed, he had acted with Reluctancy, as one who could not avoid what he did. He adds further, that when one *Hamilton* a Surgeon was taken by them, and the Articles were about to be imposed on him, he opposed, and prevented it. And that *Hunter*, another Surgeon among them, was clear'd at the Prisoner's Instance and Perswasion; from which last, this Deponent had it assured to him, that *Glasby* had once been under Sentence of Death, on board of them, with two more, for endeavouring an Escape in the *West Indies*, and that the other two were really shot for it.

Elizabeth Trengrove, who was taken a Passenger in the *African Company's Ship Onslow*, strengthened the Evidence of the last Witness; for having heard a good Character of this *Glasby*, she enquired of the Quarter-Master, who was then on board a robbing, Whether or no she could see him? And he told her *No*; they never ventured him from the Ship, for he had once endeavoured his Escape, and they had ever since continued jealous of him.

Edward Crisp, Captain *Trengrove*, and Captain *Sharp*, who had all been taken in their Turns, acknowledged for themselves and others, who had unluckily fallen into those *Pyrates Hands*, that the good Usage they had met with, was chiefly thro' the Prisoner's Means, who had often interposed, and was for leaving sufficient Stores and Instruments on board the Ships they had robbed, alledging they were superfluous and unnecessary on board their own Vessel.

James White, whose Business was Musick, and who was on the Poop of the *Pyrate Ship* in Time of Action with the *Swallow*, deposed, that during the Engagement, and the Defence she made, he never saw the Prisoner bustled about the Guns, or giving Orders, either to the loading or firing of them; but that he wholly attended to the setting or trimming of the Sails, as *Roberts* commanded; and that in the Conclusion, he verily believed him to be the Man, who prevented the Ship's being blown up, by setting trusty Centinels below, and opposing himself against such hot-headed Fellows, as had procured lighted Matches; and were going down for that Purpose.

Isaac Sun, Lieutenant of the Man of War, deposed, that when he came to take Possession of the Prize, in the King's Boat, he found the *Pyrates* in a very distracted and divided Condition; some being for blowing up, and others (who supposed themselves least culpable) opposing it: That in this Confusion he enquired for the Prisoner, of whom he had before heard a good Character; who then rendered all the Service in his Power, for pre-

venting the Mischief; in particular, he understood by all Hands, that he had seized and taken from one *James Phillips*, a lighted Match, at the Instant he was going down to the Magazine, swearing, that he would send them all to H—l together. He had heard also, that, after *Roberts* was killed, the Prisoner ordered the Colours to be struck; and had since shown, how opposite his Practice and Principles had been, by discovering who were the greatest Rogues among them.

The Prisoner in his own Defence said, That when he had the Misfortune of falling into the *Pyrates Hands*, he was chief Mate of the *Samuel*, of *London*, Captain *Cary*; and when he had hid himself, to prevent the Design of carrying him away, they found him, and beat him, and threw him over-board. Seven Days afterwards, upon his objecting against, and refusing to sign their Articles, he was cut and abus'd again: That tho' after this, he ingratiated himself, by a more easy Carriage, it was only to make Life easy; the Shares they had given him, having been from Time to Time returned again to such Prisoners as fell in his Way; till of late, indeed, he had made a small Reservation, and had desired Captain *Joane* to take two or three Moidores from him, to carry to his Wife. He was once taken, he said, at making his Escape in the *West Indies*, and, with two more, sentenc'd to be shot for it, by a drunken Jury; the latter actually suffered, and he was preserved only by one of the chief *Pyrates* taking a sudden Liking to him, and bullying the others. A second time he ran away at *Hispaniola*, carrying a Pocket Compass, for conducting him through the Wood; but that it being a most desolate wild Part of the Island he fell upon, and he ignorant how to direct his Course, he was obliged, after two or three Days wandering, to return towards the Ship again, denying with egregious Oaths, the Design he was charged with, for Fear they should shoot him. From this Time he hoped it would be some Extenuation of his Fault, that most of the acquitted Prisoners can witness, they entertained Jealousies of him, and *Roberts* would not admit him into his Secrets; and withal, that Captain *Cary*, and four other Passengers with him, had made Affidavit of his having been forced from his Employ, which tho' he could not produce, yet he humbly hoped the Court would think highly probable from the Circumstances offered.

On the whole, the Court was of Opinion, that Artists had the best Pretension to the Plea of Force, from the Necessity *Pyrates* are sometimes under of engaging such, and that many Parts of his own Defence had been confirmed by the Evidence, who had asserted, he acted with Reluctance, and had expressed a Concern and Trouble for the little Hopes that remained to him, of ever extricating himself. That he had used all Prisoners well, at the hazard of ill Usage to himself. That he had not in any military Capacity assisted their Robberies. That he had twice endeavoured his Escape with the utmost Danger. *Acquitted him.*

Captain James Skyrn.

IT appeared from the Evidence of several Prisoners acquitted, that this *Skyrn* commanded the *Ranger*; in that Defence she made against the King's Ship; that he ordered the Men to their Quarters, and the Guns to be loaded and fired, having a Sword in his Hand to enforce those Commands; and beating such to their Duty, whom he espied any way negligent or backward. That altho' he had lost a Leg in the Action, his Temper was so warm, as to refuse going off the Deck, till he found all was lost.

In his Defence, he says, he was forced from a Mate's Employ on board a Sloop call'd the *Greyhound*, of *St. Christophers*, Oct. 1720. The *Pyrate* having drubbed him, and broke his Head, only for offering to go away when that Sloop was dismissed. Custom and Success had since indeed blunted, and, in some Measure, worn out the Sense of Shame; but that he

had really for several Months past been sick, and disqualified for any Duty, and though *Roberts* had forced him on this Expedition, much against his Will, yet the Evidence must be sensible, that the Title of Captain gave him no Pre-eminence; for he could not be obeyed, though he had often called to them, to leave off their Fire, when he perceived it to be the King's Ship.

The Sickness he alledged, but more especially the Circumstance of losing his Leg, were Aggravations of his Fault, shewing him more alert on such Occasions, than he was willing to be thought: As to the Name of Captain, if it were allowed to give him no no Precedence out of Battle, yet here it was proved a Title of Authority; such an Authority as could direct an Engagement against the King's Colours, and therefore he was in the highest Degree *Guilty*.

John Walden.

Captain *John Trabern*, and *George Fenn*, deposed, That the Prisoner was one of the Number, who, in an open Boat pyratically assailed, and took their Ship, and was remarkably busy at Mischiefe, having a Pole-ax in his Hand, which served him instead of a Key, to all the lock'd Doors and Boxes he came nigh: Also in particular, he cut the Cable of our Ship, when the other Pyrates were busied at heaving up the Anchor, saying, *Captain, what signifies this Trouble of Yo Hope, and straining in hot Weather; there are more Anchors at London, and besides, your Ship is to be burnt.*

William Smith (a Prisoner acquitted) deposed, That *Walden* was known among the Pyrates mostly, by the Nick-name of *Miss Nannev* (ironically its presumed from the Hardness of his Temper) that he was one of the twenty who voluntarily came on board the *Ranger*, in the Chace she made out after the *Swallow*, and by a Shot from that Ship, he lost his Leg; his Behaviour in the Fight, till then, being bold and daring.

The President called for *Harry Glasby*, and bid him relate a Character of the Prisoner, and what Custom was among them, in Relation to these voluntary Expeditions, out of their proper Ship; and this of going on board the *Ranger*, in particular.

And he gave in for Evidence, that the Prisoner was looked on as a brisk Hand (*i. e.* as he farther explained it, a staunch Pirate, and a great Rogue) that when the *Swallow* first appeared in Sight, every one was willing to believe her a *Portuguese*, because Sugar was very much in Demand, and had made some Jarring and Dissention between the two Companies (the *Fortune's* People drinking Punch, when the *Ranger's* could not) that *Roberts*, on Sight of the *Swallow*, hailed the new *Ranger*, and bid them right their Ship, and get under Sail; there is, says he, Sugar in the Offing, bring it in, that we may have no more mumbling; ordering at the same Time the Word to be pass'd among the Crew, who would go to their Assistance; and immediately the Boat was full of Men, to transport themselves.

President. Then every one that goes on board of any Prize, does it voluntarily: Or were there here any other Reasons for it?

H. Glasby. Every Man is commonly called by Lift, and insists, in his Turn, to go on board of a Prize, because they then are allowed a Shift of Cloaths (the best they can find) over and above the Dividend from the Robbery; and this they are so far from being compell'd to, that it often becomes the Contest and Quarrel amongst them: But in the present, or such like Cases, where there appears a Prospect of Trouble, the Lazy and Timorous are often willing to decline their Turn, and yield to their Betters, who thereby establish a greater Credit.

The Prisoner, and the rest of those Men who went from the *Fortune* on board the *Ranger*, to assist in this Expedition, were Volunteers, and the trustiest Men among us.

President. Was there no Danger of the *Ranger's* leaving you in this Chace, or at some other Time, in order to surrender?

H. Glasby. Most of the *Ranger's* Crew were fresh Men, Men who had been enter'd only since their being on the Coast of *Guincy*, and therefore had not so liberal a Share in fresh Provisions, or Wine, as the *Fortune's* People, who thought they had born the Burthen and Heat of the Day, which had given Occasion, indeed, to some Grumbings and Whispers, as tho' they would take an Opportunity to leave us; but we never supposed, if they did, that it would be with any other Design than setting up for themselves, they having, many of them, behaved with greater Severity than the old Standers.

The Prisoner appeared undaunted, and rather solicitous about resting his Stump, than giving any Answer to the Court, or making any Defence for himself till called upon; and then he related in a careless, or rather hopeless Manner, the Circumstances of his first Entrance, being forced, he said, out of the *Blessing of Lemmington*, at *Newfoundland*, about 12 Months past; this he was sure, most of the old Pyrates knew, and that he was for some Time as sick of the Change as any Man; but Custom and ill Company had altered him. He then own'd very frankly, that he was at the Attack, and Taking of the *King Solomon*, that he did cut her Cable, and that none was forced on those Occasions.

As to the last Expedition in the *Ranger*, he confessed he went on board of her, but that it was by *Roberts's* Order; and in the Chace he loaded one Gun, to bring her to; but when he saw it was a Bite, he declared to his Comrades, that it was not worth while to resist, forbore firing, and assisted to reeve the Braces, in order, if they could, to get away; in which sort of Service he was busied, when a Shot from the Man of War took off his Leg: And being asked, What he would have done, supposing the Chace had proved a *Portuguese*? Why then, says he, I don't know what I might have done; intimating withal, that every Body then would have been ready enough at plundering. *Guilty*.

Peter Scudamore.

Harry Glasby, *Jo. Wingfield*, and *Nicholas Brattle*, deposed thus much, as to his being a Volunteer with the Pyrates, from Capt. *Roels*, at *Calabar*. First, That he quarrell'd with *Moody*, one of the Heads of the Gang, and fought with him, because he opposed his going; asking *Rolls* in a leering Manner, Whether he would not be so kind as to put him into the *Gazette*, when he came Home. And, at another Time, when as he was going from the Pirate Ship, in his Boat, a Turnado arose, *I wish*, says he, *the Rascal may be drowned, for he is a great Rogue, and has endeavoured to do me all the ill Offices he could among these Gentlemen (i. e. Pyrates)*

And secondly, That he had signed the Pirate's Articles with a great deal of Alacrity, and gloried in having been the first Surgeon that had done so (for before this, it was their Custom to change their Surgeons when they desired it, after having served a Time, and never oblige them to sign; but he was resolved to break thro' this, for the Good of those who were to follow) swearing immediately upon it, he was now, he hoped, as great a Rogue as any of them.

Captain *Jo. Trabern*, and *George Fenn*, his Mate, deposed, That the Prisoner had taken out of the *King Solomon* their Surgeon's capital Instruments, some Medicines, and a Back-Gammon Table; which latter became the Means of a Quarrel between one *Wincon* and he, whose Property they should be, and they were yielded to the Prisoner.

Jo. Sharp, Master of the *Elizabeth*, heard the Prisoner ask *Roberts* leave, to force *Comry*, his Surgeon, from him, which was accordingly done, and

with him, he carried also some of the Ships Medicines: But what gave a fuller Proof of the Dishonesty of his Principles, was, the treacherous Design he had formed of running away with the Prize, in her Passage to Cape Corso, tho' he had been treated with all Humanity, and very unlike a Prisoner, on Account of his Employ and better Education, which had rendered him less to be suspected.

Mr. Child deposed, That in their Passage from the Island of St. Thomas, in the *Fortune* Prize, this Prisoner was several Times tempting him into Measures of rising with the Negroes, and killing the *Swallow's* People, shewing him, how easily the white Men might be demolished, and a new Company raised at *Angola*, and that Part of the Coast; so, says he, *I understand how to navigate a Ship, and can soon teach you to steer; and is it not better to do this, than to go back to Cape Corso, and be hang'd and Scurvy'd?* To which the Deponent replying, That he was not afraid of being hanged, *Scudamore* bid him be still, and no Harm should come to him; but before the next Day-evening, which was the designed Time of executing this Project, the Deponent discovered it to the Officer, and assured him, that *Scudamore* had been talking all the preceding Night to the Negroes, in the *Angolan* Language.

Isaac Burnet heard the Prisoner ask *James Harris*, a Pyrate who had been left with the wounded in the Prize, whether he was willing to come into the Project of running away with the Ship, and endeavouring to raise a new Company; but he turned the Discourse to Horse-racing, as the Deponent crept nigher; he acquainted the Officer with what he had heard, who kept the People under Arms all Night, their Apprehensions of the Negroes not being groundless; for many of them, having lived a long Time in this pyratrical Way, were, by the thin Commons they were reduced to, as ripe for Mischief as any.

The Prisoner in his Defence said, That he was a forced Man from Captain *Rolls*, in *October* last, and if he had not shewn such a Concern as became him, at the Alteration, he must remark the Occasion to be, the Disagreement and Enmity between them; but that both *Roberts* and *Val. Asplant*, threatened him into signing their Articles, and that he did it in Terror.

The *King Solomon*, and *Elizabeth* Medicine Chest, he own'd, he plundered, by Order of *Hunter*, the then chief Surgeon, who, by the Pyrates Laws, always directs in this Province, and Mr. Child, tho' now acquitted, had by the same Orders taken out a whole *French* Medicine-Chest, which he must be sensible for me, as well as for himself, we neither of us dared to have denied; it was their being the proper Judges, that made so ungrateful an Office imposed. If after this he was elected chief Surgeon himself, both *Comry* and *Wilson* were set up also, and it might have been their Chance to have carried it, and as much out of their Power to have refused.

As to the Attempt of rising and running away with the Prize, he denied it altogether as untrue: He own'd, indeed, a few foolish Words, but only by Way of Supposition, that if the Negroes should take it in their Heads (considering the Weakness and ill look-out that was kept) it would have been an easy Matter, in his Opinion, for them to have done it; but that he encouraged such a Thing was false. His talking to them in the *Angolan* Language, was only a Way of spending his Time, and trying his Skill to tell Twenty, he being incapable of further Talk. As to his understanding Navigation, he had frequently acknowledged it to the Deponent *Child*, and wonder'd he should so circumstantiate this Skill against him. *Guilty*.

Robert Johnson.

I appeared to the Court, that the Prisoner was one of the twenty Men, in that Boat of the Pyrates, which afterwards robb'd the *King Solomon*, at Anchor near Cape *Aguelloia*: That all Pyrates

on this, and the like Services, were Volunteers, and he, in particular, had consented his going on board a second Time, tho' out of his Turn.

The Prisoner, in his Defence, called for *Harry Glibby*, who witnessed to his being so very drunk, when he first came among their Crew, that they were forced to hoist him out of one Ship into the other, with a Tackle, and therefore without his Consent; but he had since been a trusty Man, and was placed to the Helm, in that running Battle they made with the *Swallow*.

He insisted for himself likewise, on Captain *Turner's* Affidavit of his being forc'd, on which others, who were his Ship mates, had been clear'd.

The Court considering the Partiality that might be objected in acquitting one, and condemning another of the same standing, thought fit to remark it as a clear Testimony of their Integrity, that their Care and Indulgence to each Man, in allowing his particular Defence, was to exempt from the Rigour of the Law, such, who, it must be allowed, would have stood too promiscuously condemned, if they had not been heard upon any other Fact than that of the *Swallow*; and herein what could better direct them, than a Character and Behaviour from their own Associates; for tho' a voluntary Entry with the Pyrates may be doubtful, yet his consequent Actions are not, and it is not so material how a Man comes among Pyrates, as how he acts when he is there. *Guilty*.

George Wilson.

JOHN Sharp, Master of the *Elizabeth*, in which Ship the Prisoner was Passenger, and which fell a second Time into the Pyrates Hands, deposed, That he took the said *Wilson* off from *Sestos*, on this Coast, paying to the Negroes for his Ransom, the Value of three Pounds five Shillings in Goods, for which he had taken a Note; that he thought he had done a charitable Act in this, till meeting with one Captain *Canning*, he ask'd, Why he would release such a Rogue as *Wilson* was? For that he had been a Volunteer with the Pyrates, out of *John Tarlton*. And when the Deponent came to be a Prisoner himself, he found *Thomas*, the Brother of this *John Tarlton*, a Prisoner also, who was immediately, on *Wilson's* Instigation, in a sad Manner misused and beat, and had been shot, through the Fury and Rage of some of those Fellows, if the Town-side (i. e. *Liverpool* Men) had not hid him in a Stay-sail, under the Bow-sprit; for *Mooty* and *Harper*, with their Pistols cock'd, searched every Corner of the Ship to find him, and come to this Deponent's Hammock, whom they had like fatally to have mistaken for *Tarlton*; but on his calling out, they found their Error, and left him with this comfortable Anodyne, That he was the honest Fellow who bought the Doctor. At coming away, the Prisoner asked about his Note, whether the Pyrates had it or no? Who not being able readily to tell, he reply'd, it's no Matter, Mr. *Sharp*, I believe I shall hardly ever come to *England* to pay it.

Adam Comry, Surgeon of the *Elizabeth*, said, altho' the Prisoner had, on Account of his Indisposition and Want, received many Civilities from him, before meeting with the Pyrates, he yet understood it was thro' his and *Scudamore's* Means, that he had been compelled among them: The Prisoner was very alert and chearful, he said, at meeting with *Roberts*, hailed him, told him he was glad to see him, and would come on board presently, borrowing of the Deponent a clean Shirt and Drawers, for his better Appearance and Reception; he signed their Articles willingly, and used Arguments with him to do the same, saying, they should make their Voyage in eight Months to *Brasil*, share 6 or 700 *l.* a Man, and then break up. Again, when the Crew came to an Election of a chief Surgeon, and this Deponent was set up with the others, *Wilson* told him, he hoped he should carry it from *Scudamore*, for that a quarter

Share,

Share, which they had more than others, would be worth looking after; but the Deponent missed the Preferment, by the good Will of the *Ranger's* People, who, in general, voted for *Scudamore*, to get rid of him, the chief Surgeon being always to remain with the Commadore.

It appeared likewise, by the Evidence of Captain *Jo. Travern*, *Thomas Castel*, and others, who had been taken by the Pyrates, and thence had Opportunities of observing the Prisoner's Conduct, that he seem'd thoroughly satisfy'd with that Way of Life, and was particularly intimate with *Roberts*; they often scotting at the Mention of a Man of War, and saying, if they should ever meet with any of the Turnip-man's Ships, they would blow up, and go to Hell together. Yet, setting aside these silly Freaks to recommend himself, his Laziness got him many Enemies; even *Roberts* told him (on the Complaint of a wounded Man whom he refused to dress) that he was a double Rogue to be there a second Time, and threatened to cut his Ears off.

The Evidences further assured the Court, from Captain *Thomas Tarlton*, that the Prisoner was taken out of his Brother's Ship, some Months before, a first Time; and, being forward to oblige his new Company, he presently ask'd for the Pirate's Boat, to fetch the Medicine Chest away; when the Wind and Current proving too hard to contend with, they were drove on Shore at Cape *Montserado*.

The Prisoner called for *William Darling*, *Samuel Morzeel*, and *Nicholas Butler*.

William Darling deposed, That the first Time the Prisoner fell into their Hands, *Roberts* mistook him for *Jo. Tarlton* the Master, and being informed it was the Surgeon who came to represent him, he presently swore he should be his Mess-mate, to which *Wilson* reply'd, he hop'd not, for he had a Wife and Child, which the other laughed at. This Evidence added, that he had been two Days on board, before he went in that Boat, which was drove on Shore at Cape *Montserado*. And at his second coming, in the *Elizabeth*, he heard *Roberts* order he should be brought on board in the first Boat.

Samuel Morzeel said, That he had heard him bewail his Condition, while on board the Pirate, and desire one *Thomas* to use his Interest with *Roberts* for a Discharge, saying, his Employ, and the little he had left at Home, would, he hop'd, exempt him from the further Trouble of seeking his Bread at Sea.

Nicholas Butler, who had remained with the Pyrates about 48 Hours, when they took the *French* Ships at *Whydah*, deposed, That in this Space the Prisoner addressed him in the *French* Language several Times, deploring the Wretchedness and ill Fortune of being confin'd in such Company.

The Prisoner desiring the Liberty of two or three Questions, ask'd, Whether or no he had not expostulated with *Roberts*, for a Reason of his obliging Surgeons to sign their Articles, when heretofore they did not? Whether he had not expressed himself glad of having formerly escaped from them? Whether he had not said, at the taking the Ships in *Whydah* Road, that he could not like the Sport, were it lawful? And whether he had not told him, that should the Company discharge any Surgeon, he would insist on it as his Turn? The Deponent answered Yes, to every Question separately; and farther, that he believed *Scudamore* had not seen *Wilson* when he first came and found him, out of the *Elizabeth*.

He added, in his own Defence, that being Surgeon with one *John Tarlton* of *Liverpool*, he was met a first Time on this Coast of *Guinea*, by *Roberts* the Pirate; who, after a Day or two, told him to his Sorrow, that he was to stay there, and ordered him to fetch his Chest, (not Medicines, as was asserted) which Opportunity he took to make his Escape; for the Boat's Crew happening to consist of five *French* and one *English* Man, all as willing as himself, they agreed to push the Boat on Shore, and trust themselves with the Negroes of Cape *Montserado*. Ha-

zardous, not only in Respect of the dangerous Seas that run there, but the Inhumanity of the Natives, who sometimes take a liking to human Carcasses. Here he remained five Months, till *Thomas Tarlton*, Brother to his Captain, chanced to put in the Road for Trade, to whom he represented his Hardships and starving Condition; but was, in an unchristian Manner, both refused a Release of this Captivity, or so much as a small Supply of Biscuit and salt Meat; because, as he said, he had been among the Pyrates. A little Time after this, the Master of a *French* Ship paid a Ransom for him, and took him off; but, by Reason of a nasty leperous Indisposition he had contracted by hard and bad Living, he was, to his great Misfortune, set ashore at *Sestos* again, when Captain *Sharp* met him, and generously procured his Release in the Manner himself has related, and for which he stands infinitely obliged. — That ill Luck threw him a second Time into the Pyrates Hands, in this Ship *Elizabeth*, where he met *Thomas Tarlton*, and thoughtlessly used some Reproaches of him, for his severe Treatment at *Montserado*; but without Design his Words should have had so bad a Consequence; for *Roberts* took upon him, as a Dispenser of Justice, to correct Mr. *Tarlton*, beating him unmercifully; which Severity, he hopes it will be believed, was contrary to any Intention of his, because as a Stranger, he might be supposed to have no Influence, and he believed, there were some other Motives for it. — He could not remember that he expressed himself glad to see *Roberts* this second Time, or that he dropped those Expressions about *Comry*, as were sworn; but if immaturity of Judgment had occasioned him to slip rash and inadvertent Words, or that he had paid any undue Compliments to *Roberts*, it was to ingratiate himself, as every Prisoner did, for a more civil Treatment, and in particular, to procure his Discharge, which he had been promised, and was afraid would have been revoked, if such a Person as *Comry* did not remain there to supply his Room; and of this, he said, all the Gentlemen (meaning the Pyrates) could witness for him.

He urged also his Youth in Excuse for his Rashness — The first Time he had been with them, which was only a Month in all, and that in no military Employ; but in particular, the Service he had done, in discovering the Design the Pyrates had to rise in their Passage on board the *Swallow*. Guilty.

But Execution to be respited till the King's Pleasure be known, because the Commander of the *Swallow* had declared, that the first Notice he received of this Design of the Pyrates to rise, was from him.

Benjamin Jefferys.

BY the Depositions of *Glasby* and *Lilburn* (both acquitted) against this Prisoner, it appeared, that his Drunkenness was what at first detained him from going away in his proper Ship, the *Norman* Galley; and next Morning, for having been abusive in his Drink, and saying to the Pyrates, there was not a Man amongst them, he received for a Welcome, six Lashes from every Person in the Ship, which disordered him for some Weeks; but on Recovery, he was made Boatswain's Mate; the serving of which, or any Office on board a Pirate, is at their own Option (tho' elected) because others are glad to accept what brings an additional Share in Prize.

The Deponents further said, that at *Sierraleon* every Man had more especially the Means of escaping; and that this Prisoner in particular neglected it, and came off from that Place, after their Ship was under Sail, and going out of the River.

The Prisoner in his Defence, protested he was at first forced; and that the Office of Boatswain's Mate was imposed on him, and what he would have been glad to have relinquish'd. That the barbarous Whipping he had received from the Pyrates at first, was for telling them, that none who could get their Bread

in an honest Way, would be on such an Account. And he had certainly taken the Opportunity which presented at *Sierraleon*, of ridding himself from so distasteful a Life, if there had not been three or four of the old Pyrates on shore at the same Time, who, he imagin'd, must know of him, and would doubtless have served him the same, if not worse, than they once had done *William Williams*; who, for such a Design, being delivered up by the treacherous Natives, had received two Lashes thro' the whole Ship's Company.

The Court observed, that the Excuse of these Pyrates, about want of Means to escape, was oftentimes as poor and evasive, as their Pleas of being forced at first; for here at *Sierraleon*, every Man had his Liberty on shore, and it was evident might have kept it, if he, or they, had so pleased. And such are further culpable, who, having been introduced into the Society by such uncivil Methods as whipping or beating, neglect less likely Means of regaining Liberty; it shews strong Inclinations to Dishonesty, and they stand inexcusably *Guilty*.

Jo. Mansfield.

IT was proved against this Prisoner, by Captain *Trabern*, and *George Fenn*, that he was one of those Volunteers who was at the Attack and Robbery of the Company's Ship, called the *King Solomon*: That he bully'd well among them who dar'd not make any Reply, but was very easy with his Friends, who knew him; for *Mooty*, on this Occasion, took a large Glass from him, and threatened to blow his Brains out (a favourite Phrase with these Pyrates) if he muttered at it.

From others acquitted, it likewise appeared, that he was first a Volunteer among them from an Island call'd *Comanco* in the *West Indies*, and had, to recommend himself, told them, he was a Defenter from the *Rose* Man of War, and before that had been on the High-way; he was always drunk, they said, and so bad at the Time they met the *Swallow*, that he knew nothing of the Action, but came up vapouring with his Cutlash, after the *Fortune* had struck her Colours, to know who would go on board the Prize; and it was some Time before they could persuade him into the Truth of their Condition.

He could say little in Defence of himself, and acknowledged this latter Charge of Drunkenness; a Vice, he said, that had too great a Share in ensnaring him into this Course of Life, and had been a greater Motive with him than Gold. *Guilty*.

William Davis.

William Allen deposed, That he knew this Prisoner at *Sierraleon*, belonging to the *Anne* Gallley; that he had a Quarrel with, and beat the Mate of that Ship, for which, as he said, being afraid to return to his Duty, he conformed to the idle Customs and Ways of living among the Negroes, from whom he received a Wife, and ungratefully sold her one Evening for some Punch to quench his Thirst. After this, having put himself under the Protection of Mr. *Plunket*, Governor there for the Royal *African* Company, the Relations and Friends of the Woman apply'd to him for Redress, who immediately surrendered the Prisoner, and told them, he did not care if they took his Head off; but the Negroes wisely judging it would not fetch so good a Price, they sold him in his Turn again to Seignior *Jossee*, a Christian Black, and Native of that Place; who expected and agreed for two Years Service from him, on Consideration of what he had disbursed, for the Redemption of the Woman: But long before the Expiration of this Time, *Roberts* came into *Sierraleon* River, where the Prisoner (as Seignior *Jossee* assur'd the Deponent) entered a Volunteer with them.

The Deponent further corroborates this Part of the Evidence; in that he being obliged to call at *Cape Mount*, in his Passage down hither, met there with two Deserters from *Roberts's* Ship, who assured him

of the same; and that the Pyrates did design to turn *Davis* away the next Opportunity, as an idle good for-nothing Fellow.

From *Glasby* and *Lillburn* it was evident, that every Pyrate, while they staid at *Sierraleon*, went on shore at Discretion. That *Roberts* had often assur'd Mr. *Glyn* and other Traders, at that Place, that he would force no Body; and, in short, there was no Occasion for it; in particular, the Prisoner's Row mate went away, and consequently he might have done the same, if he had pleased.

The Prisoner alledged his having been detained against his Will, and said, that returning with Elephants Teeth for *Sierraleon*, the Pyrate's Boat pursued and brought him on board, where he was kept on Account of his understanding the Pilotage and Navigation of that River.

It was obvious to the Court, not only how frivolous the Excuses of Constraint and Force were among these People, at their first commencing Pyrates; but also it was plain to them, from these two Deserters met at *Cape Mount*, and the discretionary Manner they lived in at *Sierraleon*, through how little Difficulty several of them did, and others might, have escaped afterwards, if they could but have obtained their own Consents for it. *Guilty*.

This is the Substance of the Tryals of *Roberts's* Crew, which may suffice for others that occur in this Book. The foregoing Lists shew, by a * before the Names, who were condemned; those Names with a † were referred for Tryal to the *Marsbals*, and all the rest were acquitted.

The following Pyrates were executed, according to their Sentence, without the Gates of *Cape Coast Castle*, within the Flood Marks, viz.

Mens Names	Years of Age	Habitations.
<i>William Aligres</i>	35	<i>Minchew.</i>
<i>Richard Hargy</i>	25	<i>Wales.</i>
<i>Daniel Sympton</i>	36	<i>North Berwick.</i>
<i>Christopher Mooty</i>	28	
<i>Thomas Sutton</i>	23	<i>Berwick.</i>
<i>Valentine Ashplant</i>	32	<i>Minorie.</i>
<i>Peter de Fine</i>	42	<i>Stepney.</i>
<i>William Phillips</i>	29	<i>Lower Strand.</i>
<i>Philip Bill</i>	27	<i>St. Thomas's.</i>
<i>William Main</i>	28	
<i>William Mackintosh</i>	21	<i>Canterbury.</i>
<i>William Williams</i>	40	<i>nigh Plymouth.</i>
<i>Robert Hares</i>	31	<i>Farmouth.</i>
<i>William Petty</i>	30	<i>Deptford.</i>
<i>John Faynson</i>	22	<i>nigh Lancaster.</i>
<i>Marcus Johnson</i>	21	<i>Smyrna.</i>
<i>Robert Crom</i>	44	<i>Isle of Man.</i>
<i>Michael Maer</i>	41	<i>Ghent.</i>
<i>Daniel Harding</i>	26	<i>Croomsbury in Somersetsh.</i>
<i>William Fernon</i>	22	<i>Somersetshire.</i>
<i>Jo. More</i>	19	<i>Meer in Wiltshire.</i>
<i>Abraham Harper</i>	23	<i>Bristol.</i>
<i>Jo. Parker</i>	22	<i>Winsford in Dorsetshire.</i>
<i>Jo. Philips</i>	28	<i>Allorey in Scotland.</i>
<i>James Clement</i>	20	<i>Fersey.</i>
<i>Peter Scudamore</i>	35	<i>Bristol.</i>
<i>James Skyrn</i>	44	<i>Wales.</i>
<i>John Wallen</i>	24	<i>Somersetshire.</i>
<i>Jo. Steptenson</i>	40	<i>Whitby.</i>
<i>Jo. Mansfield</i>	30	<i>Orkneys.</i>
<i>Israel Hynde</i>	30	<i>Bristol.</i>
<i>Peter Jessey</i>	21	<i>Aberdeen.</i>
<i>Charles Bunce</i>	26	<i>Exeter.</i>
<i>Robert Britton</i>	30	<i>Other St. Maries Devon.</i>
<i>Richard Harris</i>	45	<i>Cornwall.</i>
<i>Joseph Nestor</i>	26	<i>Sadbury in Devonshire.</i>
<i>William Williams</i>	30	<i>Spechless at Execution.</i>
<i>Agge Jacobson</i>	30	<i>Holland.</i>
<i>Benjamin Jesserys</i>	21	<i>Bristol.</i>
<i>Cuthbert Goff</i>	21	<i>Topsbam.</i>

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John

Mens Names	Years of Age	Habitations.
John Jessup	20	Plymouth.
Edward Watts	22	Dunmore.
Thomas Giles	26	Minthead.
William Wood	27	York.
Thomas Armstrong	34	London, executed on Bd. the Weymouth.
Robert Johnson	32	at Whydah.
George Smith	25	Wales.
William Watts	23	Ireland.
James Philips	35	Antegoa.
John Coleman	24	Wales.
Robert Hays	20	Liverpool.
William Davis	23	Wales.

The Remainder of the Pyrates, whose Names are under mentioned, upon their humble Petition to the Court, had their Sentence changed from Death, to seven Years Servitude, conformable to our Sentence of Transportation; the Petition is as follows.

To the Honourable the President and Judges of the Court of Admiralty, for trying of Pyrates, sitting at Cape Corso-Castle, the 20th Day of April, 1722.

The Humble Petition of Thomas Hore, Samuel Fletcher, &c.

Humbly sheweth,
THAT your Petitioners, being unhappily and unwarily drawn into that execrable and accursed Crime of Piracy, for which they were justly condemned, they most humbly pray the Clemency of the Court, in the Mitigation of their Sentence, that they may be permitted to serve the Royal African Company of England, in this Country, for seven Years, in such a Manner as the Court shall think proper: that by their just Punishment, being made sensible of the Error of their former Ways, they will for the future become faithful Subjects, good Servants, and useful in their Stations, if it please the Almighty to prolong their Lives.

And your Petitioners, as in Duty, &c.

The Resolution of the Court was,

THAT the Petitioners have Leave by this Court of Admiralty, to interchange Indentures with the Captain General of the Gold Coast, for the Royal African Company for seven Years Servitude, at any of the Royal African Company's Settlements in Africa, in such Manner as the said Captain General shall think proper.

On Thursday the 26th Day of April, the Indentures being all drawn out, according to the Grant made to the Petitioners, by the Court held on Friday the 20th of this Instant; each Prisoner was sent for up, signed, sealed, and exchanged them in the Presence of

Captain Mungo Heardman, President,
 James Phipps, Esq;
 Mr. Edward Hyde,
 Mr. Charles Fanshaw,
 And Mr. John Atkins, Register.

A Copy of the Indenture.

The Indenture of a Person condemned to serve abroad for Piracy, which, upon the humble Petition of the Pyrates therein mentioned, was most mercifully granted, by his Majesty's Commissioners and Judges appointed to hold a Court of Admiralty, for the Tryal of Pyrates at Cape Corso-Castle in Africa, upon Condition of serving seven Years, and other Conditions, which are as follows, viz.

THIS Indenture made the twenty sixth Day of April, Anno Regni Regis Georgii Magnæ Britanniae, &c. Septimo, Domini, Millesimo, Sepcen-

tissimo viginti duo, between Roger Scot, late of the City of Bristol, Mariner, of the one Part, and the Royal African Company of England, their Captain General, and Commander in Chief for the Time being, on the other Part, Witnesseth, that the said Roger Scot, doth hereby covenant and agree to, and with the said Royal African Company, their Captain General, and Commander in Chief for the Time being, to serve him, or his lawful Successors, in any of the Royal African Company's Settlements on the Coast of Africa, from the Day of the Date of these Presents, to the full Term of seven Years, from hence next ensuing, fully to be compleat and ended; there to serve in such Employment, as the said Captain General, or his Successors shall employ him; according to the Custom of the Country in like Kind.

In Consideration whereof, the said Captain General, and Commander in Chief doth covenant and agree, to, and with, the said Roger Scot, to find and allow him Meat, Drink, Apparel, and Lodging, according to the Custom of the Country.

In Witness whereof, the Parties aforesaid, to these Presents, have interchangeably put their Hands and Seals, the Day and Year first above written.

Signed, sealed, and delivered, in the Presence of us, at Cape Corso-Castle in Africa, where no stamp'd Paper was to be had.

Mungo Heardman President, } Witnesses.
 John Atkins, Register, }

In like Manner was drawn out and exchanged the Indentures of

Thomas Hore of Barnstable, in the County of Devon.
 Samuel Fletcher of East Smithfield, London.
 John Lane of Lombard-street, London.
 David Littlejohn of Bristol.
 John King of Shadwell Parish, London.
 Henry Dennis of Bideford.
 Hugh Harris of Cors-Castle, Devonshire.
 William Taylor of Bristol.
 Thomas Owen of Bristol.
 John Mitchel of Shadwell Parish, London.
 Joshua Lee of Liverpool.
 William Shuren of Wapping Parish, London.
 Robert Hartley of Liverpool.
 John Griffin of Blackwall, Middlesex.
 James Cromby of Wapping, London.
 James Greenham of Marshfield, Gloucestershire.
 John Horn of St. James's Parish, London.
 John Jessop of Wisbich, Cambridgeshire.
 David Rice of Bristol.

None of which we hear, are now living. Two others, viz. George Wilson and Thomas Oughterland, were respited from Execution, till his Majesty's Pleasure should be known; the former dy'd abroad, and the latter came home, and received his Majesty's Pardon; the Account of the whole stands thus,

Acquitted,	74
Executed,	52
Respited,	2
To Servitude,	20
To the Marshalsea,	17
Kill'd { in the Ranger,	10
{ in the Fortune,	3
Dy'd { in the Passage to Cape Corso,	15
{ afterwards in the Castle,	4
Negroes in both Ships,	70

Total, 276

We are not ignorant how acceptable the Behaviour and dying Words of Malefactors are to the generality of our Countrymen, and therefore shall deliver what occur'd, worthy of Notice, in the Behaviour of these Criminals.

The first Six that were called to Execution, were Magnes, Moody, Symphon, Sutton, Appleton, and

1723

Harry; all of them old Standers and notorious Offenders: When they were brought out of the Hold, on the Parade, in order to break off their Fetters, and fit the Halters; none of them, it was observed, appeared the least dejected, unless *Sutton*, who spoke faint, but it was rather imputed to a Flux that had seized him two or three Days before, than fear. A Gentleman, who was Surgeon of the Ship, was so charitable at this Time, as to offer himself in the Room of an Ordinary, and represented to them, as well as he was able, the Heinousness of their Sin, and the Necessity which lay on them of Repentance; one particular Part of which, he observed ought to be, acknowledging the Justice they had met with. They seemed heedless for the present, some calling for Water to drink, and others applying to the Soldiers for Caps; but when this Gentleman press'd them for an Answer, they all exclaim'd against the Severity of the Court, and were so hardened, as to curse, and with the same Justice might overtake all the Members of it, as had been dealt to them. *They were poor Rogues*, they said, *and so hang'd*; *while others, no less guilty in another Way, escaped*.

When he endeavoured to compose their Minds, exhorting them to die in Charity with all the World, and would have diverted them from such vain Discourse, by asking them their Country, Age, and the like; some of them answer'd, 'What was that to him, they suffered the Law, and should give no Account but to God.' They walked to the Gallows without a Tear in Token of Sorrow for their past Offences, or shewing so much Concern as a Man would express at travelling a bad Road; nay, *Sympton*, at seeing a Woman that he knew, said, 'he had lain with that B——h three Times, and now she was come to see him hang'd.' And *Harry*, when his Hands were ty'd behind him (which happened from their not being acquainted with the Way of bringing Malefactors to Execution) observed, 'that he had seen many a Man hang'd, but this Way of the Hands being ty'd behind them, he was a Stranger to, and never saw before in his Life.' We mention these two little Instances, to shew how stupid and thoughtless they were of their End, and that the same abandon'd and reprobate Temper that had carried them thro' their Rogueries, abided with them to the last.

Samuel Fletcher, another of the Pyrates order'd for Execution, but reprieved, seemed to have a quicker Sense of his Condition; for when he saw those he was allotted with gone to Execution, he sent a Message by the Provost-Marshal to the Court, to be 'inform'd of the Meaning of it, and humbly desired to know, whether they design'd him Mercy, or not? If they did, he stood infinitely obliged to them,

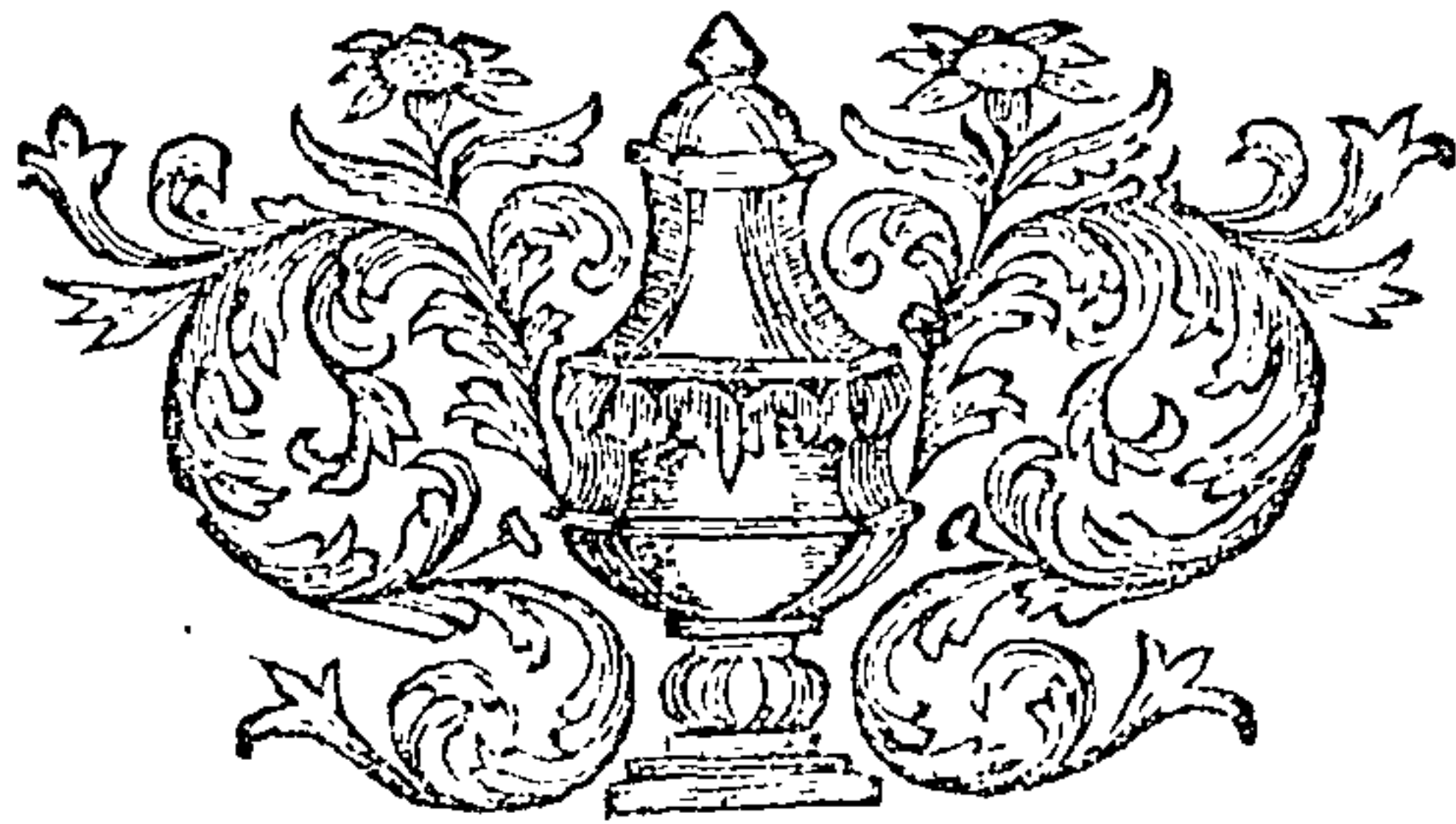
and thought the whole Service of his Life an incompetent Return for so great a Favour; but that if he was to suffer, the sooner the better, he said, that he might be out of his Pain.'

There were others of these Pyrates the reverse of this, and, tho' destitute of Ministers, or fit Persons to represent their Sins to them, and assist them with spiritual Advice, were yet always employing their Time to good Purposes, and behaving with a great deal of seeming Devotion and Penitence; among these may be reckon'd *Scudamore*, *Williams*, *Phillips*, *Stephenson*, *Jefferys*, *Leffy*, *Harper*, *Armstrong*, *Bunce*, and others.

Scudamore too lately discerned the Folly and Wickedness of the Enterprize that had chiefly brought him under Sentence of Death; from which, seeing there was no Hopes of Escaping, he petitioned for two or three Days Reprieve, which was granted, and for that Time he applied himself incessantly to Prayer, and reading the Scriptures, seem'd to have a deep Sense of his Sins, and of this in particular, and desired at the Gallows, that they would have Patience with him, to sing the first Part of the thirty first Psalm, which he did by himself throughout.

Armstrong, having been a Deserter from his Majesty's Service, was executed on board the *Weymouth* (and the only one that was) there was no Body to press him to an Acknowledgment of the Crime he dy'd for, nor of forrowing in particular for it, which would have been exemplary, and made suitable Impressions on Seamen; so that his last Hour was spent in lamenting and bewailing his Sins in general, exhorting the Spectators to an honest and good Life, in which alone they could find Satisfaction. In the End, he desired they would join with him in singing the two or three latter Verses of the 140th Psalm; and that being concluded, he was, at the firing of a Gun, tric'd up at the Fore-Yard Arm.

Bunce was a young Man, not above 26 Years old, but made the most pathetic Speech of any at the Gallows. He first declaim'd against the gilded Baits of Power, Liberty, and Wealth, that had ensnar'd him among the Pyrates, his unexperienc'd Years not being able to withstand the Temptation; but that the Briskness he had shewn, which so fatally had procured him favour amongst them, was not so much a Fault in Principle, as the Liveliness and Vivacity of his Nature. He was now extremely afflicted for the Injuries he had done to all Men, and begg'd theirs and Gods Forgiveness, very earnestly exhorting the Spectators to remember their Creator in their Youth, and guard betimes, that their Minds took not a wrong Byass, concluding with this apt Similitude, *That he stood there as a Beacon upon a Rock* (the Gallows standing on one) *to warn erring Mariners of Danger*.



The

The LIFE of Captain ANSTIS.

THOMAS Anstis shipp'd himself at Providence in the Year 1718, aboard the *Buck* Sloop, and was one of six that conspired together to go off a pyrating with the Vessel; the rest were, *Howel Davis*, *Roberts's* Predecessor, killed at the Island of *Princes*; *Dennis Topping*, killed at the taking of the rich Portuguese Ship on the Coast of *Brazil*; *Walter Kennedy*, hanged at Execution Dock; and two others, whom I forbear to name, because some Time ago they were, and, for ought we know, may be at this Day, employ'd in an honest Vocation in the City.

What followed concerning Anstis's Pyracies, has been mostly included in the two preceding Lives: We shall only observe, that the Combination of these six Men above mentioned, was the Beginning of that Company, that afterwards proved so formidable under Captain *Roberts*, from whom Anstis separated the 18th of April, 1721, in the *Good Fortune* Brigantine, leaving his Commadore to pursue his Adventures upon the Coast of *Guiney*, whilst he returned to the *West Indies* upon the like Design.

About the Middle of June, these Pyrates met with one Captain *Marston*, between *Hispaniola* and *Jamaica*, bound on a Voyage to *New York*; from whom they took all the wearing Apparel they could find, as also his Liquors and Provision, and five of his Men, but did not touch his Cargo: Two or three other Vessels were also plundered by them, in this Cruise, out of whom they stocked themselves with Provisions and Men; amongst the rest, 'tis said, was the *Irwin*, Captain *Ross*, from *Cork* in *Ireland*; but this we can't be positive of, because they denied it themselves. This Ship had on Board Barrels of Beef aboard, besides other Provisions, and was taken off *Martinico*, wherein Colonel *Doxly* of *Montserrat*, and his Family were Passengers. The Colonel was very much abused and wounded, for endeavouring to save a poor Woman, that was also a Passenger, from the Insults of that brutish Crew; and the Pyrates prevailing, twenty one of them forced the poor Creature successively, and afterwards broke her Back, and flung her into the Sea. But, as we just said, 'tis not certain that it was Anstis's Crew that acted this unheard of Violence and Cruelty, tho' the Circumstances of the Place, the Time, the Force of the Vessel, and the Number of Men, do all concur, and we can place the Villany nowhere else; but that such a Fact was done, there is too much Evidence for it to be doubted of.

When they thought fit to put an End to this Cruise, they went into one of the Islands to clean, which they effected without any Disturbance, and came out again. Stretching away towards *Bermudas*, they met with a stout Ship, called the *Morning Star*, bound from *Guiney* to *Carolina*; they made Prize of her, and kept her for their own Use. In a Day or two, a Ship from *Barbadoes* bound to *New York*, fell into their Hands; when taking out her Guns and Tackle, they mounted the *Morning Star* with 32 Pieces of Cannon, mann'd her with 100 Men, and appointed one *John Fenn* Captain. The Brigantine being of far less Force, this *Morning Star* would have fallen to Anstis, as elder Officer, had he not been so in Love with his own Vessel, which was an excellent Sailor, that he made it his Choice to stay in her, and let *Fenn*, who was before his Gunner, command the great Ship.

Now that they had got two Ships well mann'd, they may be supposed they were in a Condition to undertake something bold: But their Government was disturbed by Malecontents, and a Government divided against it self cannot stand; they had such a Number of new Men amongst them, who seemed not so violently enclined for the Game, that whatever the Captain proposed, it was certainly carried against him, so that they came to no fix'd Resolution for the undertaking any Enterprize. In these Circumstances, there was nothing to be done, but to break up the Company, which seemed to be the Inclination of the Majority; but the Manner of doing so, concerned their common Safety, to which Purpose, various Means were proposed; at length it was concluded to send home a Petition to his Majesty (there being then no Act of Indemnity in Force) for a Pardon, and wait the Issue; at the same Time one *John Boardman* of the *Good Fortune*, proposed a Place of safe Retreat, it being an uninhabited Island near *Cuba*, which he had been used to in the late War, when he went a privateering against the *Spaniards*.

This being approved of, it was unanimously resolved on, and the underwritten Petition, drawn up and signed by the whole Company in the Manner of what they call a *Round Robin*, that is, their Names were writ in a Circle, to avoid all Appearance of Pre-eminence, and least any Person should be marked out by the Government, as a principal Rogue among them.

To his most sacred Majesty George, by the Grace of God, of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, King, Defender of the Faith, &c.

The humble Petition of the Company now belonging to the Ship *Morning Star*, and Brigantine *Good Fortune*, lying under the ignominious Name and Denomination of Pyrates.

Humbly sheweth,

THAT we your Majesty's most loyal Subjects, have, at sundry Times, been taken by Bartholomew Roberts, the then Captain of the above said Vessels and Ships Company, together with another Ship, in which we left him; and have been forced by him and his wicked Accomplices, to enter into, and serve, in the said Company, as Pyrates, much contrary to our Wills and Inclinations: And we, your loyal Subjects, utterly abhorring and detesting that impious Way of Living, did, with an unanimous Consent, and contrary to the Knowledge of the said Roberts, or his Accomplices, on or about the 18 Day of April, 1721, leave, and ran away from the aforesaid Ship *Morning Star* and Brigantine *Good Fortune*, with no other Intent and Meaning, than the Hopes of obtaining your Majesty's most gracious Pardon. And, that we your Majesty's most loyal Subjects, may with more Safety return to our native Country, and serve the Nation unto which we belong, in our respective Capacities, without Fear of being prosecuted by the Injured, whose Estates have suffered by the said Roberts and his Accomplices, during our forcible Detainment by the said Company, we most humbly implore your Majesty's most Royal Assent to this our humble Petition.

And your Petitioners shall ever pray.

This Petition was sent home by a Merchant Ship bound to *England* from *Jamaica*, who promised to speak with the Petitioners, in their Return, about 20 Leagues to Windward of that Island, and let them know what Success their Petition met with. When this was done, the Pyrates retires to the Island before proposed, with the Ship and Brigantine.

This Island (which we have no Name for) lies off the South-west End of *Cuba*, uninhabited, and little frequented. On the East End is a Lagune, so narrow, that a Ship can but just go in, tho' there's from 15 to 22 Foot Water, for almost a League up: On both Sides of the Lagune grows red Mangrove Trees so very thick, that the Entrance of it, as well as the Vessels lying there, is hardly to be seen. In the Middle of the Island is here and there a small thick Wood of tall Pines, and other Trees scattered about in different Places.

Here they staid about nine Months, but not having Provision for above two, they were forced to take what the Island afforded, which was Fish of several Sorts, particularly Turtle; which latter was the chiefest Food they lived on, and was found in great Plenty on the Coasts of this Island; whether there might be any wild Hogs, Beef, or other Cattle, common to several Islands of the *West Indies*, or that the Pyrates were too idle to hunt them, or whether they preferred other Provisions to that Sort of Diet, we know not; but 'twas reported by them, that for the whole Time they eat not a Bit of any kind of Flesh-Meat, nor Bread; the latter was supply'd by Rice, of which they had a great Quantity aboard: This was boil'd and squeeze'd dry, and so eat with the Turtle.

There are three or four Sorts of these Creatures in the *West Indies*, the largest of which will weigh 150 or 200 Pound Weight or more, but those that were found upon this Island, were of the smallest Kind, weighing 10 or 12 Pounds each, with a fine natural wrought Shell, and beautifully clouded; the Meat is sweet and tender, some Part of it eating like Chicken, somelike Veal, &c. so that it was no extraordinary Hardship for them to live upon this Provision alone, since it affords variety of Meats to the Taste of it self. The Manner of catching this Fish is very particular; you must understand, that in the Months of *May*, *June*, and *July*, they lay their Eggs, in order to hatch their Young, and this they do three Times in a Season; the Place is always in the Sand of the Sea-shore, each laying 80 or 90 Eggs at a Time. The Male accompanies the Female, and they come ashore in the Night only, when they must be watch'd, without making any Noise, or having a Light; as soon as they land, the Men that watch for them, turn them on their Backs, then haul them above High Water Mark, and leave them till next Morning, where they are sure to find them, for they can't turn again, nor move from the Place. It is to be observed, that, besides their laying Time, they come ashore to feed, but then what's very remarkable in these Creatures, is, that they always resort to different Places to breed, leaving their usual Haunts for two or three Months, and 'tis thought they eat nothing in all that Season.

They pass'd their Time here in Dancing, and other Diversions, agreeable to these sort of Folks; and among the rest, they appointed a Mock-Court of Judicature, to try one another for Piracy, and he that was a Criminal one Day, was made Judge another. — We have had an Account given us of one of these merry Tryals, and as it appears diverting, we shall oblige our Readers with the Particulars.

The Court and Criminals being both appointed, as also Counsel to plead, the Judge got up in a Tree, and had a dirty Tarpaulin hung over his Shoulders; this was done by way of Robe, with a Thrum Cap on his Head, and a large Pair of Spectacles upon his Nose: Thus equipp'd, he settled himself in his Place, and abundance of Officers attended him below, with Crows, Handspikes, &c. instead of Wands,

No. 38.

Tipstaves, and such like. — The Criminals were brought out, making a thousand four Faces, and one who acted as Attorney General opened the Charge against them; their Speeches were very laconick, and their whole Proceedings concise. We shall give it by Way of Dialogue.

Attor. Gen. An't please your Lordship, and you Gentlemen of the Jury, here is a Fellow before you, that is a sad Dog, a sad sad Dog; and I humbly hope your Lordship will order him to be hang'd out of the Way immediately. — He has committed Piracy on the High Seas, and we shall prove, an't please your Lordship, that this Fellow, this sad Dog before you, has escaped a thousand Storms, nay, has got safe ashore when the Ship has been cast away, which was a certain Sign he was not born to be drowned; yet, not having the Fear of hanging before his Eyes, he went on robbing and ravishing Man, Woman, and Child, plundering Ships Cargoes fore and aft, burning and sinking Ship, Bark, and Boat, as if the Devil had been in him. But this is not all, my Lord, he has committed worse Villanies than all these; for we shall prove, that he has been guilty of drinking Small-Beer; and your Lordship knows, there never was a sober Fellow but what was a Rogue. — My Lord, I should have spoke much finer than I do now, but that, as your Lordship knows, our Rum is all out, and how should a Man speak good Law that has not drank a Dram. — However, I hope, your Lordship will order the Fellow to be hang'd.

Judge. — Harkee me, Sirrah, — you lousy, pittiful, ill-look'd Dog! What have you to say why you should not be tuck'd up immediately, and set a Sun-drying, like a Scare-crow? — Are you guilty or not guilty?

Pris. Not guilty, an't please your Worship.

Judge. Not guilty! say so again, Sirrah, and I'll have you hang'd without any Tryal.

Pris. An't please your Worship's Honour, my Lord, I am as honest a poor Fellow as ever went between Stern and Stern of a Ship, and can hand, reef, steer, and clap two Ends of a Rope together, as well as e'er a He that ever cross'd Salt Water; but I was taken by one *George Bradley* [the Name of him that sat as Judge] a notorious Pyrate, a sad Rogue as ever was unhang'd, and he forc'd me, an't please your Honour.

Judge. Answer me, Sirrah, — How will ye be try'd?

Pris. By G — and my Country.

Judge. The Devil you will. — Why then, Gentlemen of the Jury, I think we have nothing to do but to proceed to Judgment.

Attor. Gen. Right, my Lord; for if the Fellow should be suffered to speak, he may clear himself, and that's an Affront to the Court.

Pris. Pray, my Lord, I hope your Lordship will consider —

Judge. Consider! — How dare you talk of considering? Sirrah, Sirrah, I never considered in all my Life. — I'll make it Treason to consider.

Pris. But, I hope, your Lordship will hear some Reason.

Judge. D'ye hear how the Scoundrel prates? — What have we to do with Reason? — I'd have you to know, Rascal, we don't sit here to hear Reason. — We go according to Law. — Is our Dinner ready?

Attor. Gen. Yes, my Lord.

Judge. Then harkee, you Rascal at the Bar! hear me Sirrah, hear me, — You must suffer, for three Reasons; first, because it is not fit I should sit here as Judge, and no Body be hang'd. — Secondly, you must be hang'd, because you have a damn'd hanging Look: — And thirdly, you must be hang'd because I am hungry; for know, Sirrah, that 'tis a Custom, that whenever the Judge's Dinner is ready before the Tryal is over, the Prisoner is to be hang'd of Course. — There's Law for you, ye Dog. — So take him away Gaoler.

§ 7.

This

This is the Trial just as it was related to us ; the Design of our setting it down, is only to shew how these Fellows can jest upon Things, the Fear and Dread of which should make them tremble.

The Beginning of *August* 1722, the Pyrates made ready the Brigantine, and came out to Sea, when, beating up to Windward, they lay in the Track for their Correspondent in her Voyage to *Jamaica*, and spoke with her ; but finding nothing was done in *England* in their Favour, as was expected, they return'd to their Consorts at the Island with the ill News, and found themselves under a Necessity, as they fancied, to continue that abominable Course of Life they had lately practised. In order thereto, they sail'd with the Ship and Brigantine to the Southward, and the next Night, by intollerable Neglect, they run the *Morning Star* upon the *Grand Caimanes*, and wreck'd her ; the Brigantine seeing the Fate of her Consort, hall'd off in Time, and so weather'd the Island. The next Day Captain *Anstis* put in, and found that all, or the greatest Part of the Crew, were safe ashore, whereupon she came to an Anchor, in order to fetch them off ; and brought *Fenn* the Captain, *Philips* the Carpenter, and a few others aboard.

Just as they had done this, two Men of War came down upon them, *viz.* the *Hector* and *Adventure*, so that the Crew of the Brigantine had but just Time to cut their Cable and get to Sea, with one of the Men of War after her, keeping within Gun-shot for several Hours. *Anstis* and his Crew were now under the greatest Consternation imaginable, finding the Gale freshen, and the Man of War gaining Ground upon them ; so that, in all Probability, they must have been Prisoners in two Hours more ; but it pleased God to give them a little longer Time ; for the Wind dying away, the Pyrates got out their Oars, and row'd for their Lives, and thereby got clear of their Enemy.

The *Hector* landed her Men upon the Island, and took 40 of the *Morning Star's* Crew, without any Resistance made by them ; they on the contrary, alledging, that they were forc'd Men, and that they were glad of this Opportunity to escape from the Pyrates ; the rest hid themselves in the Woods, and could not be found. *George Brailey* the Master, and three more, surrender'd afterwards to a *Bermudas* Sloop, and were carried to that Island.

The Brigantine, after her Escape, sail'd to a small Island near the Bay of *Honduras*, to clean and refit, and, in her Way thither, took a *Rhode Island* Sloop, Captain *Durfey* Commander, and two or three other Vessels, which they destroy'd, but brought all the Hands aboard their own.

While she was cleaning, a Scheme was concerted between Captain *Durfey*, some other Prisoners, and two or three of the Pyrates, to seize some of the Chiefs, and carry off the Brigantine ; but the same being discovered before she was fit for sailing, their Design was prevented : However, Captain *Durfey*, and four or five more, got ashore with some Arms and Ammunition ; and when the Pyrates Canoe came

in for Water, he seiz'd the Boat with the Men : Upon that *Anstis* order'd another Boat to be mann'd with 30 Hands and sent ashore, which was accordingly done ; but Captain *Durfey*, and the Company he had by that Time got together, gave them such a warm Reception, that they were contented to betake themselves to their Vessel again.

About the Beginning of *December* 1722, *Anstis* left this Place, and returned to the Islands, designing to accumulate all the Power and Strength he could, since there was no looking back. He took in the Cruise a good Ship, commanded by Captain *Smith*, which he mounted with 24 Guns, and *Fenn*, a one handed Man, who commanded the *Morning Star* when she was lost, went aboard to command her. They cruis'd together, and took a Vessel or two, and then went to the *Bahama Islands*, and there met with what they wanted, *viz.* a Sloop loaded with Provisions, from *Dublin*, called the *Antelope*.

It was Time now to think of some Place to fit up and clean their Frigate lately taken, and put her in a Condition to do Business ; accordingly they pitch'd upon the Island of *Tobago*, where they arriv'd the Beginning of *April* 1723, with the *Antelope* Sloop and her Cargo.

They fell to work immediately, got the Guns, Stores, and every Thing else out upon the Island, and put the Ship upon the Heel ; and just then, as ill Luck would have it, came in the *Winchelsea* Man of War, by Way of Visit, which put the Marooners into such a Surprise, that they set Fire to the Ship and Sloop, and fled ashore to the Woods. *Anstis* escap'd in the Brigantine, by having a light Pair of Heels, but it put his Company into such a Disorder, that their Government could never be set to rights again ; for some of the new Comers, and those who had been tir'd with the Trade, put an End to the Reign, by shooting *Anstis* in his Hammock, and after him the Quarter-master, and two or three others ; the rest submitting, they put them into Irons, and surrender'd them up, and the Vessel with them at *Curacco*, a *Dutch* Settlement, where they were try'd and hang'd ; and those concerned in delivering up the Vessel, were all acquitted.

But to return to Captain *Fenn*, he was taking stragling with his Gunner and three more, a Day or two after their Misfortune, by the Man of War's Men, and carry'd to *Antegoa*, where they were all executed, and *Fenn* hang'd in Chains. Those who remain'd staid some Time in the Island, keeping up and down in the Woods, with a Hand to look out ; at length Providence so order'd it, that a small Sloop came into the Harbour, which they all got aboard of, except two or three Negroes, and those they left behind. They did not think fit to pursue any further Adventures, and therefore unanimously resolved to flee for *England*, which they accordingly did, and in *October* following, came into *Bristol* Chancel, sunk the Sloop, and getting ashore in the Boat, dispersed themselves to their Abodes.



The LIFE of Captain WORLEY.

HIS Reign was but short, but his Beginning somewhat particular, setting out only in a small open Boat, with eight others, from *New York*. This was as resolute a Crew as ever went upon this Account: They took with them a few Biscuits, and a dry'd Tongue or two, a little Cag of Water, half a dozen old Muskets, and Ammunition accordingly. Thus provided, they left *New York* the latter End of *September 1718*; but it cannot be supposed, that such a Man of War as this could undertake any considerable Voyage, or attempt any extraordinary Enterprize; so they stood down the Coast, till they came to *Delaware River*, which is about 150 Miles distant, and not meeting with any Thing in their Way, they turned up the same River as high as *Newcastle*, near which Place they fell upon a a Shallop belonging to *George Grant*, who was bringing Household Goods, Plate, &c. from *Oppoquenimi* to *Philadelphia*; they made Prize of the most valuable Part of them, and let the Shallop go. This Fact could not come under the Article of Piracy, it not being committed *super altum Mare*, upon the High Sea, therefore was a simple Robbery only; but they did not stand for a Point of Law in the Case, but easing the Shallop Man of his Lading, the bold Adventurers went down the River again in quest of more Booty.

The Shallop came straight to *Philadelphia*, and brought the ill News thither, which alarm'd the Government as much as if War had been declar'd against them: Expresses were sent to *New York* and other Places, and several Vessels fitted out against this powerful Rover, but to no manner of Purpose; for after several Days Cruise, they all returned, without so much as hearing what became of the Robbers.

Worley and his Crew, in going down the River, met with a Sloop of *Philadelphia*, belonging to a Mulatto, whom they call'd *Black Robin*; they quit- ted their Boat for this Sloop, taking one of *Black Robin's* Men along with them, as they had also done from *George Grant*, besides two Negroes, which en- creased the Company one Third. A Day or two af- ter, they took another Sloop belonging to *Hull*, home- ward bound, which was somewhat fitter for their Purpose; they found aboard her Provisions and Ne- cessaries, which they stood in need of, and which en- abled them to prosecute their Design, in a Manner more suitable to their Wishes.

Upon the Success of these Rovers, the Governor issued out a Proclamation, for the apprehending and taking all Pyrates, who had refused or neglected to surrender themselves, by the Time limited in his Majesty's Proclamation of Pardon; and thereupon ordered his Majesty's Ship *Phoenix*, of 20 Guns, which lay at *Sandy Hook*, to Sea, to cruise upon this Pyrate, and secure the Trade to that, and the adjoining Colonies.

In all Probability, the taking this Sloop sav'd their Bacons for this Time, tho' they fell into the Trap presently afterwards; for they finding themselves in tolerable good Condition, having a Vessel newly clean'd, with Provisions, &c. they stood off to Sea, and so missed the *Phoenix*, who expected them to be still on the Coast.

About six Weeks afterwards they returned, having taking both a Sloop and a Brigantine, among the *Bahama* Islands: the former they sunk, and the other they let go: The Sloop belonged to *New York*, and

they thought the sinking of her good Policy, to pre- vent her returning to tell Tales at Home.

Worley had by this Time increased his Company to about five and twenty Men, had six Guns mounted, and small Arms as many as were necessary for them, and seem'd to be in a good thriving sort of a Way. He made a black Ensign, with a white Death's Head in the Middle of it, and other Colours suitable to it. They all signed Articles, and bound themselves under a solemn Oath, to take no Quarters, but to stand by one another to the last Man, which was rashly fulfilled a little afterwards.

For going into an Inlet in *North Carolina* to clean, the Governor received Information of it, and fitted out two Sloops, one of eight Guns, and the other with six, and about seventy Men between them. *Worley* had clean'd his Sloop, and sail'd before the *Carolina* Sloops reach'd the Place, and steered to the Northward; but the Sloops just mentioned pursu- ing the same Course, came in sight of *Worley* as he was cruising off the Capes of *Virginia*. Being in the Offing, he stood in as soon as he saw the Sloops, intending thereby to have cut them off from *James River*; for he verily believed they had been bound thither, not imagining, in the least, they were in Pursuit of him.

The two Sloops standing towards the Capes at the same Time, and *Worley* hoisting his black Flag, the Inhabitants of *James Town* were in the utmost Con- sternation, thinking that all three had been Pyrates, and that their Design had been upon them; so that all the Ships and Vessels that were in the Road, or in the Rivers up the Bay, had Orders immediately to hale into the Shore, for their Security, or else to prepare for their Defence, if they thought themselves in a Condition to fight. Soon after two Boats, which were sent out to get Intelligence, came crowding in, and brought an Account, that one of the Pyrates was in the Bay, being a small Sloop of six Guns. The Governor (expecting the rest would have followed, and all together have made some Attempt to land, for the Sake of Plunder) beat to Arms, and collected all the Force that could be got together, to oppose them; he ordered all the Guns out of the Ships, to make a Platform, and, in short, put the whole Co- lony in a warlike Posture; but was very much sur- prised at last, to see all the supposed Pyrates fight- ing with one another.

The Truth of the Matter is, *Worley* gained the Bay, thinking to make sure of his two Prizes, by keeping them from coming in; but by the hoisting of the King's Colours, and firing a Gun, he quick- ly was sensible of his Mistake, and too soon per- ceived that the Tables were turned upon him; and that, instead of keeping them out, he found himself by a superior Force kept in. When the Pyrates saw how Things went, they resolutely prepared them- selves for a desperate Defence; and tho' three to one are great Odds, yet *Worley* and his Crew deter- mined to fight to the last Gasps, and receive no Quar- ters, agreeably to what they had before sworn; so that they must either die or conquer upon the Spot.

The *Carolina* Men gave the Pyrate a Broadside, and then Boarded him, one Sloop getting upon his Quarter, and the other on his Bow; *Worley* and the Crew drew up upon the Deck, and fought very obstinately, Hand to Hand; so that in a few Minutes, abundance of Men lay waltering in their Gore. The
Pyrates

Pirates proved as good as their Words, not a Man of them cry'd out for Quarter, nor would accept of such when offered, but were all kill'd except the Captain and another Man, whom they reserved for the Gallows, and those very much wounded. They were brought ashore in Irons, and the next Day, which was the 17th Day of *February* 1718-19. they were both hanged up, for fear they should die, and evade the Punishment which was thought due to their Crimes.

The Reader will see a very good Reason for the

great Disproportion in the Length of these Lives; some of the Pirates having continued their Depredations but a short time, and that too in a Capacity much inferior to others: Nor is it possible to give long Accounts of all that may deserve it, with any degree of Certainty; and we chuse rather to make the Narrative short, than lengthen it with Stories that have no other Foundation than our own Fancies, or, what is as little to be built upon, the many lying Reports which these Fellows always occasion.

The LIFE of Capt. GEORGE LOWTHER.

GEORGE *Lowther* sail'd out of the River of *Thames*, in one of the Royal *African* Company's Ships, called the *Gambia Castle*, of 16 Guns and 30 Men, *Charles Ruffel* Commander; of which Ship the said *Lowther* was second Mate. A-board of the same Vessel was a certain Number of Soldiers, commanded by one *John Maffey*, who were to be carry'd to one of the Company's Settlements, on the River of *Gambia*, to garrison a Fort, which was sometime ago taken and destroy'd by Captain *Davis* the Pirate.

In May 1721, the *Gambia Castle* came safe to her Port in *Africa*, and landed Captain *Maffey* and his Men on *Jam's* Island, where he was to command under the Governor, Colonel *Whitney*, who arrived there at the same Time in another Ship: And here, by a fatal Misunderstanding between the military Folks and the trading People, the Fort and Garrison not only came to be lost again to the Company, but a fine Galley well provided, and worth 10,000 *l.* turn'd against her Masters.

The Names of Governor and Captain founded great: but when the Gentlemen found that the Power that generally goes along with those Titles was overway'd and born down by the Merchants and Factors (mechanick Fellows as they thought them) they grew very impatient and dissatisfy'd, especially *Maffey*, who was very loud in his Complaints against them, particularly at the small Allowance of Provision to him and his Men; for the Garrison and Governor too were victualled by the Merchants, which was no small Grievance and Mortification to them. And as the want of Eating was the only Thing that made the great *Sambo* quit his Government, so did it here rend and rare theirs to Pieces: For *Maffey* told them, *that he did not come there to be a Guinea Slave, and that he had promised his Men good Treatment, and Provisions fitting for Soldiers: That as he had the Care of so many of his Majesty's Subjects, if they would not provide for them in a handsome Manner, he should take suitable Measures for the Preservation of so many of his Countrymen and Companions.*

The Governor at this Time was very ill of a Fever, and, for the better Accommodation in his Sickness, he was carry'd aboard the Ship *Gambia Castle*, where he continued for about three Weeks, and therefore could have little to say in this Dispute; tho' he resolv'd not to stay in a Place where there was so little Occasion for him, and where his Power was so confin'd. The Merchants had certainly Orders from the Company, to issue the Provisions out to the Garrison, and the same is done along the whole Coast; but whether they had cut them short of the Allowance that was appointed them, we can't say; if they did, then was the Loss of the Ship and Garrison owing principally to their ill Conduct.

However, an Accident that happen'd on board the Ship, did not a little contribute to this Misfortune; which was a Pique that the Captain of her took against his second Mate, *George Lowther*, the Man who is the Subject of this short History, and who, losing his Favour, found Means to ingratiate himself into the good liking of the common Sailors, inasmuch that when Captain *Ruffel* order'd him to be punish'd, the Men took up Handspikes, and threaten'd to knock that Man down who offer'd to lay hold of the Mate. This serv'd but to widen the Differences between him and the Captain, and more firmly attach'd *Lowther* to the Ship's Company, the greatest Part of which he found ripe for any Mischance in the World.

Captain *Maffey* was not a whit the better reconcil'd to the Place by a longer Continuance, nor to the Usage he met with there; and having often Opportunities of conversing with *Lowther*, with whom he had contracted an Intimacy in the Voyage, they aggravated one another's Grievances to such a Height, that they resolv'd upon Measures to curb the Power that controul'd them, and to provide for themselves after another Manner.

When the Governor recovered of his Fever, he went ashore to the Island, but took no Notice of *Maffey's* Behaviour, tho' it was such as might give Suspicion of what he design'd; and *Lowther* and the common Sailors, who were in the Secret of Affairs, grew insolent and bold, even refusing to obey when commanded to their Duty by Captain *Ruffel* and the chief Mate. The Captain seeing how Things were carried, goes ashore early one Morning to the Governor and Factory in order to hold a Council; which *Lowther* apprehending was in order to prevent his Design, he sent a Letter in the same Boat to *Maffey*, intimating it to him, and *that he should be on board, for it was high Time to put their Project in Execution.*

As soon as *Maffey* received this Letter, he went to the Soldiers at the Barracks, and said to them, and others, *You that have a Mind to go to England, this is your Time.* They generally consenting, *Maffey* went to the Store-room, burst open the Door, and put two Centinels upon it, and order'd that no Body should come near it; then he went to the Governor's Apartment, and took his Bed, Baggage, Plate, and Furniture; in Expectation, that the Governor himself, as he had promised *Maffey*, would have gone on board; which he afterwards refused, by Reason, as he said, he believed they were going a pyrrhic; tho' at first, whatever *Lowther* design'd, *Maffey* certainly propos'd only the going to *England*. When this was done, he sent the Boat off to the chief Mate, with this Message, *That he should have the Guns ready, for that the King of Burra (a Negro Kingdom near the Royal African Settlement)*

would come aboard to Dinner. But *Loxther* understanding best the Meaning of those Orders, he confined the chief Mate, shotted the Guns, and put the Ship in a Condition for sailing. In the Afternoon *Maffey* came on board with the Governor's Son, having sent off all the Provisions of the Island, and eleven Pipes of Wine, leaving only two half Pipes in the Store-house, and dismounting all the Guns of the Fort.

In the Afternoon they weigh'd one Anchor, but fearing to be too late to get out of the River, they flipped the other, and so fell down; in doing of which, they run the Ship a-ground. *Maffey* shew'd himself a Soldier upon this Accident; for as soon as the Misfortune happen'd, he left the Ship with about sixteen Hands, and row'd directly to the Fort, remounted the Guns, and kept Garrison there all the Night, while the Ship was ashore; and obliged some of the Factory to assist in getting her clear. In the mean while *Ruffel* came off, but not being suffer'd to come on board, he call'd to *Loxther*, and offer'd him and the Company whatever Terms they would accept of, upon Condition of surrendering up the Ship; but this had no Effect upon any of them. In the Morning they got her afloat, and *Maffey* and his Men came aboard, having nailed up and dismounted all the Cannon of the Fort: They put the Governor's Son, and two or three others ashore, who were not willing to go without the Governor, and sail'd out of the River, having exchange'd several Shot with the *Martins*, *Otter*, &c. that lay there, without doing Execution on either Side.

When the Ship came out to Sea, *Loxther* call'd up all the Company, and told them, *That it was the greatest Folly imaginable to think of retreating to England; for what they had already done, could not be justify'd upon any Pretence whatsoever, but would be look'd upon, in the Eye of the Law, as a capital Offence, and none of them were in a Condition to withstand the Attacks of such powerful Adversaries, as they would meet with at Home. For his Part, he told them, he was determin'd not to run such a Hazard, and therefore if his Proposal was not agreed to, he resolv'd to be set ashore in some Place of Safety: That they had a good Ship under them, a Parcel of brave Fellows in her; that it was not their Business to starve, or to make Slaves; and therefore, if they were all of his Mind, they should seek their Fortunes upon the Seas, as other Adventurers had done before them.* They one and all came into the Measures, knocked down the Cabins, made the Ship flush fore and aft, prepared black Colours, new nam'd her *The Delivery*, having about 50 Hands and 16 Guns; and then the following short Articles were drawn up, signed, and sworn to, upon the Bible.

The Articles of Captain *George Loxther*, and his Company.

1. **T**HE Captain is to have two full Shares; the Master is to have one Share and a half; the Doctor, Mate, Gunner, and Boatswain, one Share and a quarter.

2. He that shall be found guilty of taking up any unlawful Weapon on board the Privateer, or any Prize by us taken, so as to strike or abuse one another, in any regard, shall suffer what Punishment the Captain and majority of the Company shall think fit.

3. He that shall be found guilty of Cowardice in the Time of Engagement, shall suffer what Punishment the Captain and Majority shall think fit.

4. If any Gold, Jewels, Silver, &c. be found on board of any Prize or Prizes, to the Value of a Piece of Eight, and the Finder do not deliver it to the Quarter-master, in the Space of 24 Hours, he shall suffer what Punishment the Captain and Majority shall think fit.

5. He that is found guilty of Gaming, or Defrauding another to the Value of a Shilling, shall suffer what Punishment the Captain and Majority of the Company shall think fit.

6. He that shall have the Misfortune to lose a Limb, in Time of Engagement, shall have the Sum of One hundred and fifty Pounds Sterling, and remain with the Company as long as he shall think fit.

7. Good Quarters shall always be given when call'd for.

8. He that sees a Sail first shall have the best Pistol, or small Arms on board for.

It was on the 13th of *June* that *Loxther* left the Settlement, and on the 10th, being then within 20 Leagues of *Barbadoes*, he came up with a Brigantine, belonging to *Boston*, called the *Charles*, *James Douglas* Master, which they plunder'd in a pyratelical Manner, and let the Vessel go; but lest she should meet with any of the Station Ships, and so give Information of the Robbery, in *Terrorem*, to prevent a Pursuit, *Loxther* contriv'd a sort of a Certificate, which he directed the Master to shew to the r Consort, if they should meet with her; and upon Sight of it the Brigantine would pass unmolested: This Consort, he pretended, was a 40 Gun Ship, and cruising thereabouts.

After this the *Delivery* proceeded to *Hispaniola*; near the West End of the Island she met with a *French* Sloop laden with Wine and Brandy. Aboard of this Vessel went Captain *Maffey* as a Merchant, and ask'd the Price of one Thing, and then another, bidding Money for the greatest Part of her Cargo; but after he had trifled a while, he whisper'd a Secret in the *Frenchman's* Ear, viz. *That they must have it all without Money.* Monsieur presently understood their Meaning, and unwillingly agreed to the Bargain. They took out of her thirty Casks of Brandy, five Hogshheads of Wine, several Pieces of Chintzes, and other valuable Goods, and about 70 *l.* English, in Money; of which *Loxther* generously returned five Pounds back to the *French* Master for his Civilities.

But as all Constitutions grow old, and thereby shake and totter, so did their Commonwealth, in about a Month of its Age, feel Commotions, and intestine Disturbances, by the Divisions of its Members, which had near hand terminated in its Destruction: These civil Discords were owing to the following Occasion. Captain *Maffey* had been a Soldier almost from his Infancy, but was very indifferently acquainted with maritime Affairs, and having an enterprising Soul, nothing could satisfy him, but he must be doing Business in his own Way; therefore he required *Loxther* to let him have thirty Hands to land with, and he would attack the *French* Settlements, and bring aboard the Devil and all of Plunder.

Loxther did all that he could do, and said all that he could say, to dissuade *Maffey* from so rash and dangerous an Attempt; pointing out to him the Hazard the Company would run, and the Consequences to them all, if he should not succeed, and the little Likelihood there was to expect Success from the Undertaking: But 'twas all one for that, *Maffey* would go and attack the *French* Settlements, for any thing *Loxther* could say against it; so that he was oblig'd to propose the Matter to the Company, among whom *Maffey* found a few Fellows as resolute as himself; however, a great Majority being against it, the Affair was over-ruled in Opposition to the Captain. Upon this, *Maffey* grew fractious, quarrell'd with *Loxther*, and the Men divided into Parties, some siding with the Land Pirate, and some with the Sea Rover, and were all ready to fall together by the Ears.

In the Midst of this Squabble the Man at the Mast-head cry'd out, a Sail! a Sail! then they gave over

the Dispute, set all their Sails, and steer'd after the Chace. In a few Hours they came up with her, she being a small Ship from *Jamaica*, bound to *England*; they took what they thought fit out of her, and a Hand or two, and then *Lowther* was for sinking the Ship, with several Passengers that were in her; for what Reason no body knows; but *Massej* interposed in this Affair, prevented their cruel Fate, and the Ship safely arrived afterwards in *England*.

The next Day they took a small Sloop, an interloping Trader, which they detain'd with her Cargo. All this while *Massej* was uneasy, and declared his Resolution to leave them; and *Lowther* finding him a very troublesome Man to deal with, contented that he should take the Sloop last made Prize of, with what Hands had a Mind to go with him, and shift for himself. Whereupon *Massej*, with about ten more Malecontents, goes aboard the Sloop, and comes away in her directly for *Jamaica*.

Notwithstanding what had passed, Captain *Massej* puts a bold Face upon the Matter, and goes to Sir *Nicholas Lares*, the Governor, informs him of his leaving *Lowther* the Pirate, owns, *That he assisted in going off with the Ship, at the River Gambia*; but said, *'twas to save so many of his Majesty's Subjects from perishing; and that his Design was to return to England, till Lowther, conspiring with the greater Part of the Company, went a pyrating with the Ship; upon which, he had taken this Opportunity to leave him, and surrender himself and Vessel to his Excellency.*

Massej was very well received by the Governor, and had his Liberty given him, with a Promise of his Favour, and so forth; and, at his own Request, he was sent on board the happy Sloop, Captain *Lares*, to cruise off *Hispaniola* for *Lowther*; but not being so fortunate as to meet with him, Captain *Massej* returned back to *Jamaica* in the Sloop, and getting a Certificate, and a Supply of Money, from the Governor, he came home Passenger to *England*.

When *Massej* came to Town, he writes a long Letter to the Deputy Governor and Directors of the *African Company*, wherein he imprudently relates the whole Transactions of his Voyage, the going off with the Ship, and the Acts of Piracy he had committed with *Lowther*; but excuses it as Rashness and Inadvertency in himself, occasioned by his being ill used, contrary to the Promises that had been made him, and the Expectations he had entertained. He own'd however, that he deserved to die for what he had done; yet, if they had Generosity enough to forgive him, as he was still capable to do them Service, as a Soldier, so he would be very ready to do it; but if they resolved to prosecute him, he begg'd only this Favour, that he might not be hang'd like a Dog, but suffer'd to die like a Soldier, as he had been bred from his Childhood; that is, that he might be shot.

This was the Substance of the Letter, which, however, did not produce so favourable an Answer as he hoped for, Word being brought back to him, *That he should be fairly hang'd.* Upon this, *Massej* resolved not to go out of the Way, when he found what important Occasion there was likely to be for him, but takes a Lodging in *Aldersgate-street*, and the next Day goes to the Lord Chief Justice's Chambers, and enquires, if my Lord had granted a Warrant against Captain *John Massej* for Piracy. Being told by the Clerks, that they knew of no such Thing, he inform'd them, he was the Man, that my Lord would soon be applied to for that Purpose, and the Officer might come to him at such a Place, where he lodg'd: They took the Direction from him in Writing, and in a few Days, a Warrant being issued, the Tipstaff went directly, by his own Information, and apprehended him, without any other Trouble than walking to his Lodging.

There was then no Person in Town to charge him with any Fact, upon which he could be committed;

nor could the Letter be proved to be his Hand writing, so that they had been obliged to let him go again, if he had not helped his Accusers out at a Pinch: The Magistrate was reduced to the putting of this Question to him; *Did you write this Letter?* He answer'd, *I did*: And not only that, but confessed all the Contents of it; upon which, he was committed to *Newgate*, but was afterwards admitted to a hundred Pounds Bail, or thereabouts.

On the 5th of *July* 1723, he was brought to his Tryal, at a Court of Admiralty held at the *Old Bailey*, when Captain *Ruffel*, Governor *Whitney's* Son, and others, appeared as Evidences, by whom the Indictment was plainly proved against him; tho' if this had not been done, the Captain was of such an heroick Spirit, that, in all probability, he would have denied nothing; for instead of making a Defence, he only entertain'd the Court with a long Narrative of his Expedition, from the first setting out, to his Return to *England*, mentioning two Acts of Piracy committed by him, which he was not charged with, often challenging the Evidences to contradict him, if in any Thing he related the least Untruth; and instead of denying the Crimes set forth in the Indictment, he charged himself with various Circumstances, which fixed the Facts more home upon him. Upon the whole, the Captain was found Guilty, received Sentence of Death, and was executed three Weeks after, at *Execution Dock*.

We return now to *Lowther*, whom we left cruising off *Hispaniola*, from whence he ply'd to Windward, and near *Porto Rico*, chased two Sail, and spoke with them; they proved to be a small *Bristol* Ship, commanded by Captain *Smith*, and a *Spanish* Pirate, who had made Prize of the said Ship. *Lowther* examined the *Spaniard's* Authority, for taking an *English* Vessel, and threatned to put every Man of them to death, for so doing; so that the *Spaniards* fancied themselves in a very pitiful Condition, till Matters clear'd up, and then they found their Masters as great Rogues as themselves, from whom some Mercy might be expected, in regard to the near Relation they stood with them, as to their Profession. In short, *Lowther* first rifled, and then burnt both the Ships, sending the *Spaniards* away in their Launch, and turning all the *English* Sailors into Pirates.

After a few Days Cruise, *Lowther* took a small Sloop belonging to *St. Christophers*, which they mann'd and carried along with them to a small Island, where they cleaned, and staid some Time to take their Diversions; which consisted in unheard of Debaucheries, with drinking, swearing, and rioting, in which there seem'd to be a kind of Emulation among them, they resembling rather Devils than Men, and striving who should out do the rest in new invented Oaths and Execrations.

They all got aboard about *Christmas*, observing neither Times nor Seasons for perpetrating their villainous Actions, and sailed towards the Bay of *Honduras*; but stopping at the *Grand Caimanes*, for Water, they met with a small Vessel with 13 Hands, in the same honourable Employment with themselves; the Captain of this Gang was one *Edward Low*, whose Life will be the next in this Collection. *Lowther* received them as Friends, and treated them with all imaginable Respect, inviting them, as they were few in Number, and in no Condition to pursue the Account (as they called it) to join their Strength together; which on the Consideration aforesaid, was accepted of, *Lowther* still continuing Commander, and *Low* being made Licutenant: The Vessel the new Pirates came out of, they sunk, and the Confederates proceeded on the Voyage that *Lowther* before intended.

On the 10th of *January*, the Pirates came into the Bay, and fell upon a Ship of 200 Tunn, called the *Greyhound*, *Benjamin Edwards* Commander, belonging to *Boston*. *Lowther* hoisted his piratical

Colours



J. Nichols del.

Toms. July

Capt. GEORGE LOWTHER and his Company at Port Mayo in the Gulph of Matique.

Colours, and fired a Gun for the *Greyhound* to bring to; which she refusing, the *Happy Delivery* (the Name of the Pirate) edg'd down, and gave her a Broadside, which was returned by Captain *Edwards* very bravely, and the Engagement held for an Hour; but Captain *Edwards* finding the Pirate too strong for him, and fearing the Consequence of too obstinate a Resistance against those lawless Fellows, ordered his Ensign to be struck. The Pirates Boat came aboard, and not only rifled the Ship, but whipp'd, beat, and cut the Men in a cruel Manner, turned them aboard their own Ship, and then set Fire to theirs.

In cruising about the Bay, they met and took several other Vessels without any Resistance, viz. two Brigantines of *Boston* in *New England*, one of which they burnt, and sunk the other; a Sloop belonging to *Connecticut*, Captain *Airs*, which they also burnt; a Sloop of *Jamaica*, Captain *Hamilton*, which they took for their own Use; a Sloop of *Virginia* they unladed, and were so generous as to give her back to the Master that own'd her. They took a Sloop of the *Tun*, belonging to *Rhode Island*, which they were pleas'd to keep, and mount with eight Carriage, and ten Swivel Guns.

With this little Fleet, viz. Admiral *Loxther*, in the *Happy Delivery*; Captain *Lox*, in the *Rhode Island* Sloop; Captain *Harris* (who was second Mate in the *Greyhound* when taken) in *Hamilton's* Sloop; and the little Sloop formerly mentioned, serving as a Tender; I say, with this Fleet the Pirates left the Bay, and came to *Port Mayo* in the Gulph of *Matique*, and there made Preparations to carreen; they carried ashore all their Sails, and made Tents by the Water side, wherein they laid their Plunder, Stores, &c. and fell to work; and at the Time that the Ships were upon the Heel, and the good Folks employ'd in heaving down, scrubbing, rallowing, and so forth, of a sudden came down a considerable Body of the Natives, and attack'd the Pirates unprepared. As they were in no Condition to defend themselves, they fled to their Sloops, leaving them Masters of the Field and the Spoil thereof, which was of great Value, and set Fire to the *Happy Delivery*, their capital ship.

Loxther made the best Provision he could in the largest Sloop, which he called the *Ranger*, having ten Gun and eight Swivels; and the sailing best, the Company went all aboard of her, and left the other at Sea. Provision was now very short, which, with the late Loss, put them in a confounded ill Humour, insomuch that they were now and then going together by the Ears, laying the Blame of their ill Conduct sometimes upon one, then upon another.

The Beginning of *May* 1722, they got to the *West Indies*, and near the Island of *Desseada* they took a Brigantine, one *Pyne* Master, that afforded them what they stood in need of, which put them in better Temper, and Business seemed to go on well again. After they had pretty well plundered the Brigantine, they sent her to the Bottom. They went into the Island and watered, and then stood to the Northward, intending to visit the Main Coast of *America*.

In the Latitude of 38 they took a Brigantine, called the *Rebecca* of *Boston*, Captain *Smith*, bound thither from *St. Christophers*. At the taking of this Vessel, the Crews divided; for *Lox*, whom *Loxther* joined at the *Grand Caimanes*, proving always a very unruly Member of the Commonwealth, continually aspiring, and never satisfy'd with the Proceedings of the Commander, he thought it the safest Way to get rid of him, upon any Terms; and, according to the Vote of the Company, they parted the Bear Skin between them: *Lox* with 44 Hands went aboard the Brigantine, and *Loxther* with the same Number staid in the Sloop; and so they separated that very Night, being the 28th of *May* 1722.

Loxther proceeded on his Way to the Main Coast, took three or four fishing Vessels off *New York*, which was no great Booty to the Captors. On the 3d of *June*, they met with a small *New England* Ship, bound home from *Barbadoes*, which stood an Attack a small Time, but finding it to no Purpose, yielded herself a Prey to the Booters: The Pirates took out of her fourteen Hogheads of Rum, six Barrels of Sugar, a large Box of *English* Goods, several Casks of Loaf Sugar, a considerable Quantity of Pepper, six Negroes, besides a Sum of Money and Plate, and then let her go on her Voyage.

The next Adventure was not so fortunate for them; for coming pretty near the Coast of *South Carolina*, they met with a Ship just come out, on her Voyage to *England*; *Loxther* gave her a Gun, and hoisted his pyratrical Colours; but this Ship, which was called the *Amy*, happening to have a brave gallant Man to command her, who was not any ways daunted with that terrible Ensign, the black Flag, he, instead of striking immediately, as it was expected, let fly a Broadside at the Pirate. *Loxther* (not at all pleas'd with the Compliment, though he put up with it for the present) was for taking Leave; but the *Amy* getting the Pirate between her and the Shore, stood after him to clap him aboard; to prevent which, *Loxther* run the Sloop a-ground, and landed all the Men with their Arms. Captain *Gwatkins*, the Captain of the *Amy*, was obliged to stand off, for fear of running his own Ship ashore; but at the same Time thought fit, for the publick Good, to destroy the Enemy; and thereupon went into the Boat, and rowed towards the Sloop, in order to set her on Fire; but before he reached the Vessel, a fatal Shot from *Loxther's* Company ashore, put an End to their Design and Captain *Gwatkins's* Life. After this unfortunate Blow, the Mate returned aboard with the Boat, and, not being enclined to pursue them any farther, took Charge of the Ship.

Loxther got off the Sloop after the Departure of the *Amy*, and brought all his Men aboard again, but was in a poor shattered Condition, having suffered much in the Engagement, and had a great many Men kill'd and wounded: He made Shift to get into an Inlet somewhere in *North Carolina*, where he staid a long while before he was able to put to Sea again.

He and his Crew laid up all the Winter, and staid as well as they could among the Woods, divided themselves into small Parties, and hunted generally in the Day time, killing black Cattle, Hogs, &c. for their Subsistence, and in the Night retired to their Tents and Huts, which they made for Lodging; and sometimes, when the Weather grew very cold, they would stay aboard of their Sloop.

In the Spring of the Year 1723, they made Shift to get to Sea, and steered their Course for *Newfoundland*, and upon the Banks took a Scooner, call'd the *Swift*, *John Hood* Master; they found a good Quantity of Provisions aboard her, which they very much wanted at that Time, and after taking three of their Hands, and plundering her of what they thought fit, they let her depart. They took several other Vessels upon the Banks, and in the Harbour, but none of any great Account; and then steering for a warmer Climate, in *August* they arrived at the *West Indies*. In their Passage thither they met with a Brigantine, called the *John* and *Elizabeth*, *Richard Stanny* Master, bound for *Boston*, which they plundered, took two of her Men, and discharged her.

Loxther cruised a pretty while among the Islands without any extraordinary Success, and was reduc'd to a very small Allowance of Provisions, till they had the Luck to fall in with a *Martinico* Man, which proved a seasonable Relief to them; and after that,

a Guinea

a *Guiney* Man had the ill Fortune to become a Prey to the Rovers; she was called the *Princess*, Captain *Wicksted* Commander.

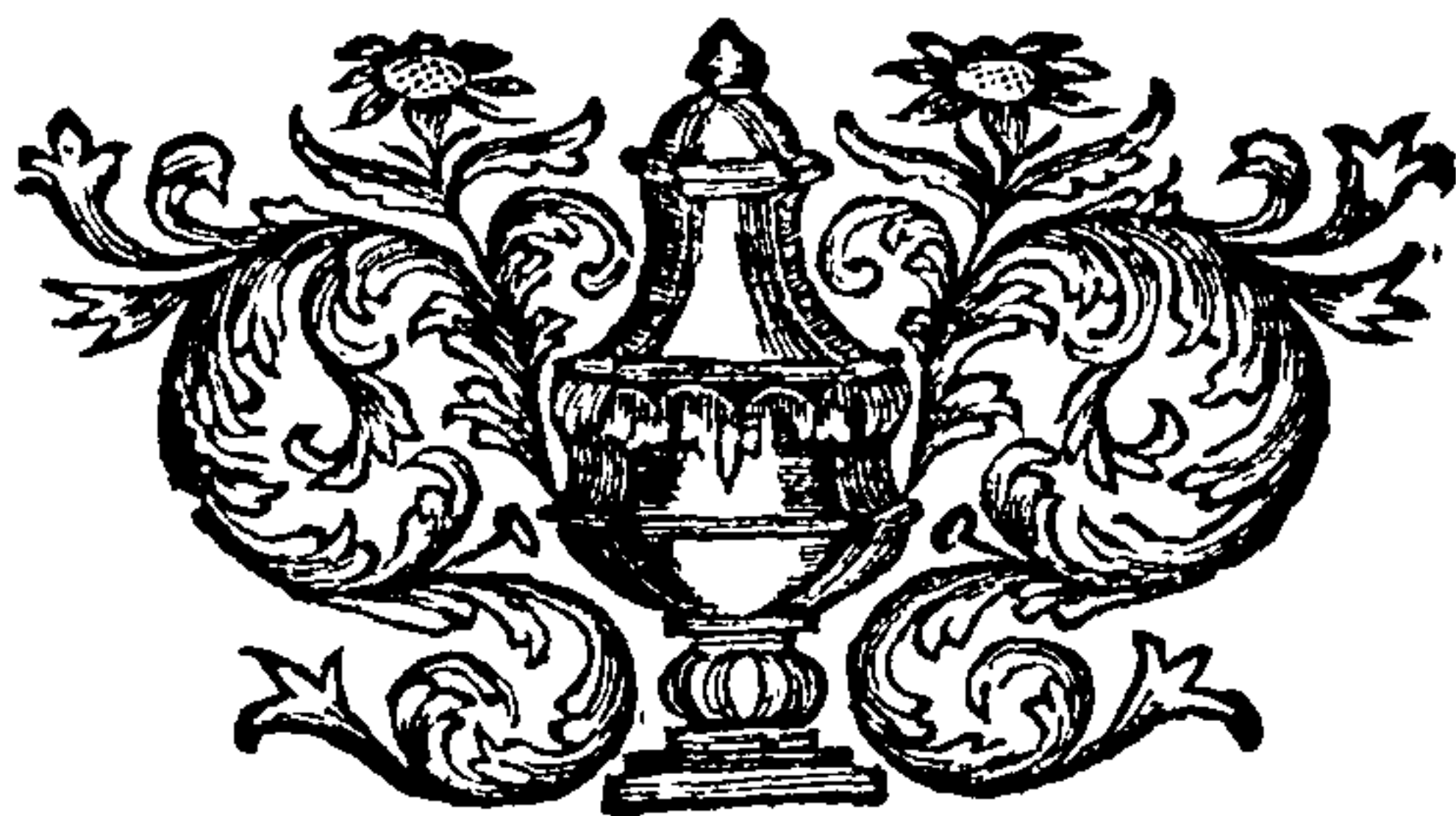
It was now thought necessary to look out for a Place to clean their Sloop in, and prepare for new Adventures: Accordingly the Island of *Blanco* was pitched upon for that Purpose, which lies in the Latitude of $11^{\circ} 50$ m. N. about 30 Leagues from the Main of the *Spanish America*, between the Islands of *Margarita* and *Rocas*, and not far from *Tortuga*. It is a low even Island, but healthy and dry, uninhabited, and about two Leagues in Circumference, with plenty of *Lignum Vitæ* Trees thereon, growing in Spots, with shrubby Bushes of other Wood about them. There are, besides Turtle, great Numbers of *Guanoes*, which is an amphibious Creature like a Lizard, but much larger, the Body of it being as big as a Man's Leg: They are very good to eat, and are much used by the Pyrates that come here: They are of divers Colours, but such as live upon dry Ground, as here at *Blanco*, are commonly yellow. On the North-west End of this Island, there is a small Cove of sandy Bay; all round the rest of the Island is deep Water, and steep close to the Island. Hither *Lowther* resorted to, about the Beginning of *October*, unrigged his Sloop, sent his Guns, Sails, Rigging, &c. ashore, and put his Vessel upon the Careen. The *Eagle* Sloop of *Barbadoes*, belonging to the *South Sea Company*, with 35 Hands, commanded by *Walter Moore*, coming near this Island, in her Vooyage to *Comena*, on the *Spanish Continent*, saw the said Sloop just careen'd, with her Guns out, and Sails unbent, which she supposed to be a Pirate, because it was a Place where Traders did not commonly use, and so took the Advantage of attacking of her, as she was then unprepared. The *Eagle* having fired a Gun to oblige her to shew her Colours, the Pyrates hoisted the *St. George's* Flag at their Topmast-Head, as it were to bid Defiance to her; but when they found *Moore* and his Crew resolved to board them in good Earn-

est, the Pyrates cut their Cable, and hawled their Stern on Shore, which obliged the *Eagle* to come to an Anchor a-thwart her Hawse, where she engaged them till they called for Quarter and struck; at which Time *Lowther* and twelve of the Crew made their Escape out of the Cabin Window. The Master of the *Eagle* got the Pirate Sloop off, secured her, and went ashore with 25 Hands, in Pursuit of *Lowther* and his Gang; but after five Days Search, they could find but five of them, which they brought aboard, and then proceeded with the Sloop and Pyrates to *Comena* aforesaid, where they soon arrived.

The *Spanish Governor*, being informed of this brave Action, condemned the Sloop to the Captors, and sent a small Sloop with 23 Hands to scour the Bushes, and other Places of the Island of *Blanco*, for the Pyrates that remained there, and took four more, with seven small Arms, leaving behind them Captain *Lowther*, three Men, and a little Boy, which they could not take; the above four the *Spaniards* try'd, and condemned to Slavery for Life; three to the Gallies, and the other to the Castle of *Arraria*.

The *Eagle* Sloop brought all their Prisoners afterwards to *St. Christophers*, where the following were try'd by a Court of Vice Admiralty, there held *March* the 11th, 1722, viz. *John Churchill*, *Edward Mackdonald*, *Nicholas Lewis*, *Richard West*, *Samuel Levercott*, *Robert White*, *John Sharw*, *Andrew Hunter*, *Jonathan Delve*, *Matthew Freebarn*, *Henry Watson*, *Roger Grange*, *Ralph Candor*, and *Robert Wills*. The three last were acquitted, the other thirteen were found Guilty, two of which were recommended to Mercy by the Court, and accordingly pardoned; and the rest executed at that Island, on the 20th of the same Month.

As for Captain *Lowther*, it is said, that he afterwards shot himself upon that fatal Island, where his Pyracies ended, being found, by some Sloop's Men, dead, and a Pistol burst by his Side.





J. Nicholls delin.

J. Basire sculp.

Cap^t. EDWARD LOW.
in y^e. Hurricane which he and all the Crew had Like to perish in

The LIFE of Captain EDWARD LOW.

EDWARD Low was born in *Westminster*, and had his Education there, such as it was, for he could neither write or read. Nature seem'd to have design'd him for a Pyrate from his Childhood, for he very early began the Trade of Plundering, and was wont to raise Contributions among all the Boys of *Westminster*; and if any were bold enough to refuse it, a Battle was the Consequence; but Low was so hardy, as well as bold, that there was no getting the better of him, so that he robbed the Youths of their Farthings, with Impunity; when he grew bigger, he took to Gaming in a low Way, for it was commonly among the Men in the Lobby of the House of Commons, that he used to play the whole Game (as they call it) that is, cheat all he could, and the Men would dispute it with him, much fighting.

The Virtues of some of his Land were equal to his; one of his Brothers was a Youth of Genius; when he was but seven years old, he used to be carried in a Basket upon a Porter's Back, to a Crowd, and snatch Hats and Vests: According to the exact Chronology of *Norfolk*, he was the first who practis'd this ingenious Trick. After this, he apply'd himself to pick-pockets: When he increased in Strength, he attempted every Thing, such as House-breaking, &c. But after he had run a short Race, he had the Misfortune of ending his Days at *Tyburn*, in Company with *Stephen Worey*, and the celebrated *Jack Hill* the Chimney-Sweeper.

But to return to *Net*; when he came to Man's Estate, at his eldest brother's Desire, he went to Sea with him, and so continued for three or four Years, and then they parted. *Net* work'd in a Rigging-House in *Boston*, in *New England*, for a while. About the Year 1717, he took a Trip home to *England*, to see his Mother, who was then living. His Stay was not long here; but taking Leave of his Friends and Acquaintance, for the last Time he should see them (for so he was pleas'd to say) he returned to *Boston*, and work'd a Year or two longer at the Rigging Business. But being too apt to disagree with his Masters, he left them, and shipp'd himself in a Sloop that was bound to the Bay of *Honoluras*.

When the Sloop arriv'd in the Bay, *Net* Low was appointed Patron of the Boat, which was employ'd in cutting of Logwood, and bringing it aboard to lade the Ship; for that is the Commodity they make the Voyage for: In the Boat were twelve Men besides Low, who all went arm'd, because of the *Spaniards*, from whom this Logwood is but little better than stole. It happen'd that the Boat one Day came aboard just before Dinner was ready, and Low desir'd that they might stay and dine; but the Captain, being in a hurry for his Lading, order'd them a Bottle of Rum, and to make another Trip, because no Time should be lost: This provok'd the Boat's Crew, but particularly Low, who took up a loaded Musquet and fired at the Captain, but missing him, he shot another poor Fellow thro' the Head, then put off the Boat, and with his twelve Companions got to Sea: The next Day they took a small Vessel, and went into her, made a black Flag, and declared War against all the World.

They then proceeded to the Island of the *Grand Caimites*, intending to have fitted up their small

Vessel, and prepare themselves, as well as their Circumstances would permit, for their honourable Employment; but falling in Company with *George Lowther*, another Pyrate there, and he paying his Compliments to Low, as great folks do to one another when they meet, and offering himself as an Ally, Low accepted the Terms, and so the Treaty was sign'd without Plenipo's, or any other Formalities.

We have already given an Account of their joint Pyracies, under *Lowther* as chief Commander, till the 28th of May 1722, when they took a Brigantine of *Boston*, bound thither from *St. Christophers*; at which they parted, and *Edward Low* went into the Brigantine, with forty four others, who chose him their Captain: They took with them two Guns, four Swivels, six Quarter casks of Powder, some Provisions and Stores, and so left *Lowther* to prosecute his Adventures, with the Men he had left.

Their first Adventure in the Brigantine was on *Saturday* the 3d Day of *June*, when they took a Vessel belonging to *Amboy*, *John Hine* Master, whom he rifled of his Provisions, and let go; the same Day he met with a Sloop, *James Calypson* Master, out of *Rhode Island*, bound into that Port. This Ship he first plundered, and then cut away his Bolt-sprit, and all his Rigging; as also his Sails from his Mast, and wounded the Master, to prevent his getting in to give Intelligence, and then stood away to the South Eastward, with all the Sail he could make, there being but little Wind.

Low judg'd right in making Sail from the Coast, for a longer stay had proved fatal to him; for notwithstanding the disabled Condition he had brought the Sloop into, he made shift to get into *Block Island*, at 12 o' Clock that Night, and immediately dispatch'd a Whale-Boat to *Rhode Island*, which got thither by seven the next Morning, with an Account of the Pyrate, his Force, and what had happened to him: As soon as the Governor had received this Information, he ordered a Drum to beat up for Volunteers, and two of the best Sloops then in the Harbour to be fitted out: He gave Commissions to one Captain *John Heald*, and Captain *John Broken*, jun. for ten Days; the former had eight Guns and two Swivels, and the latter six Guns, well fitted with small Arms, and in both Sloops 140 stout Fellows. All this was performed with so much Expedition, that before Sun-set they were under Sail, turning out of the Harbour, at the same Time the Pyrate was seen from *Block Island*, which gave great Hopes that the Sloops would be Masters of her the next Day: This however did not happen, for the Sloops returned into the Harbour some Days afterwards, without so much as seeing their Enemy.

After this Escape, Captain Low went into Port upon the Coast; for he had not fresh Water enough to run to the Islands, where he staid a few Days, getting Provisions and what Necessaries the Crew wanted, and then sail'd for Purchase (as they call it) steering their Course for *Marblehead*.

About the 12th of *July*, the Brigantine sail'd into the Harbour of Port *Rosemary*, and there found thirteen Ships and Vessels, but none of Force, at Anchor; they spread their black Flag, and ran in among them; Low telling them from the Brigantine, that they

they should have no Quarters if they resisted. In the mean Time they mann'd and arm'd their Boat, and took Possession of every one of them, plunder'd them of what they thought fit, and converted one to their own Use, viz. a Scooner of 80 Tuns. A-board of this they put 10 Carriage Guns, and 50 Men, and *Lowe* himself went Captain, and named her the *Fancy*; making one *Charles Harris* (who was at first forced into their Service out of the *Greyhound* of *Boston*, by *Lowe*, of which Ship *Harris* was second Mate) Captain of the Brigantine: Out of these Vessels they took several Hands, and increased the Company to 80 Men, who all signed the Articles; some willingly, and a few perhaps by Force; and so they sailed away from *Marblehead*.

Some Time after this, they met with two Sloops bound for *Boston*, with Provisions for the Garrison; the Scooner coming up first, she attacked them; but there happening to be an Officer and some Soldiers on board, who gave them a warm Reception, *Lowe* chose to stay till he could be joined by the Brigantine; in the mean while the Sloops made the best of their Way, and the Pyrates gave them Chace two Days, and at last lost Sight of them in a Fog.

They now steer'd for the Leeward Islands, but in their Voyage met with such a Hurricane of Wind, that the like had not been known; the Sea ran Mountain high, and seemed to threaten them every Moment with Destruction. It was no Time now to look out for Plunder, but to save themselves, if possible, from perishing. All Hands were continually employed Night and Day, on board the Brigantine, and all little enough; for the Waves went over her, so that they were forced to keep the Pump constantly going, besides their Buckets. Notwithstanding which, finding themselves not able to keep her free, and seeing the utmost Danger before their Eyes, they turn'd to the Tackle, and hoisted out their Provisions, and other heavy Goods, and threw them over-board, with six of their Guns: so that by lightening the Vessel, she might rise to the Top of the Sea with the Waves. They were also going to cut away their Mast; but considering how dangerous it would be to be left in such a Condition, they resolved to delay it to the last, which was a great deal of Prudence in them; for a Ship without Masts or Sails lies like a Log upon the Water, and, if attack'd, must fight with Disadvantage, the working of her being the most artful Part of the Engagement, because she may sometimes bring all her great Guns on one Side, to bear upon her Enemy, when the disabled Ship can do little or nothing.

But to proceed; by their throwing over-board the heavy Goods, the Vessel made considerable less Water, and they could keep it under with the Pump only, which gave them Hopes and new Life; so that instead of cutting all away, they took necessary Measures to secure the Mast, by making Preventor-Shrouds, &c. and then they wore and lay too upon the other Tack, till the Storm was over. The Scooner made somewhat better Weather of it of the two, but was pretty roughly handled notwithstanding, having split her Main-sail, sprung her Bolt-sprit, and cut her Anchors from her Bows. The Brigantine by running away to Leeward, when she wore upon the Larboard Tack, had lost Sight of the Scooner; but not knowing whether she might be safe or not, as soon as the Wind abated, she set her Main-Sail and Top-Sail, and made short Trips to Windward; and the next Day had the good Fortune to come in Sight of her Consort, who, upon a Signal, which the other knew, bore down to her, and the Crew were overjoy'd to meet again, after such ill Treatment from the Winds and Seas.

After the Storm, *Lowe* got safe to a small Island, one of the Weathermost of the *Caribbees*, and there fitted their Vessels, as well as the Place could afford. They got Provisions of the Natives, in exchange for Goods of their own; and as soon as the Brigantine was ready, 'twas judg'd necessary to take

a short Cruise, and leave the Scooner in the Harbour till her Return. The Brigantine sail'd out accordingly, and had not been out many Days before they met a Ship at Sea, that had lost all her Masts. On board of her they went, and took from her in Money and Goods, to the Value of 1000 *l.* and so left her in the Condition they found her: This Ship was bound home from *Barbadoes*, but losing her Masts in the late Storm, was making for *Antigua*, to refit, where she afterwards arriv'd.

The Storm just spoken of, was found to have done incredible Damage in those Parts of the World; but however, it appear'd to have been more violent at *Jamaica*, both to the Island and Shipping: There was such a prodigious Swell of the Sea, that several hundred Tuns of Stones and Rocks, were thrown over the Wall of the Town of *Port Royal*, and the Town itself was overflowed, and above half destroy'd; there being the next Morning five Foot Water from one End to the other; the Cannon of *Fort Charles* were dismounted, and some washed into the Sea, and four hundred People lost their Lives; a more melancholly Sight was scarce ever seen when the Water ebb'd away, all the Streets being covered with Ruins of Houses, Wrecks of Vessels, and a great Number of dead Bodies, for forty Sail of Ships, in the Harbour, were cast away.

The Brigantine returned to the Island, where she had left the Scooner, who being ready to sail, it was put to the Vote of the Company, what Voyage to take next; and herein they follow'd the Advice of the Captain, who thought it not advisable to go any farther to Leeward, because of the Men of War who were cruising in their several Stations, which they were not at all fond of meeting; and therefore it was agreed to go to the *Azores*, or Western Islands.

The latter End of *July*, *Lowe* took a *French Ship* of 24 Guns, and carried her along with him to the *Azores*. He came into *St. Michael's Road* the 3d of *August*, and took seven Sail that were lying there, viz. the *Nostre Dame Mere de Dieu*, Captain *Reche* Commander; the *Dove*, Captain *Cox*; the *Rose Pink*, formerly a Man of War, Captain *Thompson*; another *English Ship*, Captain *Chandler*; and three other Vessels. He threaten'd all with present Death who resisted, which struck such a Terror to them, that they yielded themselves up a Prey to the Villains, without firing a Gun.

The Pyrates being in great Want of Water and fresh Provisions, *Lowe* sent to the Governor of *St. Michael's* for a Supply, and promised upon that Condition to release the Ships he had taken, but otherwise to burn them all. This Demand the Governor thought it not prudent to refuse, but sent the Provision he required; upon which, he released six of the Ships (after he had plundered them of what he thought fit) and the other, viz. the *Rose Pink*, was made a Pirate Ship, which *Lowe* himself took the Command of.

The Pyrates took several of the Guns out of the *French Ship*, which proved not very fit for their Turn, so that they mounted them aboard the *Rose*, and condemned the former to the Flames. They took all the Crew out of her, but the Cook, who, they said, being a greasy Fellow would fry well in the Fire, so the poor Man was bound to the Main-mast, and burnt in the Ship, to the no small Diversion of *Lowe* and his Mirmidons.

Lowe ordered the Scooner to lie in the Fare between *St. Michael's* and *St. Mary's*, where, about the 20th of *August*, Captain *Carter* in the *Wright Galley* had the ill Fortune to come in her Way; and because at first they shewed Inclinations to defend themselves and what they had, the Pyrates cut and mangled them in a barbarous Manner; particularly some *Portuguese* Passengers, two of which being Friars, they tric'd them up at each Arm of the Fore-Yard, but let them down again before they were quite dead, and this they repeated several Times out of Sport.

Another

Another *Portuguese*, who was also Captain *Carter's* Passenger, putting on a sorrowful Countenance at what he saw acted, one of this vile Crew attacked him upon the Deck, saying, *he is not like his Looks*, and thereupon gave him one Blow across his Belly with his Cutlass, that cut out his Bowels, and he fell down dead without speaking a Word. At the same Time, another of these Rogues cutting at a Prisoner, missed his Mark, and Captain *Loze* standing in his Way, very opportunely received the Stroke upon his under Jaw, which laid the Teeth bare; upon this the Surgeon was called, who immediately stitched up the Wound; but *Loze* finding Fault with the Operation, the Surgeon being tolerably drunk, as it was customary for every Body to be, struck *Loze* such a Blow with his Fist, that broke out all the Stitches, and then bid him sew up his Chops himself and be damned; so that *Loze* made a very pitiful Figure for some Time after.

When they had plundered Captain *Carter's* Ship, several of them were for burning her, as they had done the *Frenchman*, but it was otherwise resolved at last; for, after they had cut her Cables, Rigging, and Sails to Pieces, they left her to the Mercy of the Sea.

After these Depredations, they steered for the Island of *Madeira*, where mulling other Booty, they took up with a Fishing Boat, with two old Men and a Boy in her, one of which they detained on board, but sent the other ashore with a Flag of Truce, demanding a Boat of Water of the Governor, on Pain of taking away the old Man's Life, whom they threatened to hang at the Yard Arm, upon their Refusal; but the Thing being comply'd with, the old Man was honourably (as the Pyrates say) discharged, and all the three much handsomer clouted than when they took them. From this Island they sailed to the *Canaries*, where meeting no Prey, they continued their Course for the *Cape de Verde* Islands, and a *Bo-navista* took a Ship called the *Les Pool Merchant*, Captain *Goulting*, from whom they stole a great Quantity of Provisions and dry Goods, 200 Gallons of Brandy, two Guns and Carriages, a Malt, Yard, and Hawfers, besides six of his Men, and then would not let them trade there, nor at *St. Nicholas*, but obliged Captain *Goulting* to go with his Ship to the Isle of *Mey*.

The Pyrate also took among these Islands a Ship belonging to *Liverpool*, one *Scot* Commander; two *Portuguese* Sloops bound for *Brasil*; a small *English* Sloop trading there, *James Pease* Master, bound to *Santa Cruz*; and three Sloops from *St. Thomas* bound to *Curaçò*; the Masters Names were *Lilly*, *Staples*, and *Simpkins*; all which they plundered, and then let them go about their Business, except one Sloop, which they fitted up for the following Purpose.

Loze had heard by one of the above mentioned Ships, that two small Gallies were expected every Day at the *Western Islands*, viz. the *Greyhound*, Captain *Glass*, and the *Feliff*, Captain *Aram*; the former of which was designed to be fitted for the py-ratical Trade to *Brasil*, if Things had happened to their Minds. They mann'd the Sloop, and sent her in quest of one or both of these Ships to the *Western Islands* aforesaid, whilst they careen'd their Ship *Rosè*, at one of the *Cape de Verde's*: But now Fortune, that had hitherto been so propitious to them, left her Minions, and baffled for the present all their Hopes; for the Sloop missing of their Prey, was reduc'd to great Necessities for want of Provisions and Water, so that they ventured to go ashore at *St. Michael's* for a Supply, and to pass for a Trader; but they play'd their Parts so awkwardly, that they were suspected by the Governor to be what they really were, and he was soon put out of Doubt by a Visit from some *Portuguese* made them, who happened unluckily to be Passengers in Captain *Carter's* Ship, when *Loze* took her, and knew the Gentlemen's Faces very well; upon which the whole Crew was conducted

into the Cattle, where they were provided for as long as they liv'd.

Loze, in the mean Time, did not fare quite so ill, but had his intended Voyage to *Brasil* spoil'd, by the oversetting of his Ship, when she was upon the *Carreen*, whereby she was lost, so that he was reduc'd to his old Scooner, which he called the *Fancy*, aboard of which they all went, to the Number of 100, as vile Rogues as ever ended their Lives at *Tyburn*. They proceeded now to the *West Indies*, but before they had gotten far on their Voyage, they attacked a rich *Portuguese* Ship, called the *Nosra Senhora de Victoria*, bound home from *Bahia*, and after some Resistance took her. *Loze* tortured several of the Men, to make them declare where the Money (which he supposed they had on board) lay, and extorted by that Means, a Confession that the Captain had, during the Chace, hung out of the Cabin Window, a Bag with 11,000 Moidores; and that, as soon as he was taken, he cut the Rope off, and let it drop into the Sea.

Loze, upon hearing what a Prize had escaped him, raved like a Fury, swore a thousand Oaths, and ordered the Captains Lips to be cut off, which he broil'd before his Face, and afterwards murdered him and all his Crew, being thirty two Persons.

After this bloody Action, they continued their Course, till they came to the Northward of all the Islands, where they cruised for about a Month; in which Time they made Prizes of the following Vessels, viz. a Sloop from *New York* to *Curaçò*, *Re-lier Leonard* Master; a Sloop from the Bay, bound to *New York*, *Craig* Master; a Snow from *London* and *Jamaica*, bound to *New York*; and the *Ston-rose* Pink, *And ere Delbridge* Master, from *Jamaica* to *Boston*; which last they burnt, because of *Loze's* irreconcilable Aversion to *New England* Men.

After this Cruise, they went into one of the Islands and clean'd, and then steer'd for the Bay of *Hon-nor*, where they arrived about the Middle of *March* 1722-3, and met a Sloop turning out of the said Bay. The Pyrates had hoisted up *Spanish* Colours, and continued them till they drew near the Sloop; then they hall'd them down, hoisted their black Flag, fired a Broadside, and boarded her. This Sloop was a *Spaniard* of six Guns, and 70 Men, that came into the Bay that Morning, and meeting there with five *English* Sloops and a Pink, had made Prizes of them all, plundered them, and brought the Masters of the Vessels away Prisoners, for the Ransom of the Logwood; their Names were *Futbill*, *Norton*, *Nere-lury*, *Spratfort*, *Clark*, and *Parrot*. The *Spaniards* made no Resistance, so that the *English* Pyrates soon became their Masters, and fell to rilling; but finding the above mentioned People in the Hold, and several *English* Goods, they consulted *Loze* the Captain thereupon, and without examining any further, the Resolution pass'd to kill all the Company; and the Pyrates, without any Ceremony, fell pell-mell to Execution, with their Swords, Cutlasses, Pole-Axes, and Pistols, cutting, flailing, and shooting the poor *Spaniards*, at a sad Rate. Some of the miserable Creatures jump'd down into the Hold, but could not avoid the Massacre; they met Death every where, for if they escap'd it from one Hand, they were sure to perish by another; the only Prospect they had of Life, was to fly from the Rage of those merciless Men, and to trust to the more merciful Sea; and accordingly a great many leap'd overboard, and swam for the Shore. *Loze* perceiving this, ordered the Canoe to be mann'd, and sent in Pursuit of them; by which Means several of the poor unhappy Men were knock'd on the Head in the Water, as they were endeavouring to get to Land; however, about twelve of them reached to the Shore, but in a miserable Condition, being very much wounded, and what became of them afterwards was not known; except that one, who, while the Pyrates were at the Sports and Pastimes ashore, finding himself

himself very weak, and fainting with his Wounds, and not knowing where to go for Help and Relief, in this Extremity, he came back to them, and begg'd for God sake, in the most earnest Manner possible, that they would give him Quarters; upon which, one of the Villains took hold of him, and said, G——d——n him, he would give him good Quarters presently, and made the poor Spaniard down on his Knees; then taking his Fusil, put the Muzzle of it into his Mouth, and fired down his Throat. 'Twas thought the rest did not long survive their miserable Condition, and could only prolong their Lives, to add to the Misery of them.

When the murdering Work was over, they rumag'd the Spanish Pirate, and brought all the Booty aboard their own Vessels: The six Masters aforementioned, found in the Hold, they restored to their respective Vessels: They forced away the Carpenter from the Pink, and then set Fire to the Spanish Sloop, and burnt her; which last Scene concluded the Destruction of their Enemy, Ship, and Crew.

Lowe set the Masters of the Vessels free, but would not suffer them to steer for Jamaica, where they were bound, for fear the Men of War should get Intelligence of them; but forced them all to go to New York, threatening them with Death, when they met them again, if they refused to comply with his Demands.

In the next Cruise, which was between the Leeward Islands and the Main, they took two Snows, bound from Jamaica to Liverpool, and a Snow from Jamaica to London, British Master; as also a Ship from Riddiford to Jamaica, John Pinkham Commander; and two Sloops from Jamaica to Virginia.

On the 27th of May, Lowe and his Confort Harris, came off South Carolina, and met with three good Ships, viz. the Crown Captain Lovereign, the King William, the Carteret, and a Brigantine, who all came out of Carolina together two Days before. The Pirates were at the Trouble of chasing them, and Captain Lovereign being the sternmost, she fell first a Prey into their Hands; and they spent all the Day in coming up with the rest.

Within a few Days they took a Ship called the Amsterdam Merchant, Captain Willard, from Jamaica, but belonging to New England; as Lowe let none of that Country depart without some Marks of his Rage, he cut off this Gentleman's Ears, slit up his Nose, and cut him in several Places of his Body, and after plundering his Ship, let him pursue his Voyage.

After this he took a Sloop bound to Amboy, William Frazier Master, with whom Mr. Lowe happening to be displeased, he order'd lighted Matches to be ty'd between the Mens Fingers, which burnt all the Flesh off the Bones; they then cut them in several Parts of their Bodies with Knives and Cutlasses; afterwards they took all their Provisions away, and set some of them ashore in an uninhabited Part of the Country.

The Kingston, Captain Essex; another Ship, one Burrington Master; two Brigantines from Carolina to London; a Sloop from Virginia to Bermuda; a Ship from Glasgow to Virginia; a Scooner from New York to South Carolina; a Pink from Virginia to Dartmouth; and a Sloop from Philadelphia to Surinam, all fell a Prey to these Villains upon this Cruise, besides those above mentioned.

It happened that at this Time one of his Majesty's Ships was upon the Cruise, on this Station, and got Intelligence of some of the mischievous Actions of this Miscreant, by one of the Vessels that had been plundered by him; upon which, steering as directed, she came in Sight of the Pirates by break of Day, on the 10th of June. The Rovers looking out for Prey, soon saw, and gave Chace to the Man of War, which was called the Greyhound, a Ship of 20 Guns, and 120 Men, rather inferior in Force than otherwise, to the two Pirate Vessels: The Greyhound, finding them so eager, was in no Doubt what they

should be, and therefore tack'd and stood from them, giving the Pirates an Opportunity to chace her for two Hours, till all Things were in Readiness for an Engagement, and the Pirates about Gun-shot off; then the Greyhound tack'd again, and stood towards the two Sloops. One of these Sloops was called the Fancy, and commanded by Lowe himself, and the other the Ranger, commanded by Harris; both which hoisted their pyratelical Colours, and fired each a Gun. When the Greyhound came within Musquet-shot, she halled up her Main-sail, and clapp'd close upon a Wind, to keep the Pirates from running to Leeward, and then engag'd: But when the Rogues found who they had to deal with, they edg'd away under the Man of War's Stern, and the Greyhound standing after them, they made a running Fight for about two Hours; but little Wind happening, the Sloops gained from her, by the Help of their Oars; upon which the Greyhound left off firing, and turned all Hands to their own Oars, and at three in the Afternoon came up with them. The Pirates haul'd upon a Wind to receive the Man of War, and the Fight was immediately renew'd, with a brisk Fire on both Sides, till the Ranger's Main-Yard was shot down, and the Greyhound pressing close upon the disabled Sloop, Lowe, in the other, thought fit to bear away and leave his Confort a Sacrifice to his Enemy; who (seeing the Cowardice and Treachery of his Commadore and Leader, having ten or twelve Men killed and wounded, and finding there was no Possibility of escaping) called out for Quarters, and surrender'd themselves to Justice, which proved severe enough to them a-while afterwards.

The Conduct of Lowe was surprizing in this Adventure, because his reputed Courage and Boldness had, hitherto, so possessed the Minds of all People, that he became a Terror, even to his own Men; but his Behaviour throughout this whole Action, shew'd him to be a base cowardly Villain, for had Lowe's Sloop fought half so briskly as Harris's had done (as they were under a solemn Oath to do) the Man of War, in the Opinion of some present, could never have hurted them.

The Greyhound carried in their Prize to Rhode Island, to the great Joy of the whole Province, tho' the Satisfaction had been more compleat, if the great LOIV himself had grac'd the Triumph. The Prisoners were strongly secured in a Gaol, till a Court of Vice-Admiralty could be held for their Tryals, which begun on the 10th Day of July, at Newport, and continued three Days. The Court was made up of the following Gentlemen.

William Dummer, Esq; Lieutenant Governor of the Massachusetts, President.

Nathaniel Paine, Esq; John Valentine, Esq; Advocates General.

Atting. Davonport, Esq; Samuel Cranston, Governor of Rhode Island.

Thomas Fitch, Esq; Spencer Phipps, Esq; John Lechmere, Esq, Surveyor General.

John Menzies, Esq; Judge of the Admiralty.

Richard Ward, Esq; Register.

Mr. Jableel Brinton, Provost Marshal.

Robert Auchmuty, Esq; was assigned by the Court, Council for the Prisoners here under mentioned.

Prisoners Names.	Ages	Places of Birth.
Charles Harris, Capt.	25	London.
William Blais	28	Rhode Island.
Daniel Hyde	23	Virginia.
Thomas Powel, jun.	21	Connecticut, N. E.
Stephen Munden	20	London.
Thomas Huggit	30	London.
William Reed	35	Londonderry, Ireland.
Peter Kneeves	32	Exeter in Devon.
James Brinkly	28	Suffolk in England.
Joseph Sound	28	City of Westminster.
William Shutfeld	40	Lancaster in England.
Edward Eaton	38	Wrexham in Wales.

Prisoners Names.	Ages.	Places of Birth.
John Brown	29	County of Durham.
Edward Lawton	20	Ile of Man.
Owen Rice	27	South Wales.
John Tomkins	23	Gloucestershire.
John Fitzgerrald	21	Limerick in Ireland.
Abraham Lacy	21	Devonshire.
Thomas Linister	21	Lancashire.
Francis Leyton	39	New York.
John Waters, Q. Mr.	35	County of Devon.
William Jones	23	London.
Charles Church	21	St. Margaret's Westm.
Thomas Hazel	50	
John Bright	25	

These 25 were found guilty, and executed the 19 of July 1723, near New-Port in Rhode Island.

John Brown 17 Liverpool.
Patrick Cunningham 25

These two were found guilty, but respited for one Year, and recommended to the King's Favour.

John Wilson	23	New London County.
Henry Barns	22	Barbadoes
Thomas Jones	17	Flur in Wales.
Joseph Switzer	24	Boston in New England.
Thomas Mumper, Indian		Mather's Vineyard, N. E.
John Hinchey, Doctor	22	Near Edinburgh, Scot.
John Fletcher	17	
Thomas Child	15	

These eight were found not guilty.

The destroying this Pyrate was look'd upon by the Province, to be of such a signal Service to the Publick, and particular Advantage to the Colony of New York, that it was thought necessary to make some honorary Acknowledgment to Captain Peter Solgard for it; and therefore it was resolved, in an Assembly of the Common Council, to compliment him with the Freedom of their Corporation. The Resolution, together with the Preamble of the Captain's Freedom, being curious in their kind, we shall subjoin them for the Satisfaction of the Reader.

Resolution of the Mayor and Common Council of New York, at a Common Council held at the City Hall of the said City, on Thursday the 25th of July, Anno Dom. 1723.

Present Robert Walter, Esq; Mayor.

City of New York, ff.

THIS Court having taken into their Consideration the great Service lately done to this Province in particular, as well as to all other his Majesty's good Subjects in general, by Captain Peter Solgard, Commander of his Majesty's Ship the Greyhound, the Station Ship of the Province, who lately in a Cruise upon this Coast, in due Execution and Discharge of his Duty, upon Intelligence given him, fought for, pursued, and engaged two Pyrate Sloops, commanded by one Low (a notorious and inhuman Pyrate) one of which Sloops he took, after a resolute Resistance, and very much shattered the other, who by the Favour of the Night escaped. Twenty six of which Pyrates so taken, being lately executed at Rhode Island, not only eased this City and Province of a very great Trouble, but of a very considerable Expence, &c. It is therefore resolved (Nemine Contradicente) that this Corporation do present the said Captain Solgard with the Freedom of this Corporation, as a Mark of the great Esteem they have for his Person, as well as for the aforesaid great and good Services; and that the said Freedom with the Seal be enclosed in a Gold Box; that Mr. Recorder and Mr. Bickley do draw the Draught of the said Freedom, signifying

therein, the grateful Sense of this Corporation, for so signal a Service to the Publick, and Benefit and Advantage to Mankind; that Alderman Kip, and Alderman Cruger, do prepare the said Box; that the Arms to the Corporation be engraved on one Side thereof, and a Representation of the Engagement on the other, with this Motto (viz.) [Quositos Humani Generis Hostes Debelleare superbum, 10 Junii, 1723.] That the Town Clerk cause the same to be handsomely engrossed on Parchment, and that the whole Corporation do wait upon him to present the same.

By Order of the Common Council.

William Sharpas, Clerk.

The Preamble of Captain Peter Solgard's Copy of his Freedom.

Robert Walter, Esq; Mayor, and the Aldermen of the City of New York,

To all to whom these Presents shall come, send Greeting.

City of New York, ff.

WHEREAS Captain Peter Solgard, Commander of his Majesty's Ship the Greyhound (the present Station Ship of this Province) in his Cruise, having Intelligence of two Pyrate Sloops of considerable Force in Consortship, under the Command of one Low, a notorious Pyrate, that had, for upwards of two Years, committed many Depredations, Murders, and Barbarities, upon many of his Majesty's Subjects and Allies, lately come upon this Coast, hath, with great Diligence, and utmost Application, pursued, overtaken, and after a stubborn Resistance, vanquished and overcome both of them, taking one, and driving the other from our Coast; which Action, as it is glorious in it self, so it is glorious in the publick Benefits and Advantages that flow from it (to wit, The Safety and Freedom of our own Trade and Commerce, and of all the neighbouring Provinces on this Continent) such signal Service done against the Enemies of Mankind, merits the Applause of all good Men, but more immediately from those of this Province, who are appointed his particular Care and Charge. **W**E therefore, the Mayor, Aldermen, and Commonalty of the City of New York, assembled in Common Council, to express our grateful Sense and Acknowledgment, to the said Captain Peter Solgard, for so noble and faithful a Discharge of his Duty, and as a particular Mark of the great Esteem and just Regard we bear to his kind Acceptance of the Freedom of the Corporation of this City of New York, and that he will please to become a Fellow Citizen with us, do hereby think fit to certify and declare, that the said Captain Peter Solgard is hereby admitted, received, and allowed a Freeman and Citizen of the said City of New York, to have, hold, enjoy, and partake of all and singular Advantages, Benefits, Liberties, Privileges, Franchises, Freedoms, and Immunities, granted or belonging to the same City: In Testimony thereof, the said Mayor hath hereunto subscribed his Name, and caused the Seal of the said City to be affixed the 25th Day of July, in the ninth Year of the Reign of our Sovereign Lord George, by the Grace of God, King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, &c. Anno Dom. 1723.

William Sharpas,

Clerk.

R. Walter, Mayor,

This narrow Escape of Low and his Companions, one would have thought, might have brought them to a little Consideration of their black and horrid Crimes, and to look upon this Interval as an Opportunity put into their Hands by Providence, to reconcile themselves to God, by a hearty and sincere Repentance. But alas! they were dead to all Goodness, and had not so much as one Spark of Virtue to stir them up to be thankful for such an eminent Deliverance. But

instead thereof, vented a Million of Oaths and Curses upon the Captain of the *Greyhound*, vowing to execute Vengeance upon all they should meet with afterwards, for the Indignity he put upon them.

The first Prey that they met with, after their Flight, was a small Sloop belonging to *Nantucket*, a Whale-Fishing, about 80 Miles from Land; the Master of which, one *Nathan Skiff*, a brisk young Fellow, the Pyrates cruelly whipp'd naked about the Deck, making his Torture their Sport; after which they cut off his Ears, and last of all shot him through the Head, and then sunk his Vessel; putting the rest of the Hands into their Whale-Boat, with a Compass, a little Water, and a few Biskets. Nevertheless, it being good Weather, they providentially got safe to *Nantucket*, beyond all Expectation.

There was another Whale-Boat, belonging to this Sloop last mentioned, which happened to be at some Distance from her, and, perceiving what was doing, rowed with all Speed to another Sloop not far off, to acquaint her with the Misfortune, that the Men might take care of themselves; by which Means she happily got away in Time. Some Days after, *Low* took a Fishing-Boat off of *Block Island*, but did not perpetrate so much Cruelty on her, contenting himself with only cutting off the Master's Head: But after taking two Whale-Boats near *Rhode Island*, he caused one of the Master's Bodies to be ripp'd up, and his Intrails to be taken out; and cut off the Ears of the other, and made him eat them himself with Pepper and Salt; which hard Injunction he comply'd with, without making a Word. Several other Persons he would have murdered, but Humanity prevailing in the Hearts of his Companions, they refused to put his Orders in Execution.

From the Coast of *New England*, *Low* sailed directly for *Newfoundland*, and, near *Cape Briton*, took two or three and twenty *French* Vessels; one of which, of 22 Guns, he mann'd with Pyrates, making a sort of a Man of War of her. With this Ship he scower'd the Harbours and Banks of *Newfoundland*, and took sixteen or eighteen other Ships and Vessels, all which they plunder'd, and some they destroy'd.

Thus these inhumane Wretches went on, not contented to satisfy their Avarice only, and travel in the common Road of Wickedness; but, like their Patron, the Devil, they made Mischief their Sport, Cruelty their Delight, and damning of Souls their constant Employment. Of all the pyratrical Crews that were ever heard of, none of the *English* Name came up to this in Barbarity; their Mirth and their Anger had much the same Effect, for both were usually gratify'd with the Cries and Groans of their Prisoners; so that they almost as often murdered a Man from the Excess of good Humour, as out of Passion and Resentment; and the Unfortunate could never be assured of Safety from them, for Danger lurked in their very Smiles. An Instance of this had like to have happened to one Captain *Graves*, Master of a *Virginia* Ship which they had taken; for as soon as he came aboard of the Pyrate, *Low* took a Bowl of Punch in his Hand, and drank to him, saying, *Captain Graves, here's half this to you*. But the poor Gentleman, being too sensibly touched at the Misfortune of falling into his Hands, modestly desired to be excused, for that he could not drink; whereupon *Low* draws out a Pistol, cocks it, and with the Bowl in t'other Hand, told him, he should either take one or the other: So *Graves*, without Hesitation, made Choice of the Vehicle that contained the Punch, and guttled down about a Quart, when he had the least Inclination that ever he had in his Life to be merry.

About the latter End of *July* 1723, *Low* took a large Ship called the *Merry Christmas*, and fitted her for a Pyrate, cut several Ports in her, and mounted her with 34 Guns. He goes aboard of this Ship himself, assumes the Title of Admiral, and hoists a black Flag, with the Figure of Death in red, at the Main-topmast Head, and takes another Voyage to the *Western Islands*, where he arrived at the Beginning of *September*. The first Vessel he met with there was a Brigantine, formerly an *English* Sloop, commanded by *Elias Wild*, but lately bought by a *Portuguese* Nobleman, and altered. She was manned partly with *English*, and partly with *Portuguese*; the latter *Low* caused to be hang'd, by Way of Reprisal, for some of his own Men sent thither in a Sloop from the *Cape de Verd* Islands, as has been mentioned: The *English* Men he thrust into their own Boat, to shift for themselves, and set Fire to the Vessel.

At *St. Michael's*, they sent in their Boats, and cut out of the Road a new *London* built Ship of 14 Guns, commanded by Captain *Thompson*, who was taken there the Year before, by *Low*, in the *Royal Pink*. The Boats had fewer Men than the Ship, and Captain *Thompson* would have defended himself, but his Men through Cowardice, or too great an Inclination of becoming Pyrates themselves, refused to stand by him, and he was obliged to surrender. When he came aboard the Pyrate, he had his Ears cut off close to his Head, for only proposing to resist Admiral *Low's* black Flag; they then gave him one of his own Boats, and burnt his Ship.

The next was a *Portuguese* Bark that fell into their Hands, whose Men came off somewhat better than usual, for they only cut them with their Cutlasses, out of Wantonness, turned them all into their Boat, and set their Vessel on Fire. When the Boat was going from the Side of the Ship, one of *Low's* Men, who, we may suppose, was forced into the Gang, was drinking with a Silver Tankard at one of the Ports, and took his Opportunity to drop into the Boat among the *Portuguese*, and lie down in the Bottom, in order to escape along with them: After he had stowed himself in the Boat, so as not to be seen, it came into his Head, that the Tankard might prove of some Use to him where he was going; so he got up again, laid hold of the Utensil, and went off, without being discovered: In which Attempt had he failed, no doubt his Life, if not the Lives of all the People in the Boat, would have paid for it: The Name of this Man was *Richard Hains*.

Low took his old Tour to the *Canaries*, *Cape de Verd* Islands, and so to the Coast of *Guiney*; but nothing extraordinary happened till he arrived near *Sierra-leon* in *Africa*, where he met with a Ship called the *Delight*, Captain *Hunt* Commander; this Ship the Pyrates thought fit for their own Purpose, for she had been a small Man of War, and carried 12 Guns; however, they mounted 16 on board her, mann'd her with 60 Men, and appointed one *Spriggs*, who was then their Quarter-master, to be Captain of her, who, two Days after, separated from the Admiral, and went to the *West Indies* a pyrating, upon his own and particular Company's Account, where for the present we shall leave them.

In *January* 1724, *Low* took a Ship called the *Squirrel*, Captain *Stephenson*, when he gave out that he would go for *Brazil*; in the Pursuit of which Voyage we shall leave him till another Opportunity, to prevent our troubling the Reader with the same Story twice over; for what remains to be said of this Pyrate will fall necessarily in our Way, in some of the subsequent Sheets.

The LIFE of Captain JOHN EVANS.

JOHN Evans was a *Welfman*, and had been formerly Master of a Sloop belonging to *Nevis*; but losing his Employ there, he sailed for some Time out of *Jamaica* as Mate, till happening, in Conversation with three or four of his Comrades, to consider that his Pay was not so good as formerly, and Births scarce, because of the great Number of Seamen, they agreed to go abroad in Search of Adventures. They sailed, or rather rowed, out of *Port Royal* in *Jamaica*, the latter End of *September*, 1722, in a Canoe; and coming to the North Side of the Island, they went ashore in the Night, broke open a House or two, robb'd them of some Money, and every thing else that was portable, and brought the Booty on board the Canoe.

This was very well for the first Time; but this kind of Robbery did not please so well, for they wanted to get out to Sea, but having no Vessel but their Canoe, they were prevented in their laudable Design; however, they kept a good Look out, and traversed the Island, in Expectation that Providence would send some unfortunate Vessel as a Sacrifice, and in a few Days their Wishes were accomplished; for at *Duns Hole* they found a small Sloop at an Anchor, belonging to *Bermudas*. They made bold and went aboard, and Evans informed the Folks that belonged to her, that he was Captain of the Vessel, which was a Piece of News they knew not before. After they had put their Affairs in a proper Disposition aboard, they went ashore to a little Village for Refreshments, and lived jovially the remaining Part of the Day at a Tavern, spending three Pistoles before they departed. The People of the House admired at the merry Guests they had got, were mightily pleased, and wished for their Company at another Time, which happened too soon for their Profit; for, in the Middle of the Night, they came ashore all Hands, rifled the House, and carried what they could aboard their Sloop.

The next Day they weighed in the Sloop, aboard of which they mounted four Guns, called her the *Scorerer*, and sailed to *Hispaniola*; on the North Part of which Island they took a *Spanish* Sloop, which proved an extraordinary rich Prize, as it fell among so few Persons as this Company consisted of, for they shared upwards of 150 *l.* a Man.

In Pursuance of the Game, and beating up for the Windward Islands, the *Scorerer* met with a Ship from *New England*, bound to *Jamaica*, 120 Tuns, called the *Dove*, Captain *Diamond* Master, off *Porto Rico*: They plundered her, and strengthened their own Company, by taking out the Mate, and two or three other Men; they discharged the Prize, and run into one of the Islands for fresh Water and Necessaries, and staid there some Time.

The next Prize they made, was the *Lucretia* and *Catharine*, Captain *Mills*, of 200 Tun Burthen; they came up with her near the Island *Deseda*, *January* 11th. Upon seizing of this Ship, the Pyrates began to take upon them the Distribution of Justice, examining the Men concerning their Master's Usage of them, according to the Custom of other Pyrates; but the Captain over-hearing the Matter, put an End to the judicial Proceedings, and fell to rumaging the Ship, saying to them, *What have we to do to turn Reformers, 'tis Money we want?* And speaking to the Prisoners, he ask'd them, *Does your Captain give*

you Vittuals enough? And they answered in the Affirmative: *Why then*, said he, *he ought to give you Work enough.*

After the taking of this Prize, they went to the little Island of *Axis*, with a Design to clean, and carried the *Lucretia* along with them, in order to heave down the *Scorerer* by her; but meeting there with a Sloop, the Pyrate gave Chase till the Evening, when she was within Gun-shot of her; but fearing to lose Company with the *Lucretia*, who was a heavy Sailer, they left off, and saw her no more. This Chase brought them to Leeward of their Port, so that they were obliged to look out for another Place of Retreat, and the Island of *Ruby* not being far distant, they steered for that, and anchored there accordingly; but the next Day a *Dutch* Sloop coming, as it were, into their Mouths, they could not forbear dealing, and so making her their Prize, they plunder'd her of as much as, when shared, came to fifty Pounds a Man.

They found this Sloop more for their Purpose than the *Lucretia*, to clean their own Sloop by, as being much lower in the Waist, and therefore capable of heaving her Bottom farther out of the Water; so the *Lucretia* was discharged, and the *Dutchman* kept in her Room; but not thinking it convenient to lay up here, for fear a Discovery should be made, they turned their Thoughts another Way, and steered to the Coast of *Jamaica*, where they took a Sugar Drover, and then run to the *Grand Caimanes*, about 50 Leagues to Leeward of *Jamaica*, with Intention to clean there; but an unhappy Accident put an End to their Pyracies, which hitherto had proved very successful to them.

The Boatswain of the Pyrate being a noisy surly Fellow, the Captain had at several Times Words with him, relating to his Behaviour; who thinking himself ill treated, not only returned ill Language, but also challenged the Captain to fight him on the next Shore they came to, with Pistols and Sword, as is the Custom among these Outlaws. When the Sloop arrived, as above mentioned, the Captain proposed the Duel; but the cowardly Boatswain refused to fight, or to go ashore, tho' it was his own Challenge. When Captain Evans saw there was nothing to be done with him, he took his Cane and gave him a hearty Drubbing; but the Boatswain, not being able to bear such an Indignity, drew out a Pistol and shot Evans thro' the Head, so that he fell down dead; and the Boatswain immediately jumped over-board, and swam towards the Shore; but the Boat was quickly mann'd and sent after him, which took him up and brought him aboard.

The Death of the Captain in that Manner provok'd all the Crew, and they resolv'd the Criminal should die by the most exquisite Tortures; but while they were considering of the Punishment, the Gunner, transported with Passion, discharged a Pistol, and shot him thro' the Body; but not killing him outright, the Delinquent in very moving Words desired a Week for Repentance only; but another stepping up to him, told him, *that he should repent, and be damn'd to him*, and without more ado, shot him dead.

We should have observed, that when the *Lucretia* and *Catharine* was suffered to go away, the Pyrates detained their Mate, who was now the only Man aboard who understood Navigation, and him they desired

desired to take upon him the Command of the Sloop, in the Room of Captain *Evans* deceased ; but he desired to be excused that Honour, and at length positively refused it ; so they agreed to break up the Company, and leave the Mate in Possession of the

Vessel : Accordingly they went ashore at the *Caimanes*, carrying with them about nine thousand Pounds among thirty Persons ; and it being fair Weather, the Mate and a Boy brought the Vessel into *Port Royal* in *Jamaica*.

The LIFE of Captain JOHN PHILLIPS.

JOH*N* Phillips was bred a Carpenter, and, upon a Voyage to *Newfoundland* in a West Country Ship, was taken by *Anstis* in the *Good Fortune* Brigantine, the next Day after he had left his Consort and Commadore *Roberts*. Phillips was soon reconciled to the Life of a Pirate, and, being a brisk Fellow, was appointed Carpenter of the Vessel, for at first his Ambition reach'd no higher ; there he remain'd till they broke up at *Tobago*, and was one of those who came home in the Sloop that we have before mentioned to be sunk in *Bristol Channel*.

His Stay was not long in *England*, for whilst he was paying his first Visits to his Friends in *Devonshire*, he heard of the Misfortune of some of his Companions ; that is, of their being taken and committed to *Bristol Gaol* ; and there being good Reason for his apprehending Danger, from a Wind that blew from the same Quarter, he mov'd off immediately to *Topsham*, the nearest Port, and there shipp'd himself with one Captain *Wadham*, for a Voyage to *Newfoundland* and home again ; which, by the Way, Mr. Phillips never design'd to perform, or even to see *England* any more. When the Ship came to *Peter Harbour* in *Newfoundland* afore said, he ran away from her, and hired himself a Splitter in the Fishery, for the Season : But this was only till he could have an Opportunity of prosecuting his intended Rogueries ; in order to which he combin'd with several others, in the same Employ, to go off with one of the Vessels that lay in the Harbour, upon the pyratrical Account. According to this Agreement the Time was fix'd, viz. the 29th of *August* 1723, at Night ; but whether Remorse or Fear prevented their coming together, or whatever else was the Cause, we know not ; but of sixteen Men that were in the Combination, five only kept the Appointment : Notwithstanding which, Phillips was for pushing forward with that small Number, assuring his Companions, that they should soon encrease their Company ; to which they agreeing, a Vessel was seiz'd on, and out of the Harbour they sailed.

The first Thing they had now to do, was to chuse Officers, draw up Articles, and settle their little Commonwealth, to prevent Disputes and Ranglings afterwards ; so John Phillips was made Captain, John Nutt Master, or Navigator of the Vessel ; James Sparks Gunner, Thomas Fern Carpenter, and William White was the only private Man in the whole Crew : When this was done, one of them writ out the following Articles (which we have taken *verbatim*) and they all swore to them upon a Hatchet, for want of a Bible.

The Articles on Board the *Revenge*.

I.

EVERY Man shall obey civil Command ; the Captain shall have one full Share and a half in all Prizes ; the Master, Carpenter, Boatswain, and Gunner, shall have one Share and a quarter.

II.

If any Man shall offer to run away, or keep any Secret from the Company, he shall be marroon'd, with

one Bottle of Powder, one Bottle of Water, one small Arm, and a few Shot.

III.

If any Man shall steal any Thing in the Company, or game to the Value of a Piece of Eight, he shall be marroon'd or shot.

IV.

If at any Time we should meet with another Marrooner [that is Pirate] that Man that shall sign his Articles without the Consent of our Company, shall suffer such Punishment as the Captain and Company shall think fit.

V.

That Man that shall strike another whilst these Articles are in force, shall receive Moses's Law, (that is, 40 Stripes lacking one) on the bare Back.

VI.

That Man that shall snap his Arms, or smoke Tobacco in the Hold, without a Cap to his Pipe, or carry a Candle lighted without a Lanthorn, shall suffer the same Punishment as in the former Article.

VII.

That Man that shall not keep his Arms clean, fit for an Engagement, or neglect his Business, shall be cut off from his Share, and suffer such Punishment as the Captain and Company shall think fit.

VIII.

If any Man shall lose a Joint in Time of an Engagement, he shall have 400 Pieces of Eight ; if a Limb, 800.

IX.

If at any Time we meet with a prudent Woman, that Man that offers to meddle with her without her Consent, shall suffer present Death.

Thus prepar'd, this bold Crew set out, and before they left the Banks they made Prize of several small Fishing Vessels, out of which they got a few Hands, some French, and some English, and then sail'd for the *West Indies* ; in one of these Vessels they took one John Rose Archer, who, having been a Pirate under the famous *Black-beard*, was immediately preferred over other People's Heads, to be Quarter-Master to the Company ; which sudden Promotion so disgusted some of the older Standers, especially Fern the Carpenter, that it occasion'd some Mischief to follow, as we shall shew by and by.

The Pirates came off *Barbadoes* about the Beginning of *October*, and cruised there, and among other Islands, about three Months, without speaking with a Vessel ; so that they were almost starved for want of Provisions, being reduced to a Pound of Meat a Day between ten ; at length they fell in with a *Martinico* Man of 12 Guns and 55 Hands, far superior in Force to themselves, and what they would not have ventur'd on at another Time, but Hunger will break down Stone Walls. They resolv'd to shew the French Men their black Flag, and, if that would not do, they must seek out elsewhere ; accordingly, they boldly ran up a-long-side of the Sloop, with their pyratrical Colours flying, and told them, if they did not strike immediately, they would give them 10 Quarters ; which so intimidated the Frenchmen, that they

they never fired a Gun. This proved a seasonable Supply; but they took only her Provisions, and four of her Men, and then let her go. They took presently after, a Sloop belonging to *New York*, and a *Virginia Man*, *Huffam* Master.

Having now occasion to clean their Vessel, *Phillips* propos'd *Tobago*, where the Company he formerly belong'd to, under *Anstis* and *Fenn*, broke up; to induce them to it, he told them, that when he left the Island, there was left behind six or eight of the Company, that were notwilling to go to *England*, with three Negroes: Whereupon they sail'd to the Island, and, after a careful Search, found only one of the Negroes, whose Name was *Pedro*, who inform'd Captain *Phillips*, that those that were left behind were taken by a Man of War's Crew, and hang'd at *Antegoa*, among whom was *Fenn* their Captain.

They took *Pedro* on board, and then fell to the Business of careening their Vessel: Just as they had finished their Work, a Man of War's Boat came into the Harbour, the Ship being cruising to Leeward of the Island. It was easily guess'd upon what Errand she was sent, and therefore they lost no Time, but, as soon as the Boat went away, warp'd out, and ply'd to Windward for Security; but left the four *Frenchmen*, whom they took out of the *Martimo* Sloop, behind.

In a few Days they took a Snow with a few Hands, and *Fenn* the Carpenter, one *Wm. Phillips*, *Wood*, and *Taylor*, went aboard to take Possession of her. *Fenn*, not forgetting the Affront of having *Archer* prefer'd before him, resolv'd to go off with the Prize, and brought the rest into the same Measures: However, *Phillips* the Captain, keeping a good Look-out, perceived their Design, and gave them Chase, when coming up with the Vessel, a Skirmish ensued, wherein *Wood* was kill'd, and *Taylor* wounded in his Leg; upon which the other two surrendered.

There was no Surgeon aboard, and therefore it was advis'd, upon a learned Consultation, that *Phillips's* Leg should be cut off, but who was to perform the Operation was the Dispute; at length the Carpenter was appointed, as the most proper Man: Upon which, he fetch'd up the biggest Saw, and taking the Limb under his Arm, fell to Work, and separated it from the Body of the Patient, in as little Time as he could have cut a Deal Board in two; after that, he heated his Ax red hot in the Fire, and cauteriz'd the Wound, but not with so much Art as he performed the other Part; for he so burnt his Flesh distant from the Place of Amputation, that it had like to have mortify'd; however Nature perform'd a Cure at last, without any other Assistance.

From *Tobago* they stood away to the Northward, and took a *Portuguese* Vessel bound for *Brazil*, and two or three Sloops from *Jamaica*, in one of which *Fenn* the Carpenter, endeavouring to get off, was kill'd by *Phillips* the Captain, pursuant to their Articles; another had the same Fate some Days after for the like Attempt. These Severities made it dangerous to consult or project an Escape; the Terror of which made several sign their Articles, and set down quietly, waiting impatiently for Redemption, which as yet they saw no great likelihood of, and should they have been taken before such Circumstances appear'd in their Actions or Characters, as afterwards happen'd, to denote their Innocence, they might have lost their Lives upon a Tryal at a Court of Admiralty; for pretty strong Evidence is expected in their Favour, to ballance that of being taken aboard a Vessel, which is prov'd to be in actual Piracy, and they assisting therein.

Thus was many an honest Man's Case made most desperate, by the consummate Villainy of a few hardened Wretches, who in fear neither of God or Devil, as this *Phillips* us'd often blasphemously to express himself, could have any Effect on.

On the 25th of *March* they took two Ships bound from *Virginia* for *London*; *John Phillips*, the Py-

rate Captain's Namesake, was Master of one, and Captain *Robert Mortimer* of the other, which latter was a brisk young Fellow, that deserved a better Fate than he met with. *Phillips* the Pirate stand on board of Captain *Mortimer's* Ship, while they transported the Crew to the Sloop, and the Boat returning along-side, one of the Pyrates therein calls to *Phillips*, and tells him, there was a Mutiny aboard their Vessel. *Mortimer* had two Men in his Ship, and the Pirate Captain had two, therefore he thought it a good Opportunity to recover his Ship, and directly took up a Handspike and struck *Phillips* over the Head, giving him a dangerous Wound; but not knocking him down, he recover'd and wounded *Mortimer* with his Sword, and the two Pyrates that were aboard, coming in to Captain *Phillips's* Assistance, Captain *Mortimer* was presently cut to Pieces, while his own two Men stood by, and did nothing.

This was the first Voyage in which *Mortimer* had the Command of a Vessel. By his Death a poor disconsolate Widow was made miserable, more in Respect of the mutual Love and Fidelity they liv'd in, than the Loss of what would have been a handsome and comfortable Provision for themselves and Children. Losses of this kind, we think, ought to be made up by the Publick, since 'twas in the publick Service he fell; for had his Attempt succeeded, in all Probability he would not only have regain'd his own Ship, but entirely subdued and destroy'd the Enemy, there being several, as it afterwards proved, that would have seconded such an Enterprize, when ever they found a Beginning made.

This Affair ended, without any other Consequence than a strict Search after a Brother of Captain *Mortimer*, who was on board, in order to have put him likewise to Death; but he had the good Fortune to meet with a Townsman among the Crew, who hid him for four and twenty Hours in a Stay Sail, till the Heat of their Fury was over, and by that Means he happily missed of the Fate designed him.

Out of the other *Virginia Man* before spoken of, they took one *Edward Cheesman* a Carpenter, to supply the Place of their late Carpenter *Fenn*. He was a modest sober young Man, very averse to their unlawful Practice, and a brave gallant Fellow. There was one *John Filmore* of *Ipswich*, formerly taken by them, ordered to row *Cheesman* aboard of *Mortimer's* Ship, which the Pyrates posses'd themselves of, who, seeing with what Reluctance and Uneasiness *Cheesman* was brought away, told him, that he would join with him in Measures to overthrow the pyratival Government; telling him withal, what was their present Condition, what Difficulties *Phillips* had met with to make up his Company, and how few voluntary Pyrates there were on board, and the like. But, however specious this seem'd, *Cheesman* out of Prudence reject'd his Offers of Assistance, till he saw some Proofs of his Sincerity, which after a few Days he was convinced of, and then they often consulted; but as the old Pyrates were always jealous of the new Comers, and consequently observant of their Behaviour, this was done with the utmost Caution, chiefly when they were lying down together, as tho' asleep, and, at other Times, when they were playing at Cards; both which they feign'd often to do for that Purpose.

The Pyrates went on all the while, plundering and robbing several Ships and Vessels, bending their Course towards *Newfoundland*, where they design'd to raise more Men, and do all the Mischief they could on the Banks, and in the Harbours.

Newfoundland is an Island on the North Continent of *America*, contained between the 46 and 53^d of N. Latitude, discovered first by *S. Sebastian Cabot* A. D. 1497, but never settled till the Year 1610; when Mr. *Guy* of *Bristol* revived the Affair, and obtained a Patent, and himself to be Governor. The Island is deserted by the Natives, and neglected by us, being desolate and woody, and the Coast and Har-

hour only held for the Conveniency of the Cod Fishery, for which alone they were settled.

The Bays and Harbours about it are very numerous and convenient, and being deeply indented, make it easy for any Intelligence quickly to pass from one Harbour to another over Land (especially the Principal, St. John's and Placentia) when the Appearance of an Enemy makes them apprehend Danger.

They are able to cure and export about 100,000 Quintals (100 Weight each) of Fish annually, which returns to England in Money, or the necessary Commodities of Portugal, Spain, and Italy. As it therefore expends abundance of Rum, Molasses, and Sugar, the Product of our West India Colonies, and employs a Number of Fishermen from home every Season, by whose Industry and Labour only this Fish is purchased, it may very well be reckon'd an advantageous Branch of Trade.

But the present Design of this Digression being not to give an exact Description of the Country or Fishery, but rather how it accidentally contributes to raise, or support the Pyrates already rais'd, we shall only observe,

First, That our West Country Fishing Ships, viz. from *Topsham*, *Barnstable*, and *Bristol*, who chiefly attend the Fishing Seasons, transport a considerable Number of poor Fellows every Summer, whom they engage at low Wages, and are by their Terms to pay for their Passage back to England. When the *Newfoundland* Ships left that Country towards Winter, in the Year 1720, these Passengers amounted to 1100. During the Season of Business, the Hardness of their Labour, and Chiliness of the Nights, pinch them very much, upon which Account they are mostly fond of drinking Black Strap, which is a strong Liquor used there, and made from Rum, Molasses, and Chowder Beer. But when there is so large a Number of them as to out-run the Constable, they are necessitated to come under hard Articles of Servitude for their Maintenance in the Winter; no ordinary Charge, indeed, when the Barrenness of the Country is considered, and the Stock of Provision laid in happens to fall short, in Proportion to the Computation made of the People remaining there the Winter, which are generally about 17 or 1800. The Masters residing there think, that Advantages taken on their Necessities, are no more than a just and lawful Gain; and either bind such for the next Summer's Service, or sell their Provisions out to them at extravagant Rates; Bread from 15 s. to 30, immediately at the departing of the Ships, and so of other Sorts of Food in Proportion; wherefore not being able to subsist themselves, or in any likely Way of clearing the Reckoning to the Masters, they sometimes run away with Shallops and Boats, and begin on pyritical Exploits, as *Phillips* and his Companions, whom we are now treating of, had done.

And secondly (which is more opportunely for them) they are visited every Summer, almost, by some Set of Pyrates or other, already rais'd, who call here for the Purpose of taking such Hands aboard of them as they may have Occasion for, and to lay in a Store of Water and Provisions, which they find imported, much or little, by all the Ships that use the Trade.

Towards this Country *Phillips* was making his Way, and took on the Voyage, besides those above mentioned, one *Salter*, in a Sloop off the Isle of *Sables*; which Vessel they made use of themselves, and gave back *Mortimer's* Ship to the Mate and Crew. The same Day, viz. The 4th of April, they took a Schooner, one *Chatwell* Master, which they scuttled, in order to sink; but Captain *Phillips*, understanding that she belonged to Mr. *Minors* at *Newfoundland*, with whose Vessel they first went off a pyrating, a Quailm of Conscience came athwart his Stomach, and he said to his Companions, *We have done him Injury enough already*; so they ordered the Vessel immediately to be repair'd, and return'd her to the Master.

That Afternoon they chac'd another Vessel, and at Night came up with her, the Master of which was an Inhabitant of *New England*, named *Dependance Ellery*, whose taking *Phillips* for a Pirate, he told him, was the Reason that he gave him the Trouble of chasing so long; which being resent'd by these Men of Honour, they made poor *Dependance* dance about the Deck till he was weary.

Within few Days several other Vessels had the same Misfortune, the Masters Names were as follows: *John Elwell*, *Samuel Elwell*, *Mr. Combs*, *Mr. Langley*, *James Babston*, *Edward Freeman*, *Mr. Start*, *Obediah Beal*, *Erick Erickson* and *Benjamin Wheeler*.

The 14th of April they took a Sloop belonging to Cape Anne, *Andrew Harradine* Master; they took'd upon this Vessel as more fit for their Purpose, and so came aboard, keeping only the Master of her Prisoner, and sending *Harradine's* Crew away in *Salter's* Vessel, which they, till this Time, detain'd. To this *Harradine*, *Cheefeman* the Carpenter broke his Mind, and brought him into the Confederacy to destroy the Crew, which was put in Execution four Days afterwards.

Harradine and the rest were for doing the Business in the Night, as believing the Company might be more opportunely surpriz'd; for *Nut*, the Master, being a Fellow of great Strength, and no less Courage, it was thought dangerous to attack him without Fire-Arms; however *Cheefeman* was resolute to have it perform'd by Day-light, as the least liable to Confusion; and as to the Master, he offer'd to lay Hands on him first: Upon this 'twas concluded on, and 12 at Noon was the appointed Time. In order for the Business, *Cheefeman* leaves his working Tools on the Deck, as though he had been going to use them, and walked aft; but perceiving some Signs of Timidity in *Harradine*, he comes back, fetches his Brandy Bottle, and gives him and the rest a Dram. He then drank *To their next merry Meeting* with *Burrit*, the Boatwain, and the Master, and up he puts the Bottle; then he takes a Turn with *Nut*, asking what he thought of the Weather, and such like. In the mean while *Filemore* takes up the Axe, and turns it round upon the Point, as if at Play; then both he and *Harradine* wink'd at him, thereby letting him know they were ready; upon which Signal he seizes *Nut* by the Collar, with one Hand between his Legs, and toss'd him over the Side of the Vessel; but he, holding by *Cheefeman's* Sleeve, said, *Lord have Mercy upon me! what are you going to do, Carpenter?* He told him it was an unnecessary Question, *For*, says he, *Master, you are a dead Man*, and so strikes him over the Arm, *Nut* loses his Hold, tumbles into the Sea, and never spoke more.

By this Time the Boatwain was dead; for as soon as *Filemore* saw the Master laid hold of, he raised up his Axe, and divided his Enemy's Head in two: The Noise brought the Captain upon the Deck, whom *Cheefeman* saluted with a Blow of a Mallet, which broke his Jaw-Bone, but did not knock him down. *Harradine* came in then with the Carpenter's Adze; but *Sparks* the Gunner, interposing between him and Captain *Phillips*, *Cheefeman* tripp'd up his Heels, and flung him into the Arms of *Charles Jeymay*, one of his Consorts, who that Instant discharg'd him into the Sea; and at the same Time *Harradine* compass'd his Business with the Captain aforesaid. *Cheefeman* lost no Time, but from the Deck jumps into the Hold, and was about to beat out the Brains of *Archer* the Quarter-master, having struck him two or three Blows with his blunt Weapon the Mallet, when *Henry Giles*, a young Lad, came down after him, and desired his Life might be spar'd, as an Evidence of their own Innocence; telling him, that *Archer* having all the Spoil and Plunder in his Custody, by preserving him it might appear, that these tragick Proceedings were not undertaken with any dishonest View of seizing or appropriating the Effects to themselves; which prudent Advice prevail'd, and *Archer* and three more were made Prisoners, and secured.

The Work being done, they went about Ship, altered the Course from *Newfoundland* to *Boston*, and arrived safe on the 3d of *May* following, to the great Joy of that Province.

On the 12th of *May* 1724, a special Court of Admiralty was held for the Tryal of these Pyrates, when *John Filmore*, *Edward Cheeseman*, *John Combs*, *Henry Giles*, *Charles Iymay*, *John Bootman*, and *Henry Payne*, the seven that confederated together for the Pyrates Destruction, were honourably acquitted; as also three Frenchmen, *John Baptis*, *Peter Taffery*, and *Isaac Lassen*, and three Negroes, *Pedro*, *Francisco*, and *Pierro*. But *John Rose Archer* the Quarter-master, *William White*, *William Taylor*, and *William Phillips*, were condemned. The two latter were reprieved for a Year and a Day, in order to be recommended as Objects of his Majesty's Mercy. The two former were executed on the 2d of *June*, and dy'd very penitently, making the following Declarations at the Place of Execution, with the Assistance of two grave Divines that attended them.

The dying Declarations of John Rose Archer and William White, on the Day of their Execution at Boston, June 2, 1724, for the Crimes of Py-racy.

First, separately, of *Archer*.

I Greatly bewail my Profanations of the Lord's Day, and my Disobedience to my Parents.

And my cursing and swearing, and my blaspheming the Name of the glorious God.

Unto which I have added the Sins of Unchastity. And I have provoked the Holy One, at length to leave me unto the Crimes of Piracy and Robbery; wherein, at last, I have brought my self under the Guilt of Murder also.

But one Wickedness that has led me as much as any to commit the rest, has been my brutish Drunkenness. By strong Drink I have been heated and hardened into the Crimes that are now more bitter than Death unto me.

I could wish that Masters of Vessels would not use their Men with so much Severity, as many of them do, which exposes to great Temptations.

And then of *White*.

I am now, with Sorrow, reaping the Fruits of my Disobedience to my Parents, who used their Endeavours to have me instructed in my Bible and my Catechism.

And the Fruits of my neglecting the publick Worship of God, and prophaning the holy Sabbath.

And of my blaspheming the Name of God, my Maker.

But my Drunkenness has had a great Hand in bringing my Ruin upon me. I was drunk when I was entic'd aboard the Pirate.

And now, for all the vile Things I did aboard, I own the Justice of God and Man in what is done unto me.

Of both together.

We hope we truly hate the Sins, whereof we have the Burthen lying so heavy upon our Consciences.

We warn all People, and particularly young People, against such Sins as these. We wish, all may take Warning by us.

We beg for Pardon, for the Sake of Christ our Saviour; and our Hope is in him alone. Oh! *that in his Blood our Scarlet and Crimson Guilt may be all washed away!*

We are sensible of a hard Heart in us, full of Wickedness. And we look upon God for his renewing Grace upon us.

We bless God for the Space of Repentance which he has given us; and that he has not cut us off in the Midst and Height of our Wickedness.

We are not without Hope, that God has been savingly at work upon our Souls.

We are made sensible of our absolute Need of the Righteousness of Christ; that we may stand justified before God in that. We renounce all Dependence on our own Merit.

We are humbly thankful to the Ministers of Christ, for the great Pains they have taken for our Good. The Lord reward their Kindness.

We don't despair of Mercy; but hope, through Christ, that when we die, we shall find Mercy with God, and be received into his Kingdom.

We wish others, and especially Sea-faring-men, may get Good by what they see this Day befalling of us.

Declared in the Presence of

J.W.D.M.



The LIFE of Sir HENRY MORGAN, a Pyrate.

WE should be guilty of almost an unpardonable Neglect, if among these Accounts of the most celebrated *English* Rovers, we were not to insert the Life of Sir *Henry Morgan*; who, perhaps, distinguish'd himself in the Free-booting Way as much as any Man that ever engag'd in it, and had as large a Share of personal Courage and Bravery.

This Gentleman was born in *Wales*, and descended of a very good Family there, as indeed are almost all of that Name. His Father was a rich Yeoman or Farmer; but young *Morgan* had no Inclinations to follow that Employment, and therefore left his Country, and went to seek his Fortune on the Seas, which he imagin'd would better suit his Temper. He was entertain'd in a certain Port where several Ships lay at Anchor, that were bound for the Isle of *Barbadoes*. With these Ships he resolv'd to go into the Service of one, who, according to what is commonly practis'd in those Parts by the *English* and other Nations, sold him as soon as he came on Shore. He served his Time at *Barbadoes*; and when he had obtained his Liberty, thence transferred himself unto the Island of *Jamaica*, there to seek new Fortunes. Here he found two Vessels of Pyrates that were ready to go to Sea. Being destitute of Employ, he put himself in one of these Ships, with Intent to follow the Exercises of that Sort of People. He learn'd in a little while their manner of Living; and so exactly, that, having perform'd three or four Voyages with some Profit and good Success, he agreed with some of his Comrades, who had gotten by the same Voyages a small Parcel of Money, to join Stocks and buy a Ship. The Vessel being bought, they unanimously chose him to be the Captain and Commander thereof.

With this Ship, soon after, he set forth from *Jamaica* to cruise upon the Coasts of *Campeche*; in which Voyage he had the Fortune to take several Ships, with which he return'd triumphant to the same Island. Here he found at the same Time an old Pyrate, nam'd *Manfvelt*, who was then busied in equipping a considerable Fleet of Ships, with Design to land upon the Continent, and pillage whatever came in his Way. *Manfvelt* seeing Captain *Morgan* return with so many Prizes, judg'd him, from his Actions, to be of undaunted Courage; and hereupon was moved to chuse him for his Vice Admiral in that Expedition. Thus having fitted out fifteen Ships, between great and small, they set Sail from *Jamaica* with five hundred Men, both *Walloons* and *French*. With this Fleet they arriv'd not long after at the Isle of *St. Catharine*, situated nigh unto the Continent of *Costa Rica*, in twelve Degrees and a half, Northern Latitude, and distant thirty five Leagues from the River of *Chagre*, between North and South. Here they made their first Descent, landing most of their Men presently after.

Being now come to try their Arms and Fortune, they in a short Time forced the Garrison that kept the Island to surrender, and deliver into their Hands all the Forts and Castles belonging thereunto. All these they instantly demolished, reserving only one; wherein they placed an hundred Men of their own Party, and all the Slaves they had taken from the *Spaniards*. With the rest of their Men they march'd

unto another small Island, adjoining so near unto that of *St. Catharine*, that with a Bridge they could get over. In a few Days they made a Bridge, and pass'd thither, conveying also over it all the Pieces of Ordnance which they had taken upon the great Island. Having ruined and destroyed, with Sword and Fire, both the Islands, leaving what Orders were necessary at the Castle above mentioned, they put forth to Sea again, with the *Spaniards* they had taken Prisoners. Yet these they set on shore, not long after, upon the firm Land, nigh unto a Place call'd *Puerto Velo*. After this, they began to cruise upon the Coasts of *Costa Rica*, till finally they came to the River of *Colla*, designing to rob and pillage all the Towns they could find in those Parts, and afterwards to pass unto the Village of *Nata*, to do the same.

The President or Governor of *Panama* having had Advice of the Arrival of these Pyrates, and the Hostilities they committed every where, thought it his Duty to set forth to their Encounter with a Body of Men. His coming caused the Pyrates to retire suddenly, with all Speed and Care: Especially seeing the whole Country alarm'd at their Arrival, and that their Designs were known, and consequently could be of no great Effect at that present. Hereupon they turned to the Isle of *St. Catharine*, to visit the hundred Men they left in Garrison there. The Governor of these Men was a certain *Frenchman*, named *le Sieur Simon*; who behaved himself very well in that Charge, while *Manfvelt* was absent: Insomuch that he had put the great Island in a very good Posture of Defence; and the little one he had caused to be cultivated with many fertile Plantations, which were sufficient to revictual the whole Fleet with Provisions and Fruits, not only for present Refreshment, but also in case of a new Voyage. *Manfvelt's* Inclinations were very much bent to keep these two Islands in perpetual Possession, as being very commodious, and profitably situated for the Use of the Pyrates. Chiefly because they were so near the *Spanish* Dominions, and easily to be defended against them.

Hereupon *Manfvelt* determin'd to return to *Jamaica*, with Design to send some Recruits to the Isle of *St. Catharine*, that in case of any Invasion of the *Spaniards*, the Pyrates might be provided for a Defence. As soon as he arriv'd, he propounded his Mind and Intentions unto the Governor of that Island; but he lik'd not the Propositions of *Manfvelt*, fearing lest, by granting such Things, he should displease his Master the King of *England*. Besides that, by giving him the Men he desired, and other Necessaries for that Purpose, he must of necessity diminish and weaken the Forces of that Island, whereof he was Governor. *Manfvelt* seeing the Unwillingness of the Governor of *Jamaica*, and that of his own Accord he could not compass what he desired, with the same Intent and Designs went unto the Island of *Tortuga*.

But there, before he could accomplish his Desires, or put in Execution what was intended, Death suddenly surpriz'd him, and put a Period to his wicked Life; all Things hereby remaining in Suspence, till the Occasion we shall hereafter relate, put them again into Motion.

Le Sieur Simon, who remained at the Isle of *St. Catharine*, in quality of Governor thereof, receiving no News from *Manfvelt* his Admiral, was greatly impatient



J. Nicholls delin.

J. Basire sculpt.

Cap. Hen Morgan before Panama w^h he took from the Spaniards:

impatient and desirous to know what might be the Cause thereof. In the mean while, *Don John Perez de Guzman*, being newly come to the Government of *Costa Rica*, thought it no ways convenient for the Interest of the King of *Spain*, that that Island should remain in the Hands of the Pyrates. And hereupon he equipp'd a considerable Fleet, which he sent to the said Island to retake it. But before he came to use any great Violence, he writ a Letter to *le Sieur Simon*, wherein he gave him to understand, that if he would surrender the Island unto his Catholick Majesty, he should be very well rewarded; but in case of Refusal, severely punish'd when he had forced him to do it. *Le Sieur Simon* seeing no Appearance or Probability of being able to defend it alone, nor any Emolument that by so doing could accrue either to him or his People; after some small Resistance, deliver'd up the Island into the Hands of its true Lord and Master, under the same Articles they had obtain'd it from the *Spaniards*. Few Days after the Surrender of the Island, there arriv'd from *Jamaica* an *English* Ship, which the Governor of the said Island had sent under-hand, wherein was a good Supply of People, both Men and Women. The *Spaniards* from the Castle having spy'd this Ship, put forth *English* Colours, and perswaded *le Sieur Simon* to go on board, and conduct the said Ship into a Port they assign'd him. This he perform'd immediately with Disimulation, whereby they were all made Prisoners. A certain *Spanish* Engineer hath published an exact Account of the retaking of the Isle of *St. Catharine* by the *Spaniards*; which printed Paper, we have thought fit to insert in this Place.

A true and particular Relation of the Victory obtained by the Arms of his Catholick Majesty, against the English Pyrates, by the Direction and Valour of Don John Perez de Guzman, Knight of the Order of St. James, Governor and Captain General of Tierra Firme, and the Province of Veraguas.

THE Kingdom of *Tierra Firme*, which of itself is sufficiently strong to repulse and extirpate great Fleets, but more especially the Pyrates of *Jamaica*, had several Ways Notice, under several Hands, imparted to the Governor thereof, that fourteen *English* Vessels had cruized upon the Coasts belonging to his Catholick Majesty. The News came to *Panama*, that the *English* Pyrates of the said Fleet were arrived at *Puerto de Naos*, and had forced the *Spanish* Garrison of the Isle of *St. Catharine*, whose Governor was *Don Estevan del Campo*; and that they had possessed themselves of the said Island, taking Prisoners the Inhabitants, and destroying all that ever they met. Moreover, about the same Time *Don John Perez de Guzman* received particular Information of these Robberies from the Relation of some *Spaniards* who escaped out of the Island, and whom he order'd to be conveyed unto *Puerto Velo*, who more distinctly told him, that the aforementioned Pyrates came into the Island the 2d Day of *May*, by Night, without being perceived by any body: And that the next Day, after some Disputes by Arms, they had taken the Fortresses, and made Prisoners of all the Inhabitants and Soldiers, not one excepted, unless those that by good Fortune had escap'd their Hands. This being heard by *Don John*, he called a Council of War, wherein he declar'd the great Progress the said Pyrates had made in the Dominions of his Catholick Majesty. Here likewise he propounded, That it was absolutely necessary to send some Forces to the Isle of *St. Catharine*, sufficient to retake it from the Pyrates; the Honour and Interest of his Majesty of *Spain* being very narrowly concerned herein. Otherwise the Pyrates, by such Conquests, might easily, in Course of Time, possess themselves of all the Countries thereabouts. Unto these Reasons some were found, who made Answer, That the Pyrates, as not being able to subsist in the

said Island, would of necessity consume and waste themselves, and be forc'd to quit it, without any Necessity of retaking it. That consequently it was not worth the while to engage in so many Expences and Troubles, as it might be forseen this would cost. Notwithstanding these Reasons to the contrary, *Don John*, as one who was an expert and valiant Soldier, gave Orders that a Quantity of Provision should be conveyed to *Puerto Velo*, for the Use and Service of the Militia. And neither to be idle or negligent in his Masters Affairs, he transported himself thither, with no small Danger of his Life. Here he arriv'd the 7th Day of *July*, with most Things necessary to the Expedition in Hand; where he found in the Port a good Ship, called *St. Vincent*, that belonged to the Company of *Negros*. This Ship being of it self a strong Vessel, and well mounted with Guns, he mann'd and victuall'd very well, and sent unto the Isle of *St. Catharine*, constituting Captain *Joseph Sanchez Ximenez*, Major of the City of *Puerto Velo*, Commander thereof. The People he carried with him were two hundred threescore and ten Soldiers, and thirty seven Prisoners of the same Island: Besides thirty four *Spaniards* belonging to the Garrison of *Puerto Velo*, and twenty nine Mullatoes of *Panama*, twelve *Indians* very dextrous at shooting with Bows and Arrows, seven expert and able Gunners, two Lieutenants, two Pilots, one Surgeon, and one Religious Man of the Order of *St. Francis* for their Chaplain.

Don John soon after gave his Orders unto every one of the Officers, instructing them how they ought to behave themselves; telling them withal, that the Governor of *Cartagena* would assist them with more Men, Boats, and all Things else they should find necessary for that Enterprize; to which Effect he had already written to the said Governor. Having proceeded thus far, *Don John* commanded the Ship to weigh Anchor, and sail out of the Port. Then seeing a fair Wind to blow, he call'd before him all the People design'd for that Expedition, and made them a Speech, encouraging them to fight against the Enemies of their Country and Religion; but more especially against those inhuman Pyrates, who had heretofore committed so many horrid and cruel Actions against the Subjects of his Catholick Majesty: Withal promising unto every one of them most liberal Rewards; but especially unto such as should behave themselves as they ought in the Service of their King and Country. Thus *Don John* bid them farewell; and immediately the Ship weigh'd Anchor, and set sail under a favourable Gale of Wind. They soon arrived at *Cartagena*, and presented a Letter to the Governor of the said City from the noble and valiant *Don John*; who receiv'd it with Testimonies of great Affection to the Person of *Don John*, and his Majesty's Service. And seeing their resolute Courage to be conformable to his Desires and Expectations, he promised them his Assistance, which should be one Frigate, one Galeon, one Boat, and one hundred and 26 Men, the one half out of his own Garrison, and the other half Mullatoes. Thus all of them being well provided with Necessaries, they set out from the Port of *Cartagena*, and in eight Days they arriv'd within sight of the Isle of *St. Catharine*, towards the western Point thereof. And although the Wind was contrary, yet they reach'd the Port, and came to an Anchor within it; having lost one of their Boats by foul Weather, at the Rock call'd *Quita Signos*.

The Pyrates seeing the *Spanish* Ships come to an Anchor, gave them presently three Guns with Bullets; the which were soon answered in the same manner. Hereupon the Major *Joseph Sanchez Ximenez* sent on shore, unto the Pyrates, one of his Officers, to require them, in the Name of the Catholick King his Master, to surrender the Island, seeing they had taken it in the midst of Peace between the two Crowns of *Spain* and *England*; and that in case they would be obdurate, he would certainly put them

all to the Sword. The Pyrates made answer, *That Island had once before belong'd to the Government and Dominions of the King of England; and that instead of surrendering it, they preferred to lose their Lives.*

Some Days after this, three Negroes from the Pyrates came swimming aboard the *Spanish* Admiral. These brought Intelligence, that all the Pyrates that were upon the Island were only threescore and twelve in Number; and that they were under a great Consternation, seeing such considerable Forces come against them. With this Intelligence the *Spaniards* resolv'd to land, and advance towards the Fortresses; which ceased not to fire as many great Guns against them, as they possibly could; and which were still answered in the same manner on the other Side, till dark Night. Two Days after this, the Weather being very calm and clear, the *Spaniards* began to advance in the following manner. The Ship named *St. Vincent*, which rid Admiral, discharged two whole Broadfides upon the Battery call'd the *Conception*. The Ship call'd *St. Peter*, that was Vice Admiral, discharged likewise her Guns against the other Battery nam'd *St. James*. In the mean while, the *Spaniards* were landed in small Boats, directing their Course towards the Point of the Battery last mentioned, and from thence they marched towards the Gate call'd *Cortadura*. The Lieutenant, *Franis de Cazeres*, being desirous to view the Strength of the Enemy, with only fifteen Men, was compelled to retreat in all haste, by reason of the great Guns which play'd so furiously upon the Place where they stood. They shooting not only Pieces of Iron and small Bullets, but also the Organs of the Church; discharging in every Shot, threescore Pipes at a Time.

Notwithstanding this Heat of the Enemy, Captain *Don Joseph Ramirez de Leyva*, with threescore Men, made a strong Attack, wherein they fought on both Sides very desperately, till that at last he overcame, and forced the Pyrates to surrender the Fort he had taken in Hand.

On the other Side, Captain *John Galeno*, with fourscore and ten Men, pass'd over the Hills, to advance that Way towards the Castle of *St. Teresa*. In the mean while, the Major *Don Joseph Sanchez Ximenes*, as Commander in chief, with the rest of his Men, set forth from the Battery of *St. James*, passing the Port with four Boats, and landing in Despite of the Enemy. About this same Time, Captain *John Galeno* began to advance with the Men he led to the aforementioned Fortress. So that the *Spaniards* made three Attacks on the Pyrates on three several Sides, at one and the same Time, with great Courage and Valour. The Pyrates upon this, seeing many of their Men already kill'd, and that they could in no manner subsist any longer, retreated towards *Cortadura*, where they surrender'd themselves, and likewise the whole Island, into the *Spaniards* Hands, who possess'd themselves of all, and set up the *Spanish* Colours, as soon as they had render'd Thanks to God Almighty for the signal Victory they had obtained. The Number of dead were six Men of the Pyrates, with many wounded, and threescore and ten Prisoners. On the other Side was found only one Man kill'd, and four wounded.

There was found upon the Island eight hundred Pound of Powder, two hundred and fifty Pound of small Bullets, with many other military Provisions. Among the Prisoners were taken also two *Spaniards*, who had born Arms under the *English* against his Catholick Majesty. These were order'd to be shot to Death the next Day, by the Command of the Major. In less than a Month after this, there arriv'd at the Isle an *English* Vessel, which being seen at a great Distance by the Major, he gave Orders to *le Sieur Simon*, who was a *Frenchman*, to go and visit the said Ship, and tell them that were on board, that the Island belong'd still to the *English*. He perform'd the Commands, and found in the said Ship only fourteen Men, one Woman, and her Daughter; who were all instantly made Prisoners.

The *English* Pyrates were all transported to *Puerto Velo*; excepting only three, who by Order of the Governor were carried to *Panama*, there to work in the Castle of *St. Jerom*. This Fortification is an excellent Piece of Workmanship, and very strong; being rais'd in the Middle of the Port, of a quadrangular Form, and of very hard Stone. Its Elevation or Heights is of eighty eight geometrical Feet; the Walls being of fourteen, and the Curtains of seventy five Feet diameter. It was built at the Expence of several private Persons, the Governor of the City furnishing the greatest Part of the Money; so that it did not cost his Catholick Majesty any Sum at all.

Captain *Morgan*, seeing his Predecessor and Admiral, *Manjuel*, was dead, endeavour'd, by all the Means that were possible, to preserve and keep in perpetual Possession, the Isle of *St. Catharine*, fear'd nigh unto that of *Cuba*. His principal Intent was to consecrate it as a Refuge and Sanctuary to the Pyrates of those Parts; putting it in a sufficient Condition of being a Receptacle or Store-house of their Preys and Robberies. Unto this Effect he left no Stone unmov'd whereby to compass his Designs, writing for the same Purpose to several Merchants that liv'd in *Virginia* and *New England*, and persuading them to send him Provisions and other necessary Things, towards the putting the said Island into such a Posture of Defence, as it might neither fear any external Dangers, nor be moved at any Suspicions of Invasion from any Side, that might attempt to disquiet it. At last, all his Thoughts and Cares proved ineffectual, by the *Spaniards* retaking the said Island. Yet notwithstanding, Captain *Morgan* retain'd his ancient Courage, which instantly put him on new Designs. Thus he equipp'd at first a Ship, with Intention to gather an entire Fleet, both as great and as strong as he could compass. By Degrees he put the whole Matter in Execution, and gave Orders to every Member of his Fleet, that they should meet at a certain Port of *Cuba*. Here he determin'd to call a Council, and deliberate concerning what was best to be done, and what Place first they should fall upon. Leaving these new Preparations in this Condition, we shall here give our Readers some small Account of the aforementioned Isle of *Cuba*, in whose Ports this Expedition was hatched.

A Description of the Island of Cuba.

THE Island of *Cuba* lieth from East to West, in the Situation of twenty to three and twenty Degrees, Northern Latitude; being in Length one hundred and fifty *German* Leagues, and about forty in Breadth. Its Fertility is equal to that of the Island of *Hispaniola*. Besides which, it affordeth many Things proper for Trading and Commerce, such as are Hides of several Beasts, particularly those that in *Europe* are call'd *Hides of Havana*. On all Sides it is surrounded with a great Number of small Islands, which go altogether under the Name of *Cayos*. Of these little Islands the Pyrates make great Use, as of their own proper Ports of Refuge. Here most commonly they make their Meetings, and hold their Councils, how to assault more easily the *Spaniards*. It is thoroughly water'd on all Sides with the Streams of plentiful and pleasant Rivers, whose Entries form both secure and spacious Ports. Besides many other Harbours for Ships, which along the calm Shores and Coasts adorn many Parts of this rich and beautiful Island. All which contribute very much to its Happiness, by facilitating the Exercise of Trade; whereunto they invite both Natives and Foreigners. The chiefest of these Ports are *Saint Jago*, *Bayame*, *Santa Maria*, *Espiratu Santo*, *Trinidad*, *Nagoya*, *Cabo de Corrientes*, and others; all which are seated on the South-side of the Island. On the Northern-side hercof are found these following: *Havana*, *Puerto Mariano*, *Santa Cruz*, *Alata Ricos*, and *Barracoa*.

This Island hath two principal Cities, by which the whole Country is govern'd, and to which all the Towns and Villages thereof are in Obedience. The first of these is nam'd *St. Jago*, or *St. James*, being seated on the South-side, and having under its Jurisdiction one half of the Island. The chief Magistrates hereof are a Bishop and a Governor, who command over the Villages and Towns belonging to the half above mentioned. The chiefest of these are, on the Southern-side, *España Santa*, *Puerto del Principe*, and *Bayame*. On the North side it hath *Barracoa*, and the Town call'd *de los Cayos*. The greatest Part of the Commerce driven at the aforementioned City of *St. Jago*, cometh from the *Canary* Islands, whither they transport great Quantities of Tobacco, Sugar, and Hides; which Sorts of Merchandize are drawn to the head City from the subordinate Towns and Villages. In former Times this City of *St. Jago* was miserably sack'd by the Pyrates of *Jamaica* and *Tortuga*, notwithstanding that it is defended by a considerable Castle.

The City and Port *de la Havana*, lieth between the North and West Side of the Island. This is one of the most renown'd and strongest Places of all the *West-Indies*. Its Jurisdiction extendeth over the other Half of the Island; the chiefest Places under it being *Santa Cruz*, on the Northern Side, and *La Trinidad* on the South. From hence is transported huge Quantities of Tobacco, which is sent in great Plenty to *New-Spain* and *Costa Rica*, even as far as the *South-Sea*: Besides many Ships, laden with this Commodity, that are consign'd into *Spain*, and other Parts of *Europe*, not only in the Leaf, but, also, in Rowls. This City is defended by three Castles, very great and strong; two of which lie towards the Port, and the other is seated upon a Hill that commandeth the Town. 'Tis estimated to contain ten thousand Families, more or less; among which Number of People, the Merchants of this Place trade in *New-Spain*, *Campeche*, *Honduras*, and *Florida*. All the Ships that come from the Parts aforementioned, as also from *Caracas*, *Catagena*, and *Costa Rica*, are necessitated to take their Provisions in at *Havana*, wherewith to make their Voyage for *Spain*; this being the necessary and streight Course they ought to steer for the South of *Europe*, and other Parts. The Plate-Fleet of *Spain*, which the *Spaniards* call *Flota*, being Homeward bound, toucheth here yearly, to take in the rest of their full Cargo; as Hides, Tobacco, and *Campeche* Wood.

Captain *Morgan* had been no longer than two Months in the abovemention'd Ports of the South of *Cuba*, when he had got together a Fleet of twelve Sail, between Ships and great Boats; wherein he had seven hundred fighting Men, part of which were *English*, and part *French*. They call'd a Council, and some were of Opinion 'twere convenient to assault the City of *Havana*, under the Covert of the Night; which Enterprize, they said, might easily be perform'd, especially if they could but take any few of the Ecclesiasticks, and make them Prisoners: Yea, that the City might be sack'd, before the Castles could put themselves in a Posture of Defence. Others propounded, according to their several Opinions, other Attempts. Notwithstanding, the former Proposal was rejected, because many of the Pyrates had been Prisoners at other Times in the said City; and these affirm'd, nothing of Consequence could be done, unless with fifteen hundred Men. Moreover, that with all this Number of People they ought first to go to the Island *de los Pinos*, and land them in small Boats about *Matamano*, fourteen Leagues distant from the aforesaid City, whereby to accomplish, by these Means, and order their Designs.

Finally, they saw no Possibility of gathering so great a Fleet; and hereupon, with that they had, they concluded to attempt some other Place. Among the rest, was found, at last, one who propoun-

ded, that they should go and assault the Town of *el Puerto del Principe*. This Proposition he endeavour'd to persuade, by saying, he knew that Place very well; and that being at a Distance from the Sea, it never was sack'd by any Pyrates: Whereby the Inhabitants were rich, as exercising their Trade for ready Money, with those of *Havana*, who kept here an establish'd Commerce, which consisted chiefly in Hides. This Proposal was presently admitted by Captain *Morgan*, and the chiefest of his Companions; and, hereupon, they gave Orders to every Captain to weigh Anchor, and set Sail, steering their Course towards that Coast that lieth nearest to *el Puerto del Principe*. Hereabouts is to be seen a Bay, nam'd, by the *Spaniards*, *El Puerto de Santa Maria*. Being arriv'd at this Bay, a certain *Spaniard*, who was Prisoner on board the Fleet, swam ashore by Night, and came to the Town of *El Puerto del Principe*, giving Account to the Inhabitants of the Design the Pyrates had against them. This he affirm'd to have over-heard in their Discourse, they thinking, at the same Time, he did not understand the *English* Tongue. The *Spaniards*, as soon as they receiv'd this fortunate Advice, began instantly to hide their Riches, and carry away what Moveables they could. The Governor, also, immediately rais'd all the People of the Town, both Freemen and Slaves, and, with part of them, took a Post, by which, of Necessity, the Pyrates were to pass. He commanded, likewise, many Trees to be cut down, and lud amidst the Ways, to hinder their Passage. In like manner, he plac'd several Ambuscades, which were strengthen'd with some Pieces of Canon, to play upon them on their March. He gather'd, in all, about eight hundred Men, of which he distributed several into the aforementioned Ambuscades, and with the rest he begirt the Town; displaying them upon the Plain of a spacious Field, from whence they could see the coming of the Pyrates at Length.

Captain *Morgan*, with his Men, being now upon the March, found the Avenues and Passages to the Town impenetrable. Hereupon, they took their Way through the Wood, traversing it with great Difficulty, whereby they escap'd divers Ambuscades. Thus, at last, they came into the Plain aforementioned, which, from its Figure, is call'd, by the *Spaniards*, *la Savana*, or *The Plain*. The Governor seeing them come, made a Detachment of a Troop of Horse; which he sent to charge them in the Front, thinking to disperse them, and by putting them to Flight, pursue them with his main Body. But this Design succeeded not as it was intended; for the Pyrates march'd in very good Rank and File, at the Sound of their Drums, and with flying Colours. When they came nigh to the Horse, they drew into the Form of a Semicircle, and thus advanced towards the *Spaniards*, who charg'd them like valiant and courageous Soldiers, for a While: But seeing that the Pyrates were very dexterous at their Arms, and their Governor, with many of their Companions, kill'd, they began to retreat towards the Wood. Here they design'd to save themselves with more Advantage; but before they could reach it, the greatest Part of them were unfortunately killed by the Hands of the Pyrates. Thus they left the Victory to these new-come Enemies, who had no considerable Loss of Men in this Battle, and but very few wounded. However, the Skirmish continu'd for the Space of four Hours. They enter'd the Town, though not without great Resistance of such as were within, who defended themselves as long as possible; thinking, by their Defence, to hinder the Pillage. Hereupon, many seeing the Enemy within the Town, shut themselves up in their own Houses, and from thence made several Shot against the Pyrates; who perceiving the Mischief of this Disadvantage, presently began to threaten them; saying, *If you don't surrender voluntarily, you shall soon see the Town in a Flame, and your Wives and Children torn in Pieces before your Faces.* With these

Menaces,

Menaces, the *Spaniards* submitted entirely to the Discretion of the Pyrates, believing they could not continue there long, and would soon be forc'd to dis-lodge.

As soon as the Pyrates had possess'd themselves of the Town, they enclos'd all the *Spaniards*, both Men, Women, Children, and Slaves, in several Churches, and gather'd all the Goods they could find by way of pillage. Afterwards, they search'd the whole Country round about the Town, bringing in, Day by Day, many Goods and Prisoners, with much Provision. With this, they fell to banquetting among themselves, and making great Chear, after their customary Way, without remembering the poor Prisoners, whom they permitted to starve in the Churches for Hunger. In the mean Time, they ceas'd not to torment them daily after an inhuman Manner, thereby to make them confess where they had hid their Goods, Monies, and other Things; though little or nothing was left them. To this Effect they punish'd also the Women and little Children, giving them nothing to eat; whereby the greatest Part perish'd.

When they cou'd find no more to rob, and that Provisions began to grow scarce, they thought it convenient to depart, and seek new Fortunes in other Places. Hence they intimated to the Prisoners, *That they shou'd find Monies to ransom themselves, else they shou'd be all transported to Jamaica. Which being done, if they did not pay a second Ransom for the Town, they wou'd turn every House into Ashes.* The *Spaniards* hearing these severe Menaces, nominated among themselves four Fellow-prisoners to go and seek for the abovemention'd Contributions. But the Pyrates, to the Intent they shou'd return speedily with the Ransoms prescrib'd, tormented several in their Presence, before they departed, with all the Rigour imaginable. After a few Days, the *Spaniards* return'd from the Fatigue of their unreasonable Commissions, telling Captain Morgan, *That they had run up and down, and searched all the neighbouring Woods and Places they most suspected, and yet had not been able to find any of their own Party, nor consequently any Fruit of their Embassy. But if (said they) you are pleas'd to have a little longer Patience with us, we shall certainly cause all that you demand to be paid within the Space of fifteen Days.* Captain Morgan was contented, as it should seem, to grant them this Petition; but, not long after, there came into the Town seven or eight Pyrates, who had been ranging in the Woods and Fields, and got thereabouts some considerable Booty: These brought, among other Prisoners, a certain Negroe, whom they had taken with Letters about him. Captain Morgan having perus'd them, found they were from the Governor of St. Jago; being written to some of the Prisoners. Wherein he told them, *They shou'd not make too much Haste to pay any Ransom for their Town or Persons, or any other Pretext; but, on the contrary, they shou'd put off the Pyrates as well as they cou'd with Excuses and Delays; expecting to be reliev'd by him within a short Time, when he wou'd certainly come to their Aid.* This Intelligence being heard by Captain Morgan, he immediately gave Orders that all they had robb'd should be carried on board the Ships; and, withal, he intimated to the *Spaniards*, that the very next Day they shou'd pay their Ransoms: Forasmuch as he wou'd not wait one Moment longer, but reduce the whole Town to Ashes, in case they fail'd to perform the Sum he demanded.

With this Intimation, Captain Morgan made no mention to the *Spaniards* of the Letters he had intercepted. Whereupon, they made him answer, *That it was totally impossible for them to give such a Sum of Money in so short a Space of Time; seeing their Fellow-townsmen were not to be found in all the Country thereabouts.* Captain Morgan knew full well their Intentions, and, withal, thought it

not convenient to remain there any longer Time. Hence he demanded of them only five hundred Oxen, or Cows, together with sufficient Salt wherewith to salt them. Hereunto he added only this Condition, that they should carry them on board his Ships; which they promised to do. Thus he departed with all his Men, taking with him only six of the principal Prisoners, as Pledges of what he intended. The next Day the *Spaniards* brought the Cattle and Salt unto the Ships, and required the Prisoners. But Captain Morgan refused to deliver them, till such Time as they had helped his Men to kill and salt the Beeves. This was likewise performed in great Haste, he not caring to stay there any longer, lest he should be surpriz'd by the Forces that were gathering against him. Having received all on board his Vessels, he set at Liberty the Prisoners he had kept as Hostages of his Demands. While these Things were in Agitation, there happened to arise some Diffentions between the *Englishmen* and the *French*. The Occasion of their Discord was, as followeth: A certain *Frenchman* being employed in killing and salting one of the Beeves, an *English* Pirate came to him, and took away the Marrow-bones he had taken out of the Ox; which sort of Meat these People esteem very much. Hereupon they challenged one another. Being come to the Place of Duel, the *Englishman* drew his Sword treacherously against the *Frenchman*, wounding him in the Back, before he had put himself in a just Posture of Defence; whereby he suddenly fell dead upon the Place. The other *Frenchmen*, desirous to revenge this base Action, made an Insurrection against the *English*. But Captain Morgan soon extinguish'd this Flame, by commanding the Criminal to be bound in Chains, and thus carry'd to *Jamaica*; promising to them all, he would see Justice done upon him. For although it were permitted unto him to challenge his Adversary, yet was it not lawful to kill him treacherously, as he did.

As soon as all Things were in a readiness, and on board the Ships, and likewise the Prisoners set at Liberty, they sail'd from thence, directing their course to a certain Island, where Captain Morgan intended to make a Dividend of what they had purchased in that Voyage. Being arrived at the Place assigned, they found nigh the Value of fifty Thousand Pieces of Eight, both in Money and Goods. The Sum being known, it caus'd a general Resentment and Grief, to see such a small Purchase; which was not sufficient to pay their Debts at *Jamaica*. Hereupon, Captain Morgan propounded to them, that they should think upon some other Enterprize and Pillage, before they return'd Home. But the *Frenchmen* not being able to agree with the *English*, separated from their Company, leaving Captain Morgan alone with those of his own Nation; notwithstanding all the Persuasions he used to reduce them to continue in his Company. Thus they parted with all external signs of Friendship; Captain Morgan reiterating his Promises to them, that he would see Justice done upon the Criminal before mentioned. This he performed; for being arrived at *Jamaica*, he caus'd him to be hanged; which was the Satisfaction the *French* Pyrates could expect.

Some, perhaps, may think, that the *French* having deserted Captain Morgan, the *English* alone could not have been sufficient to perform such great Actions as before their Division. But Captain Morgan, who always communicated Vigour with his Words, infused such Spirits into his Men, as were able to put every one of them instantly upon new Designs: They being all perswaded by his Reasons, that the sole Execution of his Orders would be a certain means of obtaining great Riches. This Persuasion had such Influence upon their Minds, that, with inimitable Courage, they all resolv'd to follow him. The samelike did a certain Pirate of *Campeche*; who, on this Occasion, joined with Captain

Captain *Morgan*, to seek new Fortunes under his Conduct, and greater Advantages than he had found before. Thus Sir *Henry*, in a few Days, gathered a Fleet of Nine Sail, between Ships and great Boats; wherein he had four hundred and threescore military Men.

After that all Things were in a good Posture of Readiness, they put forth to Sea, Captain *Morgan* imparting the Design he had in his Mind, to no Body for that Present. He only told them on several Occasions, that he held it as indubitable, that he should make a good Fortune by that Voyage, if strange Occurrences altered not the Course of his Designs. They directed their Course towards the *Continent*; where they arrived in few Days upon the Coast of *Costa Rica*, with all their Fleet entire. No sooner had they discovered Land, but the Commadore declared his Intentions to the Captains, and presently after unto all the rest of the Company. He told them, he intended in that Expedition to plunder *Puerto Velo*, and that he would perform it by Night, being resolved to put the whole City to the Sack, not the least Corner escaping his Diligence. Moreover, to encourage them, he added, that this Enterprize could not fail to succeed well, seeing he had kept it secret in his Mind, without revealing it to any Body, so that they could not have Notice of his coming. Unto this Proposition some made Answer, by alledging, they had not a sufficient Number of Men wherewith to assault so strong and great a City. But Captain *Morgan* replied, *If our Number is small, our Hearts are great. And the fewer Persons we are, the more Union and better Shares we shall have in the Spoil.* Hereupon, being stimulated with the Ambition of those vast Riches they promised themselves from their good Success, they unanimously concluded to venture upon that Design. But now, to the Intent our Reader may better comprehend the incomparable Boldness of this Exploit, it may be necessary to say something before-hand of the City of *Puerto Velo*.

The City which beareth this Name in *America*, is seated in the Province of *Costa Rica*, under the altitude of ten Degrees northern Latitude, at the distance of fourteen Leagues from the *Gulf of Darien*, and eight westwards, from the Port called *Nombré de Dios*. It is judged to be the strongest Place that the King of *Spain* possesseth in all the *West-Indies*, excepting two, that is to say, *Havana* and *Cortagena*. Here are two Castles, almost inexpugnable, that defend the City, they being situated at the Entry of the Port; so that no Ship nor Boat can pass without Permission. The Garrison consisteth of three hundred Soldiers, and the Town is constantly inhabited by four hundred Families, more or less. The Merchants dwell not here, but only reside for a While, when the *Galcons* come or go from *Spain*, by Reason of the Unhealthiness of the Air, occasioned by certain Vapours that exhale from the Mountains. Notwithstanding this, their chief Warehouses are at *Puerto Velo*, tho' their Habitations are all the Year long at *Panama*. From whence they bring the Plate upon Mules, at such Times as the Fair beginneth; and when the Ships, belonging to the *Company of Negroes*, arrive here to sell Slaves.

Captain *Morgan*, who knew very well all the Avenues of this City, as also all the neighbouring Coasts, arrived in the Dusk of the Evening, at the Place call'd *Puerto de Naos*, distant ten Leagues towards the West of *Puerto Velo*. Being come to this Place, they mounted the River in their Ships, as far as another Harbour, call'd *Puerto Pontin*; where they came to an Anchor. Here they put themselves immediately into Boats and Canoes, leaving in the Ships only a few Men to keep them, and conduct them the next Day unto the Port. About Midnight they came to a certain Place call'd *Espera longa Lemos*, where they all went on Shore, and marched by Land to the first Watch of the City. They had in their Company a certain *Englishman*, who had

been formerly a Prisoner in those Parts, and who now served them for a Guide. Unto him and three or four more, they gave Commission to take the Centinel, if possible, or kill him upon the Place. Accordingly, they laid Hands on him, and apprehended him with such Cunning, that he had no Time to give Warning with his Musket, or make any other Noise. Thus they brought him, with his Hands bound, to Captain *Morgan*, who asked him, *How Things went in the City, and what Forces they had*; with many other Circumstances, which he was desirous to know. After every Question, they made him a thousand Menaces to kill him, in Case he declared not the Truth. Thus they began to advance towards the City, carrying always the same Centinel bound, before them. Having marched about one Quarter of a League, they came to the Castle that is high to the City; which presently they closely surrounded, so that no Person could get either in or out of the said Fortrefs.

Being thus posted under the Walls of the Castle, Captain *Morgan* commanded the Centinel, whom they had taken Prisoner, to speak to those that were within, and charge them to surrender, and deliver themselves up to his Discretion; threatening that otherwise they should be all cut in Pieces, without giving Quarter to any one. But they would hearken to none of these Threats, beginning instantly to fire; which gave Notice to the City, and suddenly alarmed the Garrison. Yet, notwithstanding, the Governor and Soldiers of the said Castle made as great Resistance as could be performed, they were constrained to surrender to the Pyrates. These no sooner had taken Possession of the Castle, but they resolved to be as good as their Word, in putting the *Spaniards* to the Sword, thereby to strike a Terror to the rest of the City. Hereupon, having shut up all the Soldiers and Officers, as Prisoners, into one Room, they instantly set fire to the Powder (whereof they found a great Quantity) and blew up the whole Castle into the Air, with all the *Spaniards* that were within. This being done, they pursued the Course of their Victory, falling upon the City, which, as yet, was not in Order to receive them. Many of the Inhabitants cast their Jewels and Monies, and other valuable Things, into Wells and Cisterns, or hid them in other Places under Ground, to prevent as much as were possible, their being totally robbed. One Party of the Pyrates, being assigned to this Purpose, ran immediately to the Cloysters, and took as many religious Men and Women as they could find. The Governor of the City, not being able to rally the Citizens, through the huge Confusion of the Town, retir'd to one of the Castles remaining, and from thence began to fire incessantly at the Pyrates. But these were not in the least negligent, either to assault him, or defend themselves with all the Courage imaginable. Thus it was observable, that amidst the Horror of the Assault, they made very few shot in vain. For aiming with great Dexterity at the Mouths of the Guns, the *Spaniards* were certain to lose one or two Men every time they charged each Gun a-new.

The Assault of this Castle where the Governor was, continu'd very furious on both Sides, from Break of Day till Noon; and even then the Case was very dubious which Party should conquer, or be conquer'd. At last, the Pyrates, perceiving they had lost many Men, and, as yet, advanc'd but little towards the gaining either this or the other Castles remaining, thought to make use of Fire-balls, which they threw with their Hands; designing, if possible, to burn the Doors of the Castle. But going about to put this in Execution, the *Spaniards*, from the Walls, let fall a great Quantity of Stones, and earthen Pots full of Powder, and other combustible Matter, which forc'd them to desist from that Attempt. Captain *Morgan*, seeing this generous Defence made by the *Spaniards*, began to despair of the whole Success of the Enterprize. Hereupon,

many faint and calm Meditations came into his Mind; neither could he determine which Way to turn himself in that Distress of Affairs. Being involv'd in these Thoughts, he was suddenly animated to continue the Assault, by seeing the *English* Colours put forth at one of the lesser Castles, which was just then enter'd by his Men. A Troop of these immediately came to meet him, proclaiming Victory with loud Shouts of Joy. This instantly put him upon new Resolutions, of making fresh Efforts to take the rest of the Castles that stood out against him: Especially seeing the chiefest Citizens were fled to them, and had convey'd thither great part of their Riches, with all the Plate belonging to the Churches, and other Things dedicated to divine Service.

To bring about this, therefore, he order'd ten or twelve Ladders to be made, in all possible Haste, so broad, that three or four Men at once might ascend by them. These being finish'd, he commanded all the religious Men and Women, whom he had taken Prisoners, to fix them against the Walls of the Castle. Thus much he had before-hand threaten'd the Governor to perform, in case he deliver'd not the Castle. But the Answer of that gallant Commander was, *That he would never surrender himself alive.* The Captain's Knowledge of the Superstition of these People, furnish'd him with this fine Stratagem; for he was persuad'd himself that the Governor would not employ his utmost Forces, seeing religious Women, and ecclesiastical Persons, expos'd in the Front of the Soldiers to the greatest Dangers. Thus the Ladders, as we have said, were put into the Hands of religious Persons of both Sexes; and these were forc'd, at the Head of the Companies, to raise and apply them to the Walls. However, Captain *Morgan* was fully deceiv'd in his Judgment of this Design: For the Governor, who acted like a brave and courageous Soldier, and who had little of the religious Temper of his Country, refus'd not, in Performance of his Duty, to use his utmost Endeavours to destroy whosoever came near the Walls. The religious Men and Women ceas'd not to cry to him, and beg of him, by all the Saints of Heaven, that he would deliver the Castle, and thereby spare both his and their own Lives. But nothing could prevail with the Resolution and Fierceness that had possess'd the Governor's Mind. Thus many of the religious Men and Nuns were kill'd before they could fix the Ladders: which, at last, being done, though with great Loss of the said Brethren and Sisters, the Pyrates mounted them in great Numbers, and, with no less Valour; having Fire-balls in their Hands, and earthen Pots full of Powder: All which Things, being now at the Top of the Walls, they kindled, and cast in among the *Spaniards*.

This Effort of the Pyrates was very bold and successful; insomuch, as the *Spaniards* could no longer resist nor defend the Castle, which was now enter'd: Whereupon, they all threw down their Arms, and crav'd Quarter for their Lives; only the Governor of the City would neither admit nor crave Mercy, but continu'd to kill many of the Pyrates with his own Hands, and not a few of his own Soldiers, because they did not stand to their Arms. And though the Pyrates ask'd him if he would have Quarter, yet he constantly answer'd, *By no Means: I had rather die as a valiant Soldier, than be hang'd as a Coward.* They endeavour'd, as much as they cou'd, to take him Prisoner: But he defended himself so obstinately, that they were forc'd to kill him, notwithstanding all the Cries and Tears of his own Wife and Daughter, who begg'd of him, upon their Knees, to demand Quarter, and save his Life. When the Pyrates had possess'd themselves of the Castle, which was about Night, they enclos'd therein all the Prisoners they had taken, placing the Women and Men by themselves, with some Guards upon them. All the wounded were put into a certain Apartment by itself, to the Intent their own Complaints might be

the Cure of their Diseases; for no other was afforded them.

This being done, they fell to eating and drinking, after their usual Manner; that is to say, committing in both these Things all manner of Debauchery and Excess. These two Vices were immediately follow'd by many insolent Actions of Rape and Adultery, committed upon abundance of very honest Women, as well married, as Virgins; who being threaten'd with the Sword, were constrain'd to submit their Bodies to the Violence of those lewd and wicked Men. After such a Manner they deliver'd themselves up to all Sorts of Debauchery of this Kind, that if there had been found only fifty courageous Men, they might easily have retaken the City, and kill'd all the Pyrates. The next Day, having plunder'd all they cou'd find, they began to examine some of the Prisoners, who had been persuad'd by their Companions to say they were the richest of the Town; charging them severely, to discover where they had hidden their Riches and Goods. But not being able to extort any Thing out of them, as they were not the right Persons that possess'd any Wealth, they at last resolv'd to torture them. This they perform'd with such Cruelty, that many of them died upon the Rack, or presently afterwards. Soon after this, the President of *Panama* had News brought him of the Pillage and Ruin of *Puerto Velo*. This Intelligence caus'd him to employ all his Care and Industry to raise Forces, with Design to pursue and cast out the Pyrates from thence. But these car'd little for what extraordinary Means the President us'd, as having their Ship nigh at Hand, and being determin'd to set fire to the City, and retreat. They had now been at *Puerto Velo* fifteen Days, in which Space of Time they had lost many of their Men, both by the Unhealthiness of the Country, and the extravagant Debaucheries they had committed.

Hereupon, they prepar'd for a Departure, carrying on board their Ships all the Pillage they had gotten. But, above all, they provided the Fleet with sufficient Victuals for the Voyage. While these Things were getting ready, Captain *Morgan* sent an Injunction to the Prisoners that they should pay him a Ransom for the City, or else he would by Fire consume it to Ashes, and blow up all the Castles into the Air: Withal he commanded them to send speedily two Persons, to seek and procure the Sum he demanded, which amounted to one hundred thousand Pieces of Eight. To this Effect, two Men were sent to the President of *Panama*, who gave him an Account of all these Tragedies. The President, having now a Body of Men in Readiness, set forth immediately towards *Puerto Velo*, to encounter the Pyrates before their Retreat: But these People, hearing of his coming, instead of flying away, went to meet him at a narrow Passage, through which, of Necessity, he was to pass. Here they plac'd an hundred Men very well arm'd, who, at the first Encounter, put to Flight a good Party of those of *Panama*. This Accident oblig'd the President to retire, for that Time, as not being yet in a Posture of Strength to proceed any farther. Presently after this Encounter, he sent a Message to Captain *Morgan*, to tell him, *That in case he departed not suddenly with all his Forces from Puerto Velo, he ought to expect no Quarter for himself nor his Companions, when he should take them, as he hoped soon to do.* Captain *Morgan*, who fear'd not his Threats, as knowing he had a secure Retreat in his Ships, which were nigh at Hand, made him answer, *That he would not deliver up the Castles, before he had receiv'd the Contribution-money he had demanded; and that in case it were not paid down, he would certainly burn the whole City, and then leave it; demolishing, before-hand, the Castles, and killing the Prisoners.*

The Governor of *Panama* perceiv'd by this Answer, that no Means would serve to mollify the Hearts of the Pyrates, nor reduce them to Reason.

Hereupon,

Hereupon he determined to leave them; as also those of the City, whom he came to relieve, involved in the Difficulties of making the best Agreement they could with their Enemies. Thus in a few Days more, the miserable Citizens gathered the Contribution wherein they were fined, and brought the entire Sum of one hundred thousand Pieces of Eight to the Pyrates, for a Ransom out of the cruel Captivity they were fallen into. The President of *Panama* confess'd that these Transactions put him into an extreme Admiration, considering that four hundred Men had been able to take such a great City, with so many strong Castles; especially seeing they had no Pieces of Cannon, nor other great Guns, wherewith to raise Batteries against them. And what was more, knowing that the Citizens of *Puerto Velo* had always been in great Repute for good Soldiers themselves, and who had never wanted Courage in their own Defence. This Astonishment was so great, that it occasioned him, in order to be satisfied herein, to send a Messenger to Captain *Morgan*, desiring him to send him some small Pattern of those Arms wherewith he had taken so suddenly such a great City. Captain *Morgan* received this Messenger very kindly, and treated him with great Civility. Which being done, he gave him a Pistol and a few small Bullets of Lead, to carry back unto the President; his Master telling him, withal, *That he desired him to accept that slender Specimen of the Arms, wherewith he had taken Puerto Velo, and keep them for a Twelve-month; after which Time, he assured him he would come to Panama and fetch them away.* The Governor of *Panama* return'd the Present very soon to Captain *Morgan*, giving him Thanks for the Favour of lending him such Weapons as he needed not, and withal sent him a Ring of Gold, with this Message, *That he desired him not to give himself the Trouble of coming to Panama, for he did certify unto him, that he should not speed so well there as he had done at Puerto Velo.*

After these Transactions, Captain *Morgan* (having provided his Fleet with all Necessaries, and taken with him the best Guns of the Castles, nailing up the rest which he could not carry away) set sail from *Puerto Velo* with all his Ships. With these he arrived in a few Days, at the Island of *Cuba*, where he sought out a Place, wherein with all Quiet and repose, he might make the Dividend of the Spoil they had gotten. They found in ready Money, two hundred and fifty thousand Pieces of Eight, besides Variety of Merchandizes; such as Cloth, Linnen, Silks, and other Goods. With this rich Purchase they sailed again from thence, to their common Place of Rendezvous, *Jamaica*. Being arrived there, they passed some Time in all Sorts of Vices and Debauchery, according to their common Practice, spending with huge Prodigality, what others had gained with no small Labour and Toil, tho' they, indeed, came to the Possession of it as easily as they parted with it.

Not long after the Arrival of the Pyrates at *Jamaica*, when they had stayed there precisely that short Time they needed to lavish away all the Riches abovemention'd, they concluded upon another Enterprize, wherein to seek new Fortunes. To this Effect, the Captain gave Orders to all the Commanders of his Ships, to meet together at the Island called *de la Vaca*, or *Coro-Isle*, seated on the South-side of the Isle of *Hispaniola*; as hath been mentioned above. As soon as they came to this Place, there flocked to them great Numbers of other Pyrates, both *French* and *English*, by Reason the Name of Captain *Morgan* was now rendered Famous in all the neighbouring Countries, for the great Enterprizes he had perform'd. There was at that present Time, at *Jamaica*, an *English* Ship newly come from *New England*, well mounted with thirty six Guns. This Vessel, likewise, by Order of the Governor of *Jamaica*, came to join with *Morgan*

to strengthen his Fleet, and give him greater Courage to attempt Things of great Consequence. With this supply Captain *Morgan* judged himself sufficiently strong, as having the Addition of a Ship of such Port; for it was really the greatest of his Fleet. Notwithstanding this, there being in the same Place another great Vessel, that carried twenty four iron Guns, and twelve of Brass, belonging to the *French*, Captain *Morgan* endeavoured as much as he could, to join this Ship in like Manner to his own. But the *French* not daring to repose any Trust in the *English*, of whose Actions they were not a little jealous, denied absolutely to consent to any such Thing.

The *French* Pyrates belonging to this great Ship, had accidentally met at Sea an *English* Vessel; and being then under an extreme Necessity of Victuals, they had taken some Provisions out of the *English* Ship, without paying for them; as having, peradventure, no ready Money on Board: Only they had given them Bills of Exchange, for *Jamaica* and *Portuga*, to receive Money there for what they had taken. Captain *Morgan* having Notice of this Accident, and perceiving he could not prevail with the *French* Captain to follow him in that Expedition, he resolved to lay hold on this Occasion, as a Pretext to ruin the *French*, and seek his own Revenge. Hereupon, he invited, with a masterly Disimulation, the *French* Commander, and several of his Men, to dine with him, on board the great Ship that was come from *Jamaica*, as was said before. Being come thither, he made them all Prisoners, pretending the Injury aforementioned done to the *English* Vessel, in taking away some few Provisions without Pay.

This unjust Action of Captain *Morgan* was soon followed by divine Punishment, as we may very rationally conceive. The Manner we shall instantly relate. Presently after he had taken the *French* Prisoners abovesaid, he called a Council, to deliberate what Place they should first pitch upon, in the Course of this new Expedition. At this Council it was determin'd to go to the Isle of *Savona*, there to wait for the *Flota*, which was then expected from *Spain*, and take any of the *Spanish* Vessels that might chance to straggle from the rest. This Resolution being taken, they began on board the great Ship to feast one another, for Joy of their new Voyage and happy Council, as they hoped it would prove. In testimony hereof, they drank many Healths, and discharged many Guns, as the common Sign of Mirth among Seamen us'd to be. Most of the Men being drunk, by what Accident is not known, the Ship suddenly was blown up into the Air, with three hundred and fifty *Englishmen*, besides the *French* Prisoners abovemention'd, that were in the Hold. Of all which Number, there escap'd only thirty Men, who were in the great Cabin, at some Distance from the main Force of the Gunpowder. Many more, 'tis thought, might have escap'd, had they not been so much overtaken with Wine.

The Loss of such a great Ship was no inconsiderable Affliction, as well as Surprise, to the *English*. They knew not whom to blame; but at last the Accusation was laid upon the *French* Prisoners, whom they suspected to have fir'd the Gunpowder of the Ship wherein they were, out of Design to revenge themselves, though with the Loss of their own Lives. Hereupon, they sought to be reveng'd on the *French* a-new, and accumulate fresh Accusations to the former, whereby to seize the Ship, and all that was in it. With this Design they forg'd another Pretext against the said Ship, by saying the *French* design'd to commit Piracy upon the *English*. The Grounds of this Accusation were given them by a Commission from the Governor of *Barracoa*, found on board the *French* Vessel; wherein were these Words: *That the said Governor did permit the French to trade in all Spanish Ports, &c.—As also, to cruize upon the English Pyrates in what Place soever they could find them, because of the* Multitude

Multitude of Hostilities they had committed against the Subjects of his Catholick Majesty, in Time of Peace betwixt the two Crowns. This Commission for Trade was interpreted by the *English* as an express Order to exercise Piracy and War against 'em, notwithstanding it was only a bare License for coming into the *Spanish* Ports; for the Cloak of which Permission, were those Words inserted, *That they should cruise upon the English.* And though the *French* sufficiently expounded the true Sense of the said Commission, yet they could not clear themselves to Capt. *Morgan*, nor his prejudic'd Council; but in Revenge for the supposed Injury, the Ship and Men were seiz'd, and sent to *Jamaica*. Here they also endeavour'd to obtain Justice, and the Restitution of their Ship, by all the Means possible: But all in vain, for, instead of Justice, they were a long Time detain'd in Prison, and threatened with Hanging.

Eight Days after the Loss of the said Ship, Capt. *Morgan* commanded the Bodies of the miserable Wretches who were blown up, to be searched for, as they floated upon the Waters of the Sea; not to give them Christian Burial, but for the Sake of their Cloaths, &c. If any had Gold Rings on their Fingers, they were cut off, and their Bodies left to the Monsters of the Sea. At last they set Sail for the Isle of *Savona*, the Place of Rendezvous, consisting in all of fifteen Vessels, carrying nine hundred and sixty Men, Capt. *Morgan* commanding the biggest, having but fourteen Guns. In a few Days after, they arriv'd at the Cape *Cabo de Lobos*, on the South-side of the Isle of *Hispaniola*, between the Capes of *Tiburen* and *Punta de Espata*; from hence they could not pass, (there being contrary Winds three Weeks) notwithstanding all the Endeavours Capt. *Morgan* used. They doubled the Cape, and soon spoke with an *English* Vessel, buying for ready Money such Provisions they stood most in Need of.

Captain *Morgan* proceeded in the Course of his Voyage, till he came to the Port of *Ocoa*. Here he landed some of his Men, sending them into the Woods to seek Water, and what Provisions they could find; the better to spare such as he had already on board his Fleet. They killed many Beasts, and among other Animals some Horses. But the *Spaniards* being not well satisfy'd at their Hunting, attempted to lay a Stratagem for the Pyrates. To this Purpose they order'd three or four hundred Men to come from the City of *Santo Domingo*, not far distant from this Port, desiring them to hunt in all the Parts thereabouts adjoining to the Sea, to the intent if any Pyrates should return, they might find no Subsistence. Within a few Days the same Pyrates returned, with Design to hunt; but, finding nothing to kill, about fifty of them straggled farther into the Woods. The *Spaniards*, who watch'd all their Motions, gather'd a great Herd of Cows, and set two or three Men to keep 'em; which the Pyrates espying, kill'd a sufficient Number; and tho' the *Spaniards* could see 'em at a Distance, yet they would not spoil their Sport for the present: but, as soon as they attempted to carry them off, they set upon 'em with all imaginable Fury, crying, *Mata, mata*; that is, *Kill, kill*; obliging the Pyrates to quit the Prey, and retreat to their Ships as fast as they could. This was perform'd in good Order, retiring gradually; and when they had a favourable Opportunity, by discharging full Vollics of Shot upon the *Spaniards*, kill'd many, tho' not without some Loss on their own Side.

The rest of the *Spaniards*, seeing what Damage their Companions had sustained, endeavour'd to save themselves by Flight, and carry off the Dead and Wounded. The Pyrates, perceiving the *Spaniards* to run, pursu'd them immediately to the Woods, killing the greatest Part of those that were remaining. The next Day Capt. *Morgan*, enrag'd, went with two hundred Men into the Woods to seek for

the rest of the *Spaniards*; but finding no-body, he revenged their Death, by burning the Houses of the poor and miserable Rusticks, inhabiting scatteringly about those Fields and Woods. Having done this, he return'd to his Ships, well-pleas'd he had done the Enemy such considerable Damage; which was always his most ardent Desire.

The huge Impatience wherewith Capt. *Morgan* had waited so long for some of his Ships, which were not arriv'd, made him resolve to sail without them, and steer his Course for the Isle of *Savona*, the Place he had always design'd for. Being arriv'd there, and not finding any of his Ships as yet come, he was more impatient than before, fearing they might be lost, or that he must proceed without 'em: Nevertheless, he waited their Arrival some Days longer. In the Interim, having no great Plenty of Provisions, he sent a Crew of one hundred and fifty Men to the Isle of *Hispaniola*, to pillage some Towns nigh the City of *Santo Domingo*: But the *Spaniards*, having had Intelligence of their coming, were now so vigilant, and in so good a Posture of Defence, that the Pyrates thought it not convenient to assault them; chusing rather to return empty-handed into Capt. *Morgan's* Presence, than perish in that desperate Enterprize.

The Captain, at last, seeing the other Ships did not come, made a Review of his People, finding only five hundred Men, or thereabouts; and but eight Ships out of fifteen, and the greatest Part of those were very small. Thus, having hitherto resolved to cruise upon the Coasts of *Caraccas*, and plunder all the Towns and Villages he could meet, finding himself at present with such small Forces, he chang'd his Resolution, by the Advice of a *French* Captain belonging to his Fleet.

This *Frenchman* had serv'd *Zolonois*, his Countryman, in like Enterprizes, and was at the taking of *Maracaibo*; whereby he knew all the Entries, Passages, Forces, and Means, how to put in Execution the same again in the Company of Captain *Morgan*; to whom, having made a full Relation of all, the Captain concluded to sack it again a second Time, as being himself persuaded, with all his Men, of the Facility of what the *Frenchman* propounded. Hereupon, they weigh'd Anchor, and steer'd their Course towards *Curasao*. Being come within Sight of that Island, they landed at another, which is nigh to it, and is call'd *Ruba*, seated about 12 Leagues from *Curasao*, towards the West. This Island is defended by a slender Garrison, and is inhabited by *Indians*, who are subject to the Crown of *Spain*, and speak *Spanish*, by reason of the *Roman Catholick* Religion, which is here cultivated by some few Priests, that are sent from Time to Time from the neighbouring Continent.

The Inhabitants of this Isle exercise a certain Commerce, or Trade, with the Pyrates that go and come this Way. These buy, of the Islanders, Sheep, Lambs, and Kids; which they exchange with them for Linnen, Thread, and other Things of this Kind. The Country is very dry and barren, the whole Substance thereof consisting in those three Things above-mention'd, and in a small Quantity of Wheat, which is of no bad Quality. This Isle produceth a great Number of venomous Insects, such as Vipers, Spiders, and others; these last are so pernicious here, that if any Man is bitten by them, he dies mad. And the Manner of recovering such Persons, is to tie them very fast, both Hands and Feet, and in this Condition to leave them for the Space of four and twenty Hours, without eating or drinking the least Thing imaginable. Captain *Morgan*, as was said, having cast Anchor before this Island, bought of the Inhabitants a great many Sheep, Lambs, and also Wood, which he needed for all his Fleet. Having been there two Days, he set sail again, in the Night-time, to the Intent they might not see what Course he steer'd.

The next Day they arriv'd at the Sea of *Maracaibo*, taking always great Care of not being seen from *Vigilia*; for which Reason, they anchor'd out of Sight of the Watch-tower. Night being come, they set sail again towards the Land, and the next Morning, by Break of Day, found themselves directly over-against the Bar of the Lake abovemention'd. The *Spaniards* had here lately built a strong Fort, from whence they now fir'd continually against the Pyrates, while they were putting their Men into Boats for them to land. The Dispute continu'd very hot on both Sides, being manag'd with a great deal of Courage and Valour from Morning till dark Night. Evening being come, Captain *Morgan*, in the Obscurity thereof, drew nigh to the Fort; which having examin'd, he found no Body in it, the *Spaniards* having deserted it not long before. They left behind them a Match kindled, nigh to a Train of Gunpowder, wherewith they design'd to blow up the Pyrates, and the whole Fortreſs, as soon as they were out of it. This Design had taken Effect, had the Pyrates fail'd to discover it the Space of one Quarter of an Hour. But Captain *Morgan* prevented the Mischief, by snatching away the Match with all Speed; whereby he sav'd both his own and his Companions Lives. They found here a great Quantity of Gunpowder, wherewith he furnish'd his Fleet; and afterwards demolish'd part of the Walls, nailing up sixteen Pieces of Ordnance, which carried from twelve to four and twenty Pounds of Bullet. Here they found, also, a great Number of Muskets, and other military Provisions.

The next Day they commanded the Ships to enter the Bar; among which they divided the Gunpowder, Muskets, and other Things they found in the Fort. These Things being done, they embark'd again, to continue their Course towards *Maracaibo*: But the Waters were very low, so that they could not pass a certain Bank that lies at the Entry of the Lake. Hereupon, they were compell'd to put themselves into Canoes and small Boats, with which they arriv'd the next Day before *Maracaibo*, having no other Defence but some small Pieces, which they could carry in the said Boats. Being landed, they ran immediately to the Fort call'd *de la Barra*; which they found in like Manner as the preceding, without any Person in it: For all the Garrison and Inhabitants were fled before them into the Woods, leaving also the Town without any People, unless a few miserable poor Folk, who had nothing to lose.

As soon as they had entered the Town, the Pyrates searched every Corner thereof, to see if they could find any People that were hidden, who might offend them at unawares. Not finding any Body, every Party, according as they came out of their several Ships, chose what Houses they pleased to themselves, in the best Manner they could find. The Church was deputed for the common *Corps de Garde*, where they lived after their military Manner, committing many insolent Actions. The next Day after their Arrival, they sent a Troop of one hundred Men to seek for the Inhabitants and their Goods. These returned the next Day following, bringing with them to the Number of thirty Persons, Men, Women, and Children; and fifty Mules laden with several Sorts of Merchandize. All these miserable Prisoners were put to the Rack, to make them confess where the rest of the Inhabitants were, and their Goods. Amongst other Tortures then used, one was to stretch their Limbs with Cords, and at the same Time, beat them with Sticks and other Instruments. Others had burning Matches plac'd betwixt their Fingers, and were thus burnt alive; others had slender Cords, or Matches, twist'd about their Heads, till their Eyes burst'd out of the Skull. Thus all Sorts of inhuman Cruelties were executed upon those innocent People. Those who would not confess, or who had nothing to declare, died under the Hands of these tyrannical Men; whose Tortures and Racks continu'd for the Space of three whole Weeks: In which Time

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they ceas'd not to send out, daily, Parties of Men, to seek for more People to torment and rob; they never returning Home without Booty and new Riches.

Captain *Morgan*, having now gotten, by Degrees, into his Hands about one hundred of the chiefest Families, with all their Goods, at last resolv'd to go to *Gibraltar*. With this Design, he equipp'd his Fleet, providing it very sufficiently with all necessary Things. He put, likewise, on board, all the Prisoners, and thus weighing Anchor, set sail for the said Place, with Resolution to hazard the Battle. They had sent before them some Prisoners to *Gibraltar*, to denounce to the Inhabitants that they should surrender; otherwise Captain *Morgan* would certainly put them all to the Sword, without giving Quarter to any Person he should find alive. Not long after, he arriv'd with his Fleet before *Gibraltar*, whose Inhabitants receiv'd him with continual shooting of great Cannon-bullets. But the Pyrates, instead of fainting hereat, ceas'd not to encourage one another, saying, *We must make one Meal upon bitter Things, before we come to taste the Sweetness of the Sugar this Place affordeth.*

The next Day, very early in the Morning, they landed all their Men; and, being guided by the *Frenchman* abovemention'd, they march'd towards the Town, not by the common Way, but crossing through the Woods; by which Way the *Spaniards* scarce thought they would have come. For, at the Beginning of their March, they made Appearance as if they intended to come by the next and open Way that led to the Town, hereby the better to deceive the *Spaniards*. But these remembering, as yet, full well what Hostilities had been committed upon them by Pyrates before, thought it not safe to expect another Brunt; and hereupon they all fled out of the Town as fast as they could, carrying with them all their Goods and Riches, as also all the Gunpowder; having nailed up all the great Guns, insomuch that the Pyrates found not one Person in the whole City, excepting one only poor and innocent Man, who was born a Fool. This Man they asked whither the Inhabitants were fled, and where they had absconded their Goods. Unto all which Questions and the like, he constantly made Answer, *I know nothing, I know nothing.* But they presently put him to the Wrack, and tortur'd him with Cords; which Torments forced him to cry out, *Do not torture me any more, but come with me, and I will shew you my Goods and my Riches.* They were perswaded, as it should seem, that he was some rich Person, who had disguised himself under those Cloaths so poor, as also that innocent Tongue: Hereupon, they went along with him; and he conducted them to a poor and miserable Cottage, wherein he had a few Earthen Dishes, and other Things of little or no Value; and amongst these, three Pieces of Eight, which he had concealed with some other Trumpery, under Ground. After this, they asked him his Name, and he readily made Answer, *My Name is Don Sebastian Sanchez, and I am Brother to the Governor of Maracaibo.* This foolish Answer, it must be conceived, these Men, tho' never so inhuman, took for a certain Truth. For no sooner had they heard it, but they put him again upon the Rack, lifting him up on high with Cords, and tying huge Weights to his Feet and Neck. Besides which cruel and stretching Torment, they burnt him alive, applying Palm-Leaves burning to his Face. Under these Miseries he died in half an Hour. After his Death, they cut the Cords wherewith they had stretch'd him, and dragg'd him forth into the adjoining Woods, where they left him without Burial.

The same Day they sent out a Party of Pyrates to seek for the Inhabitants, upon whom they might employ their inhuman Cruelties. These brought back with them an honest Peasant, with two Daughters of his, whom they had taken Prisoners, and whom they intended to torture, as they used to do with others, in case they flew not the Places where the

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Inhabitants

Inhabitants had absconded themselves. The Peasant knew some of the said Places, and hereupon, seeing himself threatened with the Rack, went with the Pyrates to shew them. But the *Spaniards*, perceiving their Enemies to range every where up and down the Woods, were already fled from thence much farther off, into the thickest Parts of the said Woods, where they built themselves Huts, to preserve from the Violence of the Weather, those few Goods they had carried with them. The Pyrates judged themselves to be deceived by the said Peasant; and thereupon, to revenge their Wrath upon him, notwithstanding all the Excuses he could make, and his humble Supplications for his Life, they hang'd him upon a Tree.

After this, they divided into several Parties, and went to search the Plantations. For they knew the *Spaniards* that had hid themselves, could not live upon what they found in the Woods, without coming now and then to seek Provisions at their own Country-Houses. Here they found a certain Slave, to whom they promised Mountains of Gold, and that they would give him his Liberty by transporting him to *Jamaica*, in case he would shew them the Places where the Inhabitants of *Gibraltar* lay hidden. This Fellow conducted him to a Party of *Spaniards*, whom they instantly made all Prisoners, commanding the said Slave to kill some of them before the Eyes of the rest; to the Intent that by this perpetrated Crime, he might never be able to leave their wicked Company. The Negro, according to their Orders, committed many Murders and base Actions upon the *Spaniards*, and followed the unfortunate Traces of the Pyrates; who, after the Space of eight Days, returned to *Gibraltar* with many Prisoners, and some Mules laden with Riches. They examined every Prisoner by himself, (who were in all about two hundred and fifty Persons) where they had concealed the rest of their Goods, and if they knew of their fellow Townsmen. Such as would not confess, were tormented after a most cruel and inhuman Manner. Among the rest, there happened to be a certain *Portuguese*, who, by the Information of a Negro, was reported, though falsely, to be very rich. This Man was commanded to produce his Riches. But his Answer was, that he had no more than one hundred Pieces of Eight in the whole World, and that these had been stolen from him two Days before, by a Servant of his. Which Words, tho' he sealed them with many Oaths and Protestations, would not satisfy these Wretches: Whereupon, they dragg'd him to the Rack, without any regard to his Age, as being threescore Years old, stretch'd him with Cords, and broke both his Arms behind his Shoulders.

This Cruelty went not alone: For he not being able or willing to make any other Declaration than the abovesaid, they put him to another sort of Torment, that was worse, and more barbarous than the Preceding. They tied him with small Cords, by his two Thumbs and great Toes, to four Stakes that were fix'd in the Ground at a convenient Distance, the whole Weight of his Body being pendent in the Air upon those Cords. Then they thrash'd him upon the Cords with great Sticks, and all their Strength, so that the Body of this miserable Man was ready to perish at every Stroke, under the Severity of those horrible Pains. Not satisfied, as yet, with this cruel Torture, they took a Stone which weighed about two hundred Pound, and laid it upon his Belly, as if they intended to press him to Death. At which Time they also kindled Palm-Leaves, and applied the Flame to the Face of this unfortunate *Portuguese*, burning with them the whole Skin, Beard, and Hair. At last, these cruel Tyrants, seeing that neither with these Tortures, nor others, they could get any Thing out of him, they untied the Cords, and carried him, being almost half dead, to the Church, where was their *Corps du Garde*. Here they tied him anew, to one of the Pillars of the Place, leaving him in that Condition, without giving him any Thing either

to eat or drink for some Days, unless very sparingly, and so little as would scarce sustain Life. Four or five Days being past, he desired that one of the Prisoners might have the Liberty to come to him, by whose Means he promised he would endeavour to raise some Money to satisfy their Demands. The Prisoner whom he required, was brought unto him; and he ordered him to promise the Pyrates five hundred Pieces of Eight for his Ransom. But they were both deaf and obstinate at such a small Sum, and, instead of accepting it, beat him cruelly with Cudgels, saying to him, *Old Fellow, instead of five hundred, you must say, five hundred thousand Pieces of Eight; otherwise you shall here end your Life.* Finally, after a thousand Protestations that he was but a miserable Man, and kept a poor Tavern for his Living, he agreed with them for the Sum of one thousand Pieces of Eight. These he raised in a few Days, and having paid them to the Pyrates, got his Liberty; altho' so horribly maimed in his Body, that 'tis scarce to be believed he could survive many Weeks after.

Several other Tortures besides these, were exercised upon others, which this *Portuguese* endured not. Some were hang'd up by the Testicles, or by their privy Members, and left in that Condition till they fell unto the Ground, those private Parts being torn from their Bodies. If with this they were minded to shew themselves merciful to those Wretches, thus lacerated in the most tender Parts of their Bodies, their Mercy was to run them through and through with their Swords; and by this Means rid them soon of their Pains and Lives. Otherwise, if this were not done, they used to lay four or five Days under the Agonies of Death. Others were crucified by these Tyrants, and with kindled Matches were burnt between the Joints of their Fingers and Toes. Others had their Feet put into the Fire, and thus were left to be roasted alive. At last, having used both these and other Cruelties with the *Whitemen*, they began to practise the same over again with the Negro's their Slaves; who were treated with no less Inhumanity than their Masters.

Among these Slaves was found one, who promised Captain *Morgan*, to conduct him to a certain River belonging to the Lake, where he should find a Ship and four Boats richly laden with Goods, that belonged to the Inhabitants of *Maraicabo*. The same Slave discovered, likewise, the Place where the Governor of *Gibraltar* lay hidden, together with the greatest Part of the Women of the Town. But all this he revealed purely on account of the Menaces wherewith they threatened him, in case he told not what he knew. Captain *Morgan* sent away presently two hundred Men in two *Saeties*, or great Boats, towards the River abovementioned, to seek for what the Slave had discovered. But he himself, with two hundred and fifty more, undertook to go and take the Governor. This Gentleman was retired to a small Island, seated in the Middle of the River, where he had built a little Fort, after the best Manner he could, for his Defence. But hearing that Captain *Morgan* came in Person with great Forces to seek him, he retired farther off, to the Top of a Mountain not much distant from that Place; to which there was no Ascent, but by a very narrow Passage. This Place was even so streight, that whosoever pretended to gain the ascent, must of Necessity cause his Men to pass one by one. Captain *Morgan* spent two Days, before he could arrive at the little Island abovementioned. From thence he design'd to proceed to the Mountain where the Governor was posted, had he not been told of the Impossibility he should find in the Ascent; not only for the Narrowness of the Path that led to the Top, but also because the Governor was very well provided with all Sorts of Ammunition above. Besides that, there was fallen an huge Rain, whereby all the Baggage belonging to the Pyrates, and their Gunpowder, was wet. By this Rain also they had lost many of their Men, at the Passage over a River that was overflowed. Here perished likewise, some Women

Women and Children, and many Mules laden with Plate and other Goods; all which they had taken in the Fields from the fugitive Inhabitants: So that all Things were in a very bad Condition with Captain *Morgan*, and the Bodies of his Men exceedingly barrat's'd, as ought to be inferr'd from this Relation. Whereby, if the *Spaniards* in that Juncture of Time had but had a Troop of fifty Men, well arm'd with Pikes or Spears, they might have entirely destroy'd the Pyrates, without any possible Resistance on their Side. But the Fears which the *Spaniards* had conceiv'd from the Beginning, were so great, that only hearing the Leaves on the Trees to stir, they often fancied them to be Pyrates. Finally, Captain *Morgan* and his People, having upon this March sometimes waded up to their Middles in Water, for the Space of half or whole Miles together, they at last escap'd, for the greatest part. But of the Women and Children, that they brought home Prisoners, the major Part died.

Thus, 12 Days after they set forth to seek the Governor, they return'd to *Gibraltar* with a great Number of Prisoners. Two Days after arriv'd, also, the two *Saeties* that went to the River, bringing with them four Boats and some Prisoners. But as to the greatest part of the Merchandize that was in the said Boats, they found them not, the *Spaniards* having unladed and secur'd them, as having Intelligence before-hand of the coming of the Pyrates. Whereupon, they design'd also, when the Merchandize was all taken out, to burn the Boats. Yet the *Spaniards* made not so much Haste as was requisite, to unlade the said Vessels, so that they left both in the Saip and Boats great Parcels of Goods, which, they being fled from thence, the Pyrates seiz'd, and brought thereof a considerable Booty to *Gibraltar*. Thus, after they had been in possession of the Place five entire Weeks, and committed there an infinite Number of Murders, Robberies, Rapes, and such like Insolencies, they concluded upon their Departure; but, before this could be perform'd, for the last Proof of their Tyranny, they gave Orders to some Prisoners to go forth into the Woods and Fields, and collect a Ransom for the Town, otherwise they would certainly burn every House down to the Ground. Those poor afflicted Men went forth as they were sent; and after they had search'd every Corner of the adjoining Fields and Woods, they return'd to Captain *Morgan*, telling him, that they had scarce been able to find any Body; but that unto such as they had found, they had propos'd his Demands; to which they had made Answer, that the Governor had prohibited them to give any Ransom for not burning the Town: Yet, notwithstanding any Prohibition to the contrary, they beseech'd him to have a little Patience, and, among themselves, they would collect to the Sum of five thousand Pieces of Eight: And for the rest, they would give him some of their own Townsmen as Hostages, whom he might carry with him to *Maracaibo*, till such Time as he had receiv'd full Satisfaction.

Captain *Morgan*, having now been a long Time absent from *Maracaibo*, and knowing the *Spaniards* had had sufficient Time wherein to fortify themselves, and hinder his Departure out of the Lake, granted them their Proposition abovemention'd; and, withal, made as much Haste as he could to set Things in Order for his Departure. He gave Liberty to all the Prisoners, having before-hand put them every one to the Ransom; yet he detain'd all the Slaves with him. They deliver'd to him four Persons, that were agreed upon for Hostages, till they could pay what Sums of Money more he was to receive from them: And they desir'd to have the Slave of whom we made mention above, intending to punish him according to his Deserts. But Captain *Morgan* would not deliver him, being perswaded they would burn him alive. At last, they weigh'd Anchor, and set Sail with all the Haste they cou'd, directing their Course towards *Maracaibo*. Here

they arriv'd in four Days, and found all Things in the same Posture they had left them in when they departed. Yet here they receiv'd News, from the Information of a poor distress'd old Man, who was sick, and whom alone they found in the Town, that three *Spanish* Men of War were arriv'd at the Entry of the Lake, and there waited for the Return of the Pyrates out of those Parts. Moreover, that the Castle at the Entry thereof was again put into a good Posture of Defence, being well provided with great Guns and Men, and all Sorts of Ammunition.

This Relation of the old Man could not chuse but cause some Disturbance in the Mind of Captain *Morgan*, who now was careful how to get away through those narrow Passages of the Entry of the Lake. Hereupon he sent one of his Boats, the swiftest he had, to view the Entry, and see if Things were as they had been related. The next Day the Boat came back, confirming what was said, and assuring him, they had viewed the Ships so nigh, that they had been in great Danger of the Shot they had made at them. Hereunto they added, that the biggest Ship was mounted with forty Guns, the Second with thirty, and the smallest with four and twenty. These Forces were much beyond those of Captain *Morgan*; and consequently they caused a general Consternation among the Pyrates, whose biggest Vessel had not above fourteen small Guns. Every one judg'd that Captain *Morgan* desponded in his Mind, and was destitute of all manner of Hopes, considering the Difficulty of passing safely with his little Fleet amidst those great Ships and the Fort, and the Necessity he was otherwise under of perishing. How to escape any other Way than this, either by Sea or by Land, they saw no Opportunity nor Convenience. Only they could have wish'd that those three Ships had rather come over the Lake to seek them at *Maracaibo*, than to remain at the Mouth of the Streight where they were; for at that Passage they must of Necessity fear the Ruin of their Fleet, which consisted only, for the greatest part, of Boats.

Hereupon, being necessitated to act as well as he cou'd, Captain *Morgan* resum'd new Courage, and resolv'd to shew himself, as yet, undaunted with these Terrors. To this Intent, he boldly sent a *Spaniard* to the Admiral of those three Ships, demanding of him a considerable Tribute or Ransom, for not putting the City of *Maracaibo* to the Flames. This Man (who doubtless was receiv'd by the *Spaniards* with great Admiration of the Confidence and Boldness of our Pyrates) return'd two Days after, bringing to Captain *Morgan* a Letter from the said Admiral, whose Contents were as followeth.

A Letter of *Don Alonso del Campo y Espinosa*, Admiral of the *Spanish* Fleet, to Captain *Morgan*, Commander of the Pyrates.

HAVING understood by all our Friends and Neighbours, the unexpected News, that you have dared to attempt and commit Hostilities in the Countries, Cities, Towns, and Villages, belonging to the Dominions of his Catholick Majesty, my sovereign Lord and Master, I let you understand by these Lines, that I am come to this Place, according to my Obligation, nigh to that Castle which you took out of the Hands of a Parcel of Cowards; where I have put Things into a very good Posture of Defence, and mounted again the Artillery which you had nailed and dismounted. My Intent is, to dispute with you your Passage out of the Lake, and follow and pursue you every where, to the End you may see the Performance of my Duty. Notwithstanding, if you will be contented to surrender with Humility all the Treasure that you have taken, together with the Slaves and all other Prisoners, I will let you freely pass, without Trouble or Molestation; upon Condition that you retire home presently to your own Country. But in case that you make any Resistance or Opposition against me, and
refuse

refuse the Conditions that I proffer to you, I assure you I'll command Boats to come from Caracas, where in I'll put my Troops, and, coming to Maracaibo, will cause you utterly to perish, by putting you every Man to the Sword. This is my last and absolute Resolution. Be prudent, therefore, and do not abuse my Bounty with Ingratitude. I have with me very good Soldiers, who desire nothing more ardently than to revenge themselves on you and your People, for all the cruel and base infamous Actions you have committed upon the Spanish Nation in America. From on board the Royal Ship named Magdalen, lying at Anchor at the Lake of Maracaibo.

Don Alonso del Campo y Espinosa.

As soon as Captain Morgan had received this Letter, he called all his Men together in the Market-place of *Maracaibo*; and after reading the Contents thereof, both in *French* and *English*, he asked their Advice and Resolutions upon the whole Matter, and whether they had rather surrender all they had purchas'd, to obtain their Liberty, than fight like Men to keep what they were possess'd of.

They answered all unanimously, They had rather fight, and spill the very last Drop of Blood they had in their Veins, than surrender so easily the Booty they had gotten with so much Danger of their Lives. Among the Company, one was found who resolutely spoke thus to Captain Morgan: *Take you Care for the rest, and I will undertake to destroy the biggest of those Ships with only twelve Men. The manner shall be, by making a Brulot or Fire-ship of that Vessel we took in the River of Gibraltar: And so the Intent she may not be known for a Fire-ship, we will fill her Decks with Logs of Wood, standing with Hats and Montera Caps, to deceive their Sight with the Representation of Men. The same we will do at the Port-holes that serve for the Guns, which shall be filled with counterfeit Cannon. At the Stern we will hang out the English Colours, and persuade the Enemy she is one of our best Men of War, and comes to fight them. This Proposition being heard by the Junta, was admitted and approved of by every one; nevertheless their Fears were not quite dispersed.*

For, notwithstanding what had been concluded there, they endeavoured the next Day to see if they could come to accommodation with Don Alonso. To this Effect Captain Morgan sent him two Persons, with these following Propositions. First, *That he would quit Maracaibo, without doing any Damage to the Town, or exacting any Ransom for the firing thereof. Secondly, That he would set at Liberty one half of the Slaves, and likewise all other Prisoners, without Ransom. Thirdly, That he would send home freely the four chief Inhabitants of Gibraltar, whom he had in his Custody, as Hostages for the Contributions those People had promised to pay him.* These Propositions from the Pyrates being understood by Don Alonso, were instantly rejected every one, as being dishonourable for him to grant. Neither would he hear a Word more of any other Accommodation; but sent back this Message: *That in case they surrendered not themselves voluntarily into his Hands, within the Space of two Days, under the Conditions which he had offered them by his Letter, he would immediately come and force them to do it.*

No sooner had Captain Morgan received this Message from Don Alonso, than he put all Things in order to fight, resolving to get out of the Lake by main Force, and without surrendring any Thing. In the first Place, he commanded all the Slaves and Prisoners to be tied and guarded very well. After this, they gathered all the Pitch, Tar, and Brimstone, they could find in the whole Town, therewith to prepare the Fire-ship abovementioned. Likewise, they made several Inventions of Powder and

Brimstone, with great Quantities of Palm-Leaves, very well anointed with Tar. They cover'd, also, their counterfeit Cannon, very dexterously, laying under every Piece thereof many Pounds of Gunpowder. Besides which, they cut down many Outworks belonging to the Ship, to the end the Gunpowder might exert its Strength the better. Thus they broke open, also, new Port-holes; where, instead of Guns, they plac'd little Drums, of which the Negroes make Use. Finally, the Decks were handsomely beset with many Pieces of Wood, dress'd up in the Shape of Men, with Hats, or Montera's; and likewise arm'd with Swords, Muskets, and Bandoleers.

The *Brulot*, or Fire-ship, being thus fitted to their Purpose, they prepar'd themselves to go to the Entry of the Port. All the Prisoners were put into one great Boat, and in another of the biggest they plac'd all the Women, Plate, Jewels, and other rich Things which they had. Into others they put all the Bales of Goods and Merchandize, and other Things of greatest Bulk. Each of these Boats had twelve Men on board, very well arm'd. The *Brulot* had Orders to go before the rest of the Vessels, and presently to fall foul with the great Ship. All Things being in a Readiness, Captain Morgan exacted an Oath of all his Comrades, whereby they protested to defend themselves against the *Spaniards*, even to the last Drop of Blood, without demanding Quarter at any Rate; promising them, withal, that whosoever thus behav'd himself, should be very well rewarded.

With this Disposition of Mind, and courageous Resolution, they set Sail to seek the *Spaniards*, and found their Fleet riding at Anchor in the Middle of the Entry of the Lake. Captain Morgan, it being now late, and almost dark, commanded all his Vessels to come to an Anchor, with Design to fight from thence even all Night, if they should provoke him thereto. He gave Orders that a careful and vigilant Watch should be kept on board every Vessel till the Morning, they being almost within Shot, as well as within Sight of the Enemy. The Dawning of the Day being come, they weigh'd Anchors, and set Sail again, steering their Course directly towards the *Spaniards*; who observing them to move, did instantly the same. The Fire-ship, sailing before the rest, fell presently upon the great Ship, and grappled to her Sides in a short Time; which being perceiv'd by the *Spaniards* to be a Fire-ship, they attempted to escape the Danger by putting her off, but in vain, and too late: For the Flame suddenly seiz'd her Timber and Tackling, and, in a short Space, consum'd all the Stern, the Fore-part sinking into the Sea, whereby she perish'd. The second *Spanish* Ship, perceiving the Admiral to burn, not by Accident, but by the Industry of the Enemy, escap'd towards the Castle, where the *Spaniards* themselves caus'd her to sink; chusing this Way of losing their Ship, rather than to fall into the Hands of the Pyrates, which they now held for inevitable. The third, as having no Opportunity nor Time to escape, was taken by the Pyrates. The Seamen that sunk the second Ship nigh to the Castle, perceiving that the Pyrates came towards them, to take what Remains they could find of their Shipwreck (for some Part of the Hulk was extant above Water) set fire in like Manner to this Vessel, to the End the Pyrates might enjoy nothing of that Spoil. The first Ship being set on Fire, some of the Persons that were in her swam towards the Shore. These the Pyrates would have taken up in their Boats, but they would neither ask nor admit of any Quarter; chusing rather to lose their Lives, than receive them from the Hands of their Pursuers, for such Reasons as we shall relate hereafter.

The Pyrates were so extreamly elevated, by this signal Victory, obtain'd in so short a Time, and with so great Inequality of Forces, that they conceiv'd greater Pride in their Minds than they had before; and, thereupon, they all presently ran ashore, intending

ding to take the Castle. This they found very well provided both with Men, great Cannon, and Ammunition; they having no other Arms than Muskets, and a few Fire-balls, in their Hands. Their own Artillery they thought incapable, for its Smallness, of making any considerable Breach in the Walls. Thus they spent the rest of that Day, firing at the Garrison with their Muskets, till the Dusk of the Evening; at which Time they attempted to advance nigher to the Walls, with Intent to throw in the Fire-balls. But the *Spaniards*, resolving to sell their Lives as dearly as they cou'd, continu'd firing so furiously at them, that they thought it not convenient to approach any nearer, nor persist any longer in the Dispute. Thus having experienc'd the Obstinacy of the Enemy, and seeing thirty of their own Men already dead, and as many more wounded, they retired to their Ships.

The *Spaniards*, believing the Pyrates would return the next Day to renew the Attack, as also to make use of their own Cannon against the Castle, labour'd very hard all Night, to put all Things in Order for their coming; but, more particularly, they employ'd themselves that Night in digging down and making plain some little Hills and eminent Places, from whence, possibly, the Castle might be defended.

Captain *Morgan*, however, intended not to come ashore again, but busy'd himself the next Day in taking Prisoners some of the Men who still swam alive upon the Waters, hoping to get Part of the Riches that were lost in the two Ships that perish'd. Among the rest, he took a certain Pilot, who was a Stranger, and who belong'd to the lesser Ship of the two, with whom he held much Discourse, enquiring of him several Things; in particular, what Number of People had been in these three Ships; whether they expected any more Ships to come; from what Port they set forth the last Time, when they came to seek them out. His Answer to all these Questions, was as followeth, which he deliver'd in the *Spanish* Tongue: " Noble Sir, be pleas'd to pardon and spare me, and permit no Evil to be done to me, as being a Stranger to the Nation I have serv'd, and I shall sincerely inform you of all that pass'd till our Arrival at this Lake. We were sent by Orders from the Supreme Council of State in *Spain*, being six Men of War well equipp'd, into these Seas, with Instructions to cruize upon the *English* Pyrates, and root them out from these Parts by destroying as many of them as we cou'd.

" These Orders were given, by reason of the News brought to the Court of *Spain* of the Loss and Ruin of *Puerto Velo*, and other Places. Of all which Damages and Hostilities committed here by the *English*, very dismal Lamentations have oftentimes penetrated the Ears of the Catholick King and Council, to whom belongs the Care and Preservation of this new World. And tho' the *Spanish* Court hath many Times, by their Ambassadors, sent Complaints hereof to the King of *England*; yet it hath been the constant Answer of his Majesty of *Great-Britain*, That he never gave any Letters Patents nor Commissions for the acting any Hostility whatsoever against the Subjects of the King of *Spain*. Hereupon, the Catholick King, being resolv'd to revenge his Subjects, and punish these Proceedings, commanded six Men of War to be equipp'd; which he sent into these Parts under the Command of *Don Augustin de Bustos*, who was constituted Admiral of the said Fleet. He commanded the biggest Ship thereof, nam'd *Nuestra Sennora de la Soledad*, mounted with eight and forty great Guns, and eight small ones. The Vice-Admiral was *Don Alonso del Campo y Espinosa*, who commanded the second Ship call'd *la Concepcion*, which carried forty-four great Guns, and eight small ones. Besides which, Vessels, there were also four more; whereof the first was nam'd *The Magdalen*, and was mounted

" with thirty-six great Guns, and twelve small ones, having on board two hundred and fifty Men. The second was call'd *St. Lewis*, with twenty-six great Guns, twelve small ones, and two hundred Men. The third was call'd *la Marquesa*, which carried sixteen great Guns, eight small ones, and one hundred and fifty Men. The fourth and last, *Nuestra Sennora del Carmen*, with eighteen great Guns, eight small ones, and likewise one hundred and fifty Men.

" We were now arriv'd at *Cartagena*, when the two greatest Ships receiv'd Orders to return to *Spain*, as being judg'd too big for cruizing upon these Coasts. With the four Ships remaining, *Don Alonso del Campo y Espinosa*, departed from thence towards *Campeche*, to seek out the *English*. We arrived at the Port of the said City, where being surprized by a huge Storm that blew from the North, we lost one of our four Ships; it being that which I named in the Place among the rest, from hence we set Sail for the Isle of *Hispaniola*, in sight of which we came within few Days, and directed our Course to the Port of *Santo Domingo*. Here we received Intelligence, that there had passed that Way a Fleet from *Jamaica*, and that some Men thereof having landed at a Place call'd *Alta Gracia*, the Inhabitants had taken one of them Prisoner, who confessed their whole Design was to go and pillage the City of *Caracas*. With this News *Don Alonso* instantly weigh'd Anchor, and set Sail from thence, crossing over to the Continent, till we came in sight of *Caracas*. Here we found not the *English*; but happened to meet with a Boat, which informed us they were in the Lake of *Maracaibo*, and that the Fleet consisted of seven small Ships and one Boat.

" Upon this Intelligence we arrived here; and coming nigh unto the Entry of the Lake, we shot off a Gun to demand a Pilot from the Shore. Those on Land perceiving that we were *Spaniards*, came willingly unto us with a Pilot, and told us that the *English* had taken the City of *Maracaibo*, and that they were at present at the Pillage of *Gibraltar*. *Don Alonso*, having understood this News, made a handsome Speech to all his Soldiers and Mariners, encouraging them to perform their Duty, and withal promising to divide among them all they should take from the *English*. After this, he gave Order that the Guns which he had taken out of the Ship that was lost, should be put into the Castle, and there mounted for its Defence, with two Pieces more out of his own Ship, of eighteen Pounds each. The Pilots conducted us into the Port, and *Don Alonso* commanded the People that were on Shore to come into his Presence; to whom he gave Orders to repossess the Castle, and re-enforce it with one hundred Men more than it had been before its being taken by the *English*. Not long after, we received News that you were returned from *Gibraltar* to *Maracaibo*; to which Place *Don Alonso* wrote you a Letter, giving you Account of his Arrival and Design, and withal exhorting you to restore all that you had taken. This you refused to do; whereupon, he renewed his Promises and Intentions to his Soldiers and Seamen; and having given a very good Supper to all his People, he persuaded them neither to take nor give any Quarter to the *English* in the approaching Action. This was the Occasion of so many being drowned, who dared not to crave any Quarter for their Lives, as knowing their own Intentions of giving none. Two Days before you came against us, a certain Negro came on board *Don Alonso's* Ship, who spoke thus to him: *Sir, be pleas'd to have great Care of yourself; for the English have prepared a Fireship, with Design to burn your Fleet*. But *Don Alonso* would not believe this Intelligence, his Answer being, *How can that be? Can they*

"have Wit enough to build a Fireship? or what Instruments have they to do it withal?"

The Pilot abovementioned, having related so distinctly all the aforesaid Things to Captain *Morgan*, was very well used by him, and, after some kind Proffers made him, remained in his Service. He discovered moreover to the Captain, that in the Ship that was sunk, there was a great Quantity of Plate, even to the Value of forty thousand Pieces of Eight; and that it was certainly the Occasion they had oftentimes seen the *Spaniards* in Boats about the said Ship. Hereupon, Captain *Morgan* ordered that one of his Ships should remain there, to watch all Occasions of getting out of the said Vessel what Plate they could. In the mean While, he himself, with all his Fleet, returned to *Maracaibo*, where he refitted the great Ship he had taken of the three abovementioned. And now, being well accommodated, he chose it for himself, giving his own Bottom to one of his Captains.

After this, he sent again a Messenger to the Admiral, who was escaped on Shore and got into the Castle, demanding of him a Tribute or Ransom, for the Town of *Maracaibo*, to preserve it from Fire; which being denied, he threatened entirely to consume and destroy it. The *Spaniards*, considering how unfortunate they had been all along with those Pyrates, and not knowing after what manner to get rid of them, concluded among themselves to pay the said Ransom, although *Don Alonso* would not consent to it.

Hereupon, they sent to Captain *Morgan* to ask what Sum he demanded. He answered them, that he would have thirty thousand Pieces of Eight, and five hundred Beeves, to the Intent his Fleet might be well victualled with Flesh. This Ransom being paid, he promised them to give no farther Trouble to the Prisoners, nor to cause any Ruin or Damage to the Town. Finally, they agreed with him upon the Sum of twenty thousand Pieces of Eight, besides the five hundred Beeves. The Cattle the *Spaniards* brought in the next Day, together with one part of the Money: And while the Pyrates were busied in salting the Flesh, they returned with the rest of the whole Sum of twenty thousand Pieces of Eight, for which they had agreed.

But Captain *Morgan* would not deliver, for that Present, the Prisoners, as he had promised to do, by Reason he feared the Shot of the Artillery of the Castle at his going forth of the Lake. Hereupon, he told them he intended not to deliver them, till such Time as he was out of that Danger; hoping by this Means to obtain a free Passage. Thus he set Sail with all his Fleet in quest of that Ship which he had left behind, to seek for the Plate of the Vessel that was burnt. He found her upon the Place, with the Sum of fifteen thousand Pieces of Eight, which they had purchased out of the Wreck; besides many other Pieces of Plate, as Hilts of Swords, and other Things of that kind. Also a great Quantity of Pieces of Eight, that were melted and run together by the Force of the Fire of the said Ship.

Captain *Morgan* scarce thought himself secure, neither could he contrive how to shun the Damages the said Castle might cause to his Fleet. Hereupon he told the Prisoners, that it was necessary they should agree with the Governor to open the Passage with Security for his Fleet; to which Point if he should not consent, he would certainly hang them all up in his Ships. After this Warning, the Prisoners met together to agree on the Persons they should depute to the said Governor *Don Alonso*; and they assigned some few among them for that Embassy. These went to him, beseeching and supplicating the Admiral that he would have Compassion and Pity on those afflicted Prisoners who were as yet, together with their Wives and Children, in the Hands of Captain *Morgan*. And that to this End he would be pleased to give his Word to let the whole Fleet of Pyrates freely pass, without any Molestation: Foras-

much as this would be the only Remedy of saving both the Lives of them that came with this Edition, as also of those who remained behind in Captivity; all being equally menaced with the Sword and Gallows, in case he granted not this humble Request. But *Don Alonso* gave them for Answer, a sharp Reprehension of their Cowardice, telling them, *If you had been as loyal to your King in hindring the Entry of these Pyrates, as I shall be in opposing their going out, you had never caused these Troubles neither to yourselves nor to our whole Nation; which hath suffered so much through your Pusillanimity. In a Word, I shall never grant your Request; but shall endeavour to maintain that Respect which is due to my King, according to my Duty.*

Thus the *Spaniards* returned to their fellow Prisoners, with much Consternation of Mind, and no hopes of obtaining their Request; telling to Captain *Morgan* what Answer they had received. His Reply was, *If Don Alonso will not let me pass, I will find Means how to do it without him.* Hereupon, he began presently to make a Dividend of all the Booty they had taken in that Voyage; fearing lest he might not have an Opportunity of doing it in another Place, if any Tempest should arise, and separate the Ships: As also being jealous that any of the Commanders might run away with the best Part of the Spoil; which then lay much more in one Vessel than another. Thus they all brought in, according to their Laws, and declared what they had, having before-hand made an Oath not to conceal the least Thing from the Publick. The Accounts being cast up, they found the Value of two hundred and fifty thousand Pieces of Eight, in Money and Jewels, besides the huge Quantity of Merchandizes and Slaves. The Dividend of which Purchase was made to every Ship or Boat, according to their proper Share.

The Division being made, the Question still remained on Foot, how they should pass the Castle, and get out of the Lake: At last, they agreed to make Use of a Stratagem, of no ill Invention, which was as followed. On the Day that preceded the Night wherein they determined to get forth, they embark'd many of their Men in Canoes, and rowed towards the Shore, as if they designed to land them. Here they concealed themselves, under the Branches of Trees that hung over the Coast, for a while, till they had laid themselves down along in the Boats. Then the Canoes returned to the Ships, with the only Appearance of two or three Men rowing them back, all the rest being concealed at the Bottom of the Canoes. Thus much only could be perceived from the Castle; and this Action of false landing of Men, for so we may call it, was repeated that Day several Times. Hereby the *Spaniards* were brought into Persuasion, that the Pyrates intended to force the Castle by scaling it, as soon as Night should come. This Fear caused them to place most of their great Guns on that Side which looks towards the Land, together with the main Force of their Arms, leaving the contrary Side, belonging to the Sea, almost destitute of Strength and Defence.

Night being come, they weighed Anchor, and by the Light of the Moon, without setting sail, committed themselves to the ebbing Tide, which gently brought them down the River, till they were nigh to the Castle. Being now almost against it, they spread their Sails with all the Haste they could possibly make. The *Spaniards* perceiving them to escape, transported with all Speed their Guns from the other Side of the Castle, and began to fire very furiously at the Pyrates. But these, having a favourable Wind, were almost past the Danger, before those of the Castle could put Things into convenient order of Offence: So that the Pyrates lost not many of their Men, nor received any considerable Damage in their Ships. Being now out of the Reach of the Guns, Captain *Morgan* sent a Canoe to the Castle with

with some of the Prisoners : and the Governor thereof gave them a Boat that every one might return to his own House. Notwithstanding this, he detained the Hostages he had from *Gibraltar*, by reason those of that Town were not as yet come to pay the rest of the Ransom for not firing the Place. Just as he departed, Captain *Morgan* ordered seven great Guns with Bullets, to be fired against the Castle, as it were to take his Leave of them. But they answered not so much as with a Musket-shot.

The next Day after their Departure, they were surprized with a great Tempest, which forced them to cast Anchor in the Depth of five or six fathom Water. But the Storm increased so much, that they were compelled to weigh again, and put out to Sea, where they were in great Danger of being lost. For if on either side they should have been cast on Shore, either to fall into the Hands of the *Spaniards*, or of the *Indians*, they would certainly have obtained no Mercy. At last, the Tempest being spent, the Wind ceased ; which caused much Content and Joy in the whole Fleet.

While Captain *Morgan* made his Fortune by pillaging the Towns abovementioned, the rest of his Companions who separated from his Fleet at *Cape de Lobos*, to take the Ship of which were spoken before, endured much Misery, and was very unfortunate in all their Attempts. For being arrived at the Isle of *Savona*, they found not Captain *Morgan* there, nor any one of their Companions. Neither had they the good Fortune to find a Letter, which the Captain, at his Departure, left behind him in a certain Place, where in all Probability they would meet with it. Thus, not knowing what Course to steer, they at last concluded to pillage some Town or other, whereby to repair their Fortune. They were in all about four hundred Men, divided into four Ships and one Boat. Being ready to set forth, they constituted an Admiral among themselves, by whom they might be directed in the whole Affair. To this Effect they chose a certain Person, who had behaved himself very courageously at the taking of *Puerto Velo*, and whose Name was Captain *Hansel*. This Commander resolved to attempt the taking of the Town of *Communa*, seated upon the Continent of *Caracas*, nigh threescore Leagues from the West Side of the Isle of *la Trinidad*. Being arrived there, they landed their Men, and killed some few *Indians* that were near to the Coast. But approaching to the Town, the *Spaniards*, having in their Company many *Indians*, disputed with them the Entry so briskly, that, with great Loss, and in great Confusion, they were forced to retire towards their Ships. At last, they arrived at *Jamaica*, where the rest of their Companions, who came with Captain *Morgan*, continu'd to mock and jeer them for their ill Success at *Communa* ; often saying to them, *Let us see what Money you brought from Communa, and if it be as good Silver as that which we bring from Maracabo.*

But lest we should weary our Readers with a too long Account of the Depredations of one Man, we shall be more concise in the remaining Part of this Narrative, and reduce the great Number of Adventures that still remain to be related, into as little Room as possible.

Not long after Captain *Morgan's* Arrival at *Jamaica*, he found that Debauchery and Excess had reduced the greatest Part of his Officers to the same State of Indigency they were often in before. This was a Motive sufficient to engage him in new Adventures ; and tho' his Crew was pretty well dispersed about the Country, he found no Difficulty in getting them together again by Letters.

The Place of Rendezvous was Port *Couillon*, a French Town, over against the Island of *la Vaca*. Here he called a Council, who agreed to send four Ships and one Boat, mann'd with four hundred Men, over to the Continent, to rifle some of the neighbouring Villages for bread Provisions ; while others of them

hunted in the Woods, killed and salted a great Number of wild Beasts ; and the rest were employed in refitting all their Vessels.

The four Ships were becalmed near the Mouth of the River of *la Hacha*, for some Days, in which Time they were perceiv'd by the *Spaniards*, who hid their Goods, and prepared to retire themselves on Occasion. Here they took a good Ship laden with Maiz, while the Men were endeavouring to escape, and the next Morning landed in spite of the Resistance made by the *Spaniards*, whom they pursued a long Way, torturing those they took, in a grievous Manner, to make them discover their Wealth, which some of them did ; so that in fifteen Days they amass'd a great Quantity of Plate and other moveable Goods. This, however, did not content them ; for they sent into the Woods for more of the Inhabitants, whom they oblig'd, with those they had already taken, to pay four thousand Bushels of Maiz for a Ransom, and to prevent their burning the whole Town.

The Return of these Ships to the Fleet, after an Absence of five Weeks, was the Occasion of great Joy. Having equally divided the Maiz and Flesh, they steered their Course for *Cape Tiburon*, being in all thirty seven Sail, with two thousand fighting Men on board, besides Mariners and Boys. *Morgan's* own Ship mounted twenty two great Guns, and six small ones, all Brass ; the rest carried some twenty, some eighteen, some sixteen, the smallest four ; besides a great Quantity of Ammunition. For the better Management of this Fleet, he divided it into two Squadrons, constituting a Vice-Admiral to command one, with proper Officers under him, as in his own Division. He then summoned together all the Captains, gave them Letters-Parent, to commit all manner of Hostilities against the *Spaniards*, as Enemies of the *English* Nation, and made them sign Articles, in which it was stipulated, that he himself should have a hundredth Part of what was taken ; every Captain the Share of eight Men, besides his own ; the Surgeon two hundred Pieces of Eight, for his Chest of Medicines ; and every Carpenter one hundred Ditto, above common Salary. The Rewards were as follows : For the Loss of both Legs, one thousand five hundred Pieces of Eight, or fifteen Slaves ; for the Loss of both Hands, one thousand eight hundred Pieces, or eighteen Slaves ; for one Leg or one Hand, six hundred Pieces, or six Slaves ; and for an Eye, one hundred Pieces, or one Slave. To him that should first enter any Castle, or otherwise signalize himself, the Reward was fifty Pieces of Eight. All these extraordinary Recompences were to be paid out of the first Spoil.

From *Cape Tiburon* they sailed for *St. Catharine's*, at that Time in the Possession of the *Spaniards*, where they anchored one Morning before Sun-rising, and landed one thousand Men, with which the Captain marched to the usual Residence of the Governor, but found the Garrison retired to the lesser Island, which joins to the great one by a Bridge, and is almost impregnable. The *Spaniards* upon perceiving them, fired so furiously, that they hindred their advancing thither all that Day, so that they were obliged to lie on the Ground, where they suffered a great Deal from the violent Rains that fell that Night, being almost Naked, and withal very hungry. In this Distress the next Day, they even eat a distempered old Horse that they found in the Fields, which was but a small Relief among so many.

In the Midst of this Fatigue, Captain *Morgan* ordered a Canoe to be rigg'd, and a Flag of Truce to be hung out to the *Spaniards*, threatening withal, that if they did not surrender in a few Hours, he would put them all to the Sword. To answer this Message, the Governor desired him to call a Council, which being granted, after it was over, he sent two Canoes with white Colours to treat Captain *Morgan*, sending two Hostoges in the mean Time to the Governor.

The

The Plenipotentiaries agreed that *Morgan* should have the Island; but then, to save the Governor's Credit, he was to enter the Port by Attack in the Night, so that he might seem to take it by Surprise; his Ships at the same time making a formal Assault by Sea. It was further concluded, that the Governor should be taken Prisoner, and that no devilish mischievous Bulls should be us'd during the whole Engagement. All this was punctually observ'd on both Sides.

The Pyrates having taken the Island, their next War was with the Poultry, Cattle, and other Necessaries for the Belly. Several Days were spent in feasting, and a great many Houses pull'd down to make Fuel of the Timber. The Prisoners were about four hundred and fifty Persons; one hundred and ninety of whom were Soldiers. In the Island were nine Fortresses well mounted and provided: the Store-house was furnish'd with above thirty thousand lb. of Powder, besides other Ammunition of all Sorts; which was all carry'd on board the Pirate-Ships, and the great Guns stopp'd and nail'd.

Four Ships were now sent with Guides to take the Castle of *Chagre*, under the Command of one *Brodele*. This Castle is situated on a high Mountain, at the Entry of the River, surrounded with Pallisades, or wooden Walls fill'd with Earth. On the Land-Side it has four Bastions, and on the Sea-side is wholly inaccessible. Notwithstanding all this Danger, these resolute Fellows landed, hazarded an Assault, and were beaten back the first Time with some Loss.

In the Heat of the Action one of the Pyrates was wounded with an Arrow, which he instantly pull'd out, wrapp'd some Cotton about it, and discharg'd it from his Musquet. This Arrow fell upon a House thatch'd with Palm-Leaves, and the Cotton, being kindled by the Powder, set it on Fire, which the *Spaniards* did not perceive till it burnt to a great Quantity of Powder, blew it up, and caus'd a prodigious Consternation.

This Accident gave the Pyrates an Opportunity to set the Pallisades on Fire also, while the *Spaniards* were labouring to extinguish the other. It was not long now before a great many Breaches were made; which the *Spaniards* defended very bravely, till at last the Pyrates got Possession of one defended by the Governor himself, and from thence proceeded to the Castle, which they were also soon Masters of. The Governor was kill'd with a Musquet-shot, and many of his Men jump'd into the Sea, to avoid being taken by these Fellows, of whom they entertain'd terrible Apprehensions: So that at last the Prisoners amounted to no more than thirty (and of these twenty were wounded) out of three hundred and fourteen Soldiers, which were in Garrison. The Pyrates themselves lost an hundred Men, and had seventy wounded.

As soon as *Morgan* receiv'd the News of this Action, he left *St. Catherine's*, and came to *Chagre*, losing four Ships at the Entry of the River. He was received with great Joy, and having order'd a Garrison for the Place, and seiz'd all the Vessels that lay there, he departed towards *Panama*, at the Head of twelve hundred Men, with but a little Provisions, because he depended on his good Fortune.

They were nine Days upon the March before they saw *Panama*; during which Time they suffer'd greatly, for want of Food; the *Spaniards* having deserted all the Villages on a Rumour of their coming, and carry'd off with 'em all manner of Provisions. Sometimes a Pipe of Tobacco was all they liv'd on; one Day they eat Leather-Bags which they found, another Day Grass and Herbs: Cats, Dogs, Horses or Asses, were delicate Food. The ninth Day at Night they encamp'd near the City, expressing their Joy with the Sound of Drums and Trumpets, and feasting plentifully on a great Number of Cattle which they took in the Neighbourhood.

On the tenth Day, betimes, the Captain put his Men in Order; when one of his Guides advis'd him to shun the direct Road to the City, which Advice he follow'd, disappointing by that Means the *Spaniards* who lay in Ambuscade, and obliging them to draw together in a Body, and meet him openly. The Forces with which the Governor of *Panama* advanc'd, were two Squadrons, four Regiments of Foot, and a huge Number of wild Bulls driven by *Indians*.

The Pyrates first spy'd the *Spaniards* from the Top of a little Hill, and were so terrify'd at their Number, that most of them dreaded the Event of a Battle: however, they all resolv'd to engage, and either conquer, or die on the Spot; as they could hope for no Quarter from People whom they had so much abus'd. In this Confidence they march'd on, and were receiv'd by the *Spaniards* with a Shout, and an Attack from their Horse; but the Field being quaggy, the Cavalry could not do the Service expected. A Party of two hundred Bucaniers, that march'd in the Front, gave them a Volley of Shot on their Knees, upon which the Battle kindled very warmly, with Advantage on the Side of the Pyrates. This occasion'd the *Indians* to drive the Bulls upon their Backs, which put them into some Disorder; but the Beasts were soon dispers'd with the Noise of the Engagement.

At the End of two Hours the greatest part of the *Spanish* Horse was kill'd, and the rest fled: The Foot discharg'd their Musquets, threw them down, and follow'd the Example of the Horse. A great many hid themselves, but were most of them taken and kill'd; among them several Monks and Priests. A Captain of the *Spaniards*, who was brought before *Morgan*, inform'd him of the whole Strength of the Place, both with respect to the Men and Fortifications; which induc'd the March towards the Town by another Way.

After numbring the dead Bodies, which amounted to six hundred *Spaniards*, and a pretty many Pyrates, they advanc'd; but suffer'd much in the Attack from the great Guns planted at every Quarter: yet they continu'd to gain Ground in Spite of all Difficulties, and in three Hours time carry'd the City. Now they flew all that made the least Opposition, and every Thing they found was their own; but the Inhabitants had conceal'd their most valuable Effects. As soon as the Heat was over, *Morgan* assembled his Men, and order'd them to drink no Wine; telling them he was inform'd the *Spaniards* poison'd it all: Tho' the true Reason, 'tis thought, of this Injunction, was to prevent their being drunk, and so encouraging the *Spaniards* to rise, and put 'em all to the Sword.

The Captain commanded the City to be privately set on Fire in several of the most magnificent Paus, so that before Night this fine Place was almost all burnt, tho' no-body ever knew his Motives. Some of his own People murmuring at this Procedure, he endeavour'd to fling the Odium on the *Spaniards*, who, 'twas well known, with several of the Pyrates, did all in their Power to extinguish the Flames, but, the Houses being all of Cedar, their Labour was to no Purpose. The Monasteries, Churches, Hospitals, &c. in this Place were very nobly built, and richly adorn'd, the Number of Houses was about seven Thousand, of which two Thousand were grand Structures: Most of these were destroy'd, together with two hundred rich Ware-houses, and a great many Negroes, who hid themselves therein. After doing all this Mischief, the Pyrates retir'd, and encamp'd in the Field in Posture of Defence; apprehending they should be attack'd again by the *Spaniards*, who were still much their Superiors in Number.

When they found themselves safe they return'd and plunder'd the Ruins, finding a great deal of Plate, and other Things that the Fire could not destroy. They then pursu'd the Inhabitants who were

sted and took above two hundred of them Prisoners.

A Ship that had been sent to the *South-Sea*, now return'd, with three small Prizes, and informed the Captain that they had missed a Galeon richly laden, and but of small Strength : Their Debaucheries had been the Occasion of this Neglect, which now sufficiently troubled them ; and *Morgan* could not forbear sending a Boat well arm'd after the Boory, but in vain. After this, four Boats more were sent out, with no other Success than the taking a few small Vessels ; the Lading of some of which, indeed, was not inconsiderable. *Alonvoy* that had been sent to *Chagre*, return'd also about this Time, and brought News of a *Spanish* Ship that had been taken there in the Captain's Absence,

Thus while the Trade of Piracy went on at *Chagre*, *Morgan* continued at *Panama*, making daily Inroads in Parties, into all the adjacent Countries. The Riches hereof, were almost incalculable, as the Cruelties exercised were incredible. One miserable Wretch they found in the House of a Man of Quality, with a Pair of Taffety Breeches on, and a silver Key hanging to them. They ask'd him for the Cabinet which that Key belong'd to ; and on his telling them he knew nothing of it, and had only put on the Breeches because he found them in his Masters House, they disjointed his Arms on the Wreck, and twisted a Cord about his Forehead so hard, that his Eyes were ready to gush out ; then they hung him up by the Testicles, and beat him violently in that Posture ; afterwards they cut off his Nose and Ears, and sing'd his Face with burning Straw. When they found he could not speak, and consequently make no Confession, they ordered a Negro to run him thro' with a Lance.

Priests and religious People were used the worst of all, and no Sex nor Condition was spared ; except such Women as submitted to their Lust. A Lady of good Quality was brought before the Captain, young and very beautiful : He ordered her to be lodg'd by herself, and attended with great Respect ; notwithstanding she begged to be put with the other Prisoners, because she suspected he had a Design upon her Chastity. This civil Treatment continued several Days, so that she began to entertain a more favourable Opinion of the Captain, than she had been taught before : But the Scene soon changed again, when, upon her obstinately refusing to comply with his lascivious Desires, she was ordered to be strip'd almost naked, put into a nasty Cellar, and almost starv'd to Death ; so that the Pyrates commiserated her Condition, and the Captain was oblig'd to charge her with holding a Correspondence with the *Spaniards*, to defend himself from the Resentment of his own Company.

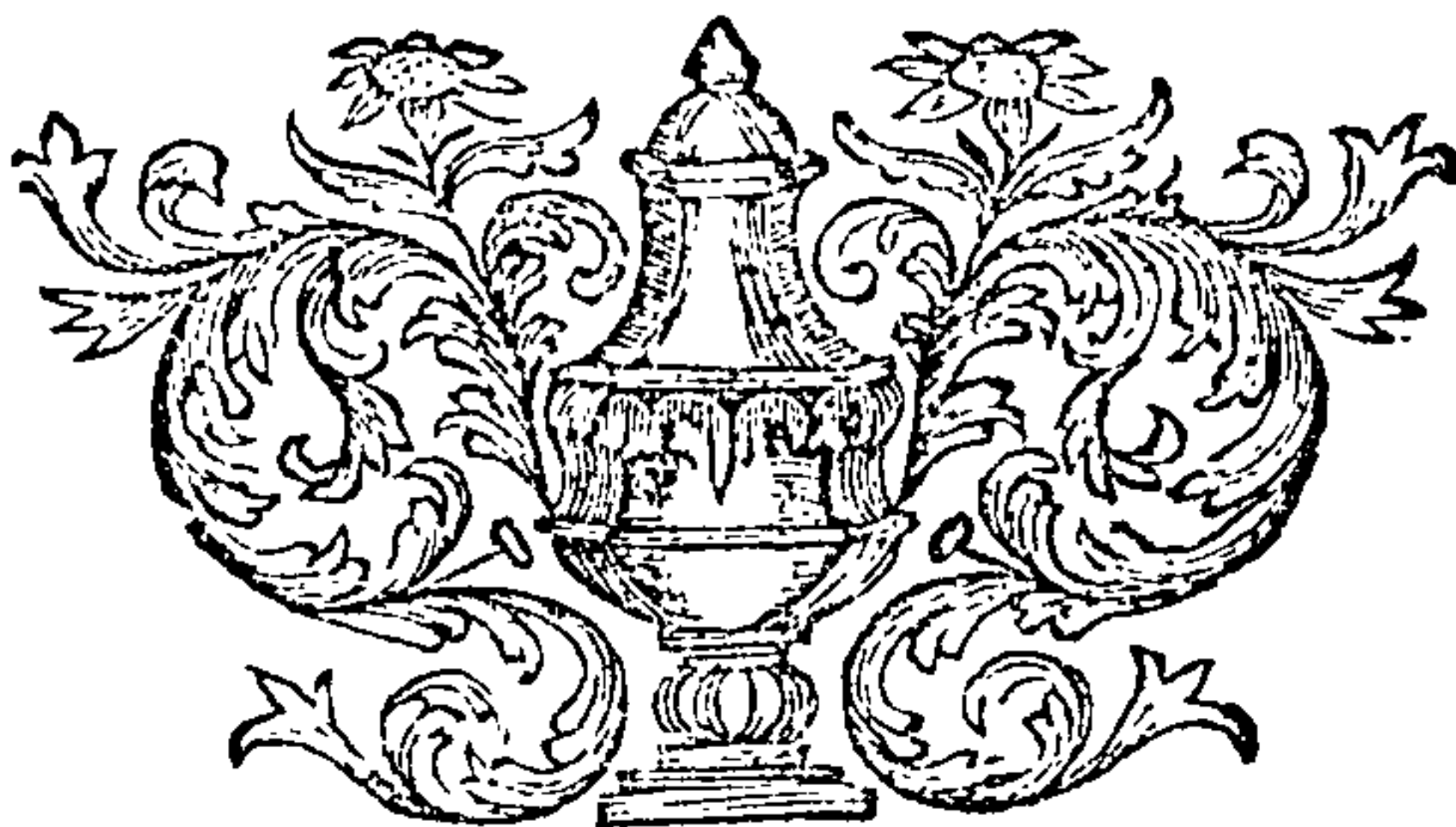
We must not, however, omit one Act of Justice. When the Prisoners were all put to the Ransom, this Lady informed the Captain, that she had sent two Monks for the Sum required, which they had receiv'd, and converted to their own Use. This Fact was enquired into, and found true ; whereupon the Lady was discharg'd, and the Monks taken and punish'd according to their Deserts. Such an extraordinary Example of Constancy and Virtue, could not fail of having some Effect, even upon *Morgan* himself, in the midst of his Barbarities.

A Plot among some of the Pyrates was now discovered to *Morgan*, their Design was to have run away with a Ship, and set up for themselves in the *South-Sea* : To prevent this, their Masts were cut down and burnt. The Captain also ordered all the Artillery of the City to be spoil'd, and commanded all the Prisoners to procure a certain Sum for their Ransom, within three Days ; threatening to transport such as fail'd to *Jamaica*. The Miserie of these unhappy Wretches was very great, so that, what with the fear of Slavery, and want of Provisions, nothing was to be heard but Cries and Lamentations,

When the Pyrates left *Panama*, they had with them one hundred seventy five Beasts of Carriage, laden with Gold, Silver, and other valuable Goods. Upon the Road they took more Prisoners, and such as could not pay their Ransoms, were actually transported. At about half Way to *Chagre*, all the Company were searched, to see that they had concealed nothing contrary to their Articles ; the Captain suffering the Enquiry to begin with himself. They found all Things in good Order at *Chagre*, till dividing the Booty put them into Confusion, several of the Company taxing *Morgan* to his Face with keeping the best Jewels to himself ; for they thought it impossible that no more than two hundred Pieces of Eight per Head shou'd arise from so much as they had taken.

Morgan, finding he began to grow obnoxious to the whole Company, stole away privately with two or three Ships from *St. Catharine's*, which he designed to have fortify'd and kept for himself : But he was soon stop'd in his Purpose, by the Arrival of a new Governor to *Jamaica*, who sent the old one Home to give an Account of his Actions. Some of the Pyrates were now taken and executed ; and the Vigilance and Severity of this Gentleman put a final Period to the Depredations of Captain *Morgan*, and to all the Account that we have ever receiv'd concerning him.

We make no doubt but the surprizing Variety of Adventures contained in this Life, will sufficiently compleat the Whole ; twou'd have been very easy to have made it as much longer, and yet have related nothing but authentic Facts.



The

The LIFE of Captain PHILIP ROCHE, &c.

PHILIP Roche was born in Ireland, of mean Parents, and from his Youth had been bred up to the Sea, where he apply'd the little Leisure he had, to the improving the small Share of Learning he had received at School. He was a brisk genteel Fellow, about thirty Years of Age at the Time of his Death; one whose black and savage Nature did no Ways answer the Comeliness of his Person; his Life being almost one continued Scene of Villainy, before he was discovered to have committed the horrid Murders we are now speaking of.

This inhuman Monster had been concerned with others, in insuring Ships to a great Value, and then destroying them; by which Means and other Rogueries, he had got a little Money. By these Means becoming Mate of a Ship, he was diligent enough in trading for himself between *Ireland* and *France*, so that he was in a Way of getting himself a comfortable Livelihood: But, as he resolved to be Rich, and finding fair Dealing brought in Wealth but slowly, he confessed he had put other Methods in Execution. What these Methods were, he would never own; but 'tis thought he had murdered several innocent Persons in the Prosecution of his abominable Schemes. However, as we cannot have the particular Circumstances of these Facts, we shall confine ourselves to the horrid Deed for which he suffered.

Roche getting acquainted with one *Neal*, a Fisherman at *Cork*, whom he found ignorantly bold and ready for any villainous Attempt, he imparted the Design to him, which they afterwards executed. *Neal*, being pleas'd with the Project, brings one *Pierce Cullen* and his Brother into the Confederacy; together with one *Wife*, who, at first, was very unwilling to come into their Measures; and, indeed, had the least Hand of them all in the Perpetration of what follows.

They pitch'd upon a Vessel in the Harbour, belonging to *Peter Tartoue*, a *French* Man, to execute their cruel Intentions upon, because it was a small one, and had not a great Number of Hands on board, and 'twas easy afterwards to exchange it for one more fit for Piracy; and therefore they apply'd themselves to the Master of her, for a Passage to *Nantz*, whereto the Ship was bound.

Accordingly, in the Beginning of *November*, 1721, they went on board; and when at Sea, *Philip Roche* being an experienced Sailor, the Master of the Vessel readily trusted him with the Care of her, at Times; while he and the Mate went to rest.

This was the unhappy Case on the fifteenth of *November*, at Night, the Time design'd for the Tragedy. Before the Action, *Francis Wife* relented, and appeared desirous to divert them from their bloody Purposes; whereupon *Roche* told him, That as *Cullen* and he had sustained great Losses at Sea, unless every Irishman present would assist in repairing their Losses, by murdering all the *French* Rogues, and running away with the Ship, he should suffer the same Fate with the *French* Men; but if all would assist, all should have a Share in the Booty. Upon this, they all resolved alike, and *Roche* ordered

three *French* Men and a Boy up to hand the Topmasts, the Master and Mate being then asleep in their Cabins. The two first that came down, they beat out their Brains and threw them over-board: The other two, seeing what was done, ran up to the Topmast-Head; but *Cullen* followed them, and taking the Boy by the Arm, tost him into the Sea; then driving down the Man, those below knocked him on the Head, and threw him over-board.

Those who were asleep, being awakened by the dismal Shrieks and Groans of dying Men, ran upon Deck in Confusion, to enquire into the Cause of such unusual Noises; but the same Cruelty was immediately acted towards them, e'er they could be sensible of the Danger that threatened them.

They were now (as *Roche* himself afterwards confess'd) all over as wet with the Blood that had been spilt, as if they had been dipp'd in Water, or stood in a Shower of Rain; nor did they regard it any more. *Roche* said, Captain *Tartoue* used many Words for Mercy, and ask'd them, if he had not used them with Civility and Kindness? If they were not of the same Christian Religion, and owned the same blessed *Jesús*, and the like? But they, not regarding what he said, took Cords, and bound the poor Master and his Mate Back to Back. While that was doing, both of them begged with the utmost Earnestness, and used the most solemn Intreaties, that they would at least allow them a few Minutes to say their Prayers, and crave Mercy of God for the various Sins and Offences of their Lives: But it did not move them, (although all the rest were dead, and no Danger could be apprehended from these two alone) for the bound Persons were hurry'd up, and thrown into the Sea after the rest.

The Massacre being finish'd, they washed themselves a little from the Blood, and searched the Chests, Coffers, and all Places about the Ship, and then sat down in the Captain's Cabin, and refresh'd themselves with some Rum they found there, being (as *Roche* confess'd) never merrier in their Lives. They invested *Roche* with the Command of the Ship, and calling him Captain, talk'd over their Liquor, what rare Actions they would perform about *Cape Briton*, *Sable Isle*, and the Banks of *Newfoundland*, whither they design'd to go as soon as they had recruited their Company, and got a better Ship, which they propos'd speedily to do.

Roche taking upon himself the Command of the Vessel, *Andrew Cullen* was to pass for a Merchant, or Super-Cargo, but when they bethought themselves, that they were in Danger of being discovered by the Papers of the Ship, relating to the Cargo, as Bills of Lading, &c. they erased and took out the Name of the *French* Master, and instead thereof, inserted the Name of *Roche*, so that it stood in the Ship's Papers, *Peter Roche* Master. Having so few Hands on board, they contrived if they met any Ships, to give out, that they had lost some Hands by

by their being wash'd overboard in a Storm; by which Means they thought to screen themselves from being suspected of having committed any such wicked Act: For, the small Number of their Men, might otherwise have given ground for such a Suspicion. They also supposed, that by this Means they might prevail with the first Ship they met to spare them some, on Consideration of their pretended Disaster.

In going to *Cales* they were in Distress by the Weather, and being near *Lisbon*, they made Complaint to a Ship, but obtain'd no Assistance. They were then oblig'd to sail back for *England*, and put into the Port of *Dartmouth*; but then they were in fear lest they might be discover'd. To prevent that, they resolv'd to alter the Ship, and getting Workmen, they took down the Mizzen-Mast, built a Spar-Deck, and made Rails (on pretence that the Sailors had been wash'd overboard) to secure the Men. Then they took down the image of St. *Peter* at the Head of the Ship, and put a Lion in its place; painted over the Stern of the Ship with Red, and new-nam'd her the *Mary Snow*. The Ship being thus alter'd, that they thought it could not be known, they fancy'd themselves pretty secure; but wanting Money to defray the Charge of these Alterations, *Roche*, as Master of the Vessel, and *Andrew Cullen*, as Merchant, apply'd themselves to the Officers of the Customs for Liberty to dispose of some of the Cargo, in order to pay the Workmen. Having obtain'd Leave, they sold fifty-eight Barrels of Beef, and then hiring three more Hands, they set Sail for *Ostend*, and there sold more Barrels of Beef; thence they steer'd their Course to *Rotterdam*, dispos'd of the rest of the Cargo, and took in one Mr. *Annelly*, who freighted the Ship for *England*; but in their Passage, in a stormy Night, it being very dark, they took up Mr. *Annelly* their Passenger, and threw him into the Sea; who swam about the Ship a pretty while, calling out for Life, and telling 'em they should have all his Goods, if they would receive him again into the Vessel: but in vain were his Cries!

After this, they were obliged to put into several Ports, and, by contrary Winds, came to the Coast of *France*, where, hearing there was an Enquiry made after the Ship, *Roche* quits her at *Havre de Grace*, and leaves the Management to *Cullen* and the rest; who, having shipp'd other Men, sail'd away to *Scotland*, and there left the Vessel, which was afterwards seiz'd and brought into the River of *Thames*.

Some Time after this, *Philip Roche* came to *London*, and making some Claim for Money he had made Insurance of, in the Name of *John Eustace*, the Officer was apprized of the Fraud, and he arrested, and flung into the Compter; from whence directing a Letter to his Wife, she shew'd it to a Friend, who discover'd by it, that he was the principal Villain concern'd in the Destruction of *Peter Tartoue*, and the Crew. Upon this, an Information was given to my Lord *Carteret*, that the Person who went by the Name of *John Eustace*, was *Philip Roche*, as aforesaid; and being brought down by his Lordship's Warrant, he stiffly deny'd it for some Time, notwithstanding a Letter was found in his Pocket, directed to him by the Name of *Roche*. At last, being confronted by a Captain of a Ship, who knew him well, he confessed his Name, but prevaricated in several Particulars; whereupon he was committed to *Newgate* upon violent Suspicion, and the next Day was brought down again at his own Request, confessed the whole, desir'd to be made an Evidence, and promis'd to convict three Men worse than himself. *Near* and *Cullen* were discover'd by him, who dy'd miserably in the *Marshalla*, and *Roche* himself was afterwards try'd, found guilty of the Piracy, and executed at *Tyburn*; no more of his Crew than the two just mention'd being apprehended.

He appear'd not very sollicitous at his Tryal; knowing it was impossible to get clear of the Piracy: But when the Order for his Execution came from *Manover*, he complain'd of being hardly us'd; for, he depended upon having his Life given him, when he made himself an Evidence against his Companions.

A short Narrative of the running away with a Vessel at Cape Mount, and the apprehending of the Offenders.

A Brigantine belonging to *Bristol*, one Mr. *Rowry* Master, had been trading at *Gambia* in *Africa*, and falling as low as *Cape Mount*, to finish the flaving of the Vessel, he had, by a Misfortune usual at that Part of the Coast, his Mate, Surgeon, and two more of his Men, carry'd off by the Negroes. The Remainder of his Company, which was not above five or six in Number, took this Opportunity, and seiz'd the Vessel in the Road, making the Master Prisoner.

Every one will think it prodigious impudent that so small a Number should undertake to proceed a pyrating, especially when neither of them had sufficient Skill in Navigation: Yet this they did, leaving those People, their Ship-Mates above mentioned, to the Mercy of the barbarous Natives. They sail'd very boldly away down the Coast, making them a black Flag, which, they merrily said, would be as good as fifty Men more, *i. e.* would carry as much Terror; and they added, that they did not doubt of soon increasing their Crew, to put them in an enterprizing Capacity; but their vain Projection was soon happily frustrated, and after this Manner.

The Master, whose Life they had preserv'd, (perhaps only for supplying their own Unskillfulness in Navigation,) advis'd them, that since, contrary to their Expectations, they had met with no Ship between *Cape Mount* and the *Bite of Calicut*, they would proceed to the Island of *St. Thomas*, where they might recruit with Provisions and Water, and sell off the Slaves, which they perceiv'd would be useless Lumber, and incommodious to their Design. They arriv'd there in *August*, 1721, and one Evening, while Part of them were ashore, applying for this Purpose to the Governor, and the other Part carelessly from the Deck, Mr. *Rowry* stepp'd into the Boat belonging to the Vessel, and pull'd off very suddenly: They heard the Noise it made, and soon were upon Deck again; but having no other Boat to pursue, nor a Musquet ready to fire, he got safe ashore, and ran to the Governor with his Complaint, who immediately imprison'd those already there, and sent a Launch off to take the rest out of the Ship.

The *Swallow* Man of War arriv'd at *St. Thomas* the Beginning of *October* following, when, on Mr. *Rowry*'s Remonstrance, Application was made to the *Portuguese* Governor of that Island, for a Surrendry of these five *English* Prisoners then in the Castle; but he not only peremptorily excus'd himself from it, as a Matter out of his Power, without particular Direction from the Court of *Portugal*; but withal insinuated, that they had only taken Refuge there from the Hardships and Severity they had met with from their Master. The manner of Denial, and the avaritious Temper of the Gentleman, made it very suspicious, that he propos'd considerable Gains to himself; for, if Mr. *Rowry* had not made such an Escape to him, the Slaves had been his for little or nothing, as a Bribe to silence those Suspicions, which any Man, even less acute than he, must have had from the awkward and unskillful Carriage of such Merchants. But enough of this; perhaps, he is not the only Governor abroad that finds an Interest in countenancing

nancing these Fellows; and it must be confess'd, that these young Pyrates seem'd to have a better Title to Mercy than older Offenders: That is, if we judge only of Facts; for, if we consider the Intention, no doubt but these were as guilty as any.

We shall be as concise as possible in the few Accounts more of late Pyrates, which we are oblig'd to put into our Collection, to render it perfect; that so we may proceed with Modern *Higbeeysmen*, *Pick-pockets*, &c. and finish the whole, according to our PROPOSALS.

The LIFE of Captain SPRIGGS.

SPRIGGS sail'd with *Lowe* for a pretty while, and came away from *Lorether* along with him; he was Quarter-Master to the Company, and consequently, had a great Share in all the Barbarities committed by that execrable Gang, till the Time they parted; which was about *Christmas* 1723; when *Lowe* took a Ship of twelve Guns on the Coast of *Guincy*, call'd the *Delight*, (formerly the *Squirrel* Man of War,) commanded by Captain *Hunt*. *Spriggs* took possession of this Ship with eighteen Men, left *Lowe* in the Night, and came to the *West-Indies*. This Separation was occasion'd by a Quarrel with *Lowe*, concerning a Piece of Justice to be executed upon one of the Crew, for killing a Man in cold Blood; *Spriggs* insisting that he should be hang'd, and the other that he should not.

A Day or two after they parted, *Spriggs* was chosen Captain by the rest, and a black Ensign was made, which they call'd *Jolly Roger*, with the same Device that Captain *Lowe* carry'd, viz. a white Skeleton in the Middle of it, with a Dart in one Hand, striking a bleeding Heart, and in the other an Hour-Glass; when this was finish'd and hoisted, they fired all their Guns to salute their Captain and themselves, and then look'd out for Prey.

In their Voyage to the *West-Indies*, these Pyrates took a *Portuguese* Bark, wherein they got valuable Plunder; but not contented with that alone, they said they would have a little Game with the Men, and so order'd them a Sweat, more for Diversion of these brutal Wretches than the poor Men's Health. What they mean by a Sweat is performed after this Manner. They stick up lighted Candles circularly round the Mizon-Mast, between Decks, within which the Patients one at a Time enter: Without the Candles the Pyrates post themselves, as many as can stand, forming another Circle, and armed with Pen-Knives, Tucks, Forks, Compasses, &c. and as he runs round and round, the Musick playing at the same Time, they prick him with those Instruments. This usually lasts for ten or twelve Minutes, which is as long as the miserable Man can support himself. When the Sweating was over, they gave the *Portuguese* their Boat, with a small Quantity of Provisions, and set their Vessel on Fire.

Near the Island of *St. Lucia*, they took a Sloop belonging to *Barbadoes*, which they plundered, and then burnt; forcing some of the Men to sign their Articles; the others they beat and cut in a barbarous Manner, because they refused to take on with the Crew, and then sent them away in the Boat, in which they all got safe afterwards to *Barbadoes*.

The next was a *Martinico* Man, the Crew of which they served as bad as they had done the others, but did not burn the Ship. Some Days afterwards, in running down to Leeward, they took one Captain *Hawkins*, coming from *Jamaica*, laden chiefly with

Logwood; they took out of this Vessel, Stores, Arms, Ammunition, and several other Things, as they thought fit; and what they did not want they threw over-board or destroy'd: They cut the Cables to Pieces, knock'd down the Cabins, broke all the Windows, and in short took all the Pains in the World to be mischievous. They took by Force, out of her, Mr. *Burridge* and Mr. *Stephens*, the two Mates, and some other Hards; and after detaining the Ship from the twenty second of *March*, to the twenty ninth, they let her go. On the twenty seventh they took a *Rhode Island* Sloop, Captain *Pike*, and all his Men were oblig'd to go aboard the Pyrate; but the Mate, being a grave sober Man, and not inclinable to stay, they told him, he should have his Discharge, and that it should be immediately writ on his Back; whereupon, he was sentenced to receive ten Lashes from every Man in the Ship, which was rigorously put in Execution.

The next Day Mr. *Burridge*, Captain *Hawkins*'s Mate, sign'd their Articles, which was so agreeable to them (he being a good Artist and Sailor) that they gave three Huzza's, fir'd all the Guns in the Ship, and appointed him Master: The Day was spent in boisterous Mirth, roaring and drinking of Healths, among which was that of King *George* the II. For now and then these Gentry are provok'd to sudden Fits of Loyalty, by the Expectation of an Act of Grace, which they thought would be past at the Accession of his present Majesty to the Throne, who was then Prince of *Wales*. It seems Captain *Pike* had heard at *Jamaica* by mistake, that the late King was dead, so the Pyrates immediately hoisted their Ensign Half-Mast (the Death Signal) and proclaimed his Royal Highness, saying; *They doubted not but there would be a general Pardon in a twelve Month, which they would embrace and come in upon; but if they should be excepted out of it, they would murder every Englishman that should fall into their Hands.*

The second of *April*, they spy'd a Sail, and gave her Chace till twelve o'Clock at Night: The Pyrates believed her to be a *Spaniard*, and so when they came close up to her, they discharg'd a Broadside, with small and great Shot, which was followed by another: but the Ship making a lamentable Cry for Quarters, they ceas'd firing, and ordered the Captain to come aboard; which he did; but how disappointed the Rogues were when they found 'twas their old Friend Captain *Hawkins*, whom they had sent away three Days before, worth not one Penny? This was such a Baulk to them, that they resolv'd he should suffer for falling in their Way, tho' it was so contrary to his own Inclinations. About fifteen of them surrounded the poor Man with sharp Cut-lashes, and fell upon him, whereby he was soon laid flat on the Deck. At that Instant *Burridge* drew a

mongst the thickest of the Villains, and begg'd earnestly for his Life, upon whose Request it was granted. They were now most of 'em drunk, as is usual at this time of Night, so they unanimously agreed to make a Bonfire of *Hawkins's* Ship, which was immediately done, and in half an Hour she was all of a Blaze.

After this, they wanted a little more Diversion, and so Captain *Hawkins* was sent for down to the Cabin to Supper: What should the Provision be, but a Dish of Candles, which he was forced to eat; having a naked Sword and a Pistol held to his Breast all the while; when this was over, they buffeted him about for some Time, and sent him forward amongst the other Prisoners, who had been treated with the same Delicacies.

Two Days afterwards, they anchor'd at a little uninhabited Island, call'd *Rattan*, near the Bay of *Honduras*, and put ashore Captain *Hawkins*, and several other Men; one of which was his Passenger, who dy'd there of the Hardships he underwent. They gave them Powder and Ball, and a Musquet, with which they were to shift as they could, sailing away the next Day for other Adventures.

Captain *Hawkins*, and his unfortunate Companions, staid nineteen Days upon this Island, supplying themselves with both Fish and Fowl, such as they were. At the End of that Time came two Men in a Canoe, that had been left upon another Maroon Island near *Benacca*, who carry'd the Company at several Times thither, it being more convenient in having a good Well of fresh Water, and Plenty of Fish, &c. Twelve Days afterwards they spy'd a Sloop off at Sea, which, upon their making a great Smoke, stood in, and took them off; she was the *Merriam*, Captain *Jones*, lately escap'd out of the Bay of *Honduras*, from being taken by the *Spaniards*.

At an Island to the Westward, the Pyrates clean'd their Ship, and sail'd towards the Island of *St. Christopher*, to wait for one Captain *Moor*, who commanded the *Eagle*-Sloop, when she took *Lowther's* upon the Carcen, at *Blanco*. *Spriggs* resolv'd to put him to to Death, whenever he took him, for falling upon his Friend and Brother; but, instead of *Moor*, he found a *French* Man of War from *Martinico* upon the Coast; which *Spriggs* not thinking fit to contend with, run away with all the Sail he could make. The *French* Man crowded after *Spriggs*, and was very likely to speak with him, when unfortunately his Main-Top-Mast came by the Board, which obliged him to give over the Chase.

Spriggs then stood to the Northward, towards *Bermudas*, or the *Summer Isles*, and took a Schooner belonging to *Boston*: He took out all the Men, and sunk the Vessel, and had the Impudence to tell the Master, that he design'd to increase his Company on the Banks of *Newfoundland*, and then he would sail for the Coast of *New England*, in quest of Captain *Solgard*, who attack'd and took their Consort *Charles Harris*. *Spriggs* was at that Time in Company with *Love*, who very fairly ran for it, as has been before related. The Pyrate ask'd the Master if he knew Captain *Solgard*? who answering *No*, he ask'd another the same Question; who denying also, he put the same Question to a Third, who said he knew him very well; upon which *Spriggs* order'd him to be sweated, which was done in the manner before describ'd.

Instead of going to *Newfoundland*, as the Pyrates threatened, they came back to the Islands; and to the Windward of *St. Christopher's*, on the fourth of *June*, they took a Sloop, *Nicholas Trot* Master, belonging to *St. Eustatia*. Wanting at this Time a little Diversion, they hoisted the Men as high as the Main and Fore-Tops, and let them down suddenly, enough to break all the Bones in their Skins; and after they had pretty well crippled 'em by this cruel Usage, and whipp'd them about the Deck, they gave *Trot* his Sloop, and let him go, keeping back only two of his Men, besides the Plunder of the Vessel.

Within two or three Days after they took a Ship, coming from *Rhode-Island* to *St. Christopher's*, laden with Provisions and some Horses; the Pyrates mounted the Horses, and rid them about the Deck backwards and forwards a full Gallop, like Madmen at *New-Market*; cursing, swearing, and hallooing, at such a Rate, as made the poor Creatures wild. Two or three of them at length throwing their Riders, they fell upon the Ship's Crew, and whipp'd, and cut, and beat 'em in a barbarous manner, telling 'em, it was for bringing Horses without Boots and Spurs, for want of which they were not able to ride 'em.

In this Manner these Wretches went on as long as they could maintain their Community, taking from all they met, every Thing they pleased: Nor is it any Wonder that Men who have taken Pains to divert themselves of Humanity should act thus; since when we once lose the Notions of Right and Property, which keep up the mutual Dependence among mankind, we have nothing within us, that can lay any Restraint upon our Actions.



The LIFE of Captain JOHN GOW, alias SMITH.

JOHN Gow sailed from Amsterdam in July one thousand seven hundred and thirty four, on board the *George Galley* of that Place, *Oliver Ferneau* Master. They went first to *Santa Cruz*, in *South Barbary*, where they took in Bee's-Wax, and staid till the Beginning of *November*. On the second or third Day of that Month, they weighed Anchor, and sailed out of the Bay; about three Hours after which, was acted the following horrible Tragedy, they being at that Time bound for the Streights.

A Combination having been formed between Gow and several others, that will be occasionally nam'd in this Relation, *Melvin*, one of the Conspirators, was heard to cry out, *There is a Man over-board*: The Captain thereupon, came instantly to the Side of the Ship, and look'd over; when *Melvin*, and *Rolson*, another Conspirator, seiz'd him, and endeavour'd to throw him into the Sea; but by struggling hard he got from them. At that Instant, one *John Winter* came up with a Knife in his Hand, and cut the Captain across the Throat, but not so as to kill him; for, in all Probability he missed his Wind-Pipe. The former two laid hold of him again, and try'd to throw him over-board; yet he still struggled so as to prevent them, till Gow, who was then second Mate and Gunner, slept up to him with a Pistol in his Hand, and shot him thro' the Body; after which they threw him over as they at first intended.

After they had dispatch'd the Captain, they were to proceed with all the rest, whom they look'd upon as dangerous Persons. One *Daniel Maccarely* cut the Clerk's Throat, whose Name was *Stephen Algiers*, as he lay asleep in his Hammock; but not thoroughly, (as *Maccarely* afterwards used frequently to swear) for he awak'd and got out in the Struggle; whereupon *James Williams* meeting him, took Care to finish the bloody Action. *Williams* first ask'd him for his Watch, but *Algiers* said he had it not about him, gave him the Key of his Chest, and begg'd very hard for a little Time to say his Prayers; but the barbarous Villain was deaf to all his Cries, shot him directly thro' the Head, with a Pistol loaded so high, that it burst in firing, and had like to have destroyed the Murderer too. *John Peterson* cut the Throat of *Bonaventure Sulphs* the chief Mate; and then *Melvin* ty'd a Rope about his Neck, dragg'd him to the Side, and threw him over-board; *Michael Moore*, who stood Centry over the Arms, shooting him as he was drawn along.

All these Murders took up about Half an Hour's Time, and as soon as they were over, *James Williams* came upon the Quarter-Deck, struck upon a Gun with his Cutlafs, and saluted Gow (alias Smith) in the following Manner: *Captain Smith you are welcome! welcome to your new Command!* Then *Williams* himself was declared Lieutenant. *Peter Rolson* was made Gunner, and *James Belvin* Boat-swain. The Officers being thus settled, the new Captain made a short and pithy Speech to his Men, to this Effect: *If hereafter I see any of you whispering together, or if any of you refuse to obey my*

Orders, let every such Man depend upon it, that he shall certainly go the same Way as those that are just gone before. This laconick Harangue was very well received by the Conspirators; and all who had not engaged in the Confederacy, were immediately confined to the great Cabin the remaining Part of the Night.

William Booth, who was afterwards a Witness against this Crew at their Trial, was asleep in his Hammock, all the Time while these Barbarities were perpetrated; when he he awak'd and heard a Noise, he asked one of the Company what was the Matter, but was instantly answered with, *Tou Dog, if I had a Pistol I wou'd tell you!* But *James Belvin*, tho' not at first in the Secret, declared impudently the next Day, *That he was very sorry he was not told of the Design the Night before, for he would have lent them a Hand with all his Heart.* This was afterwards sworn against him at the Sessions-House in the *Old Bailey*, where he was condemned with the rest of his inhuman Companions.

The Day after the Perpetration of these Cruelties, *Phinnes*, who was an Evidence at the *Old-Bailey*, asked Gow, whether or no he was sure he hit the Captain when he shot at him; showing at the same Time the Mark of a Pistol-Ball in the Side of the Ship: To which Gow replied with an Oath, that the Pistol was loaded with two Balls, and he was certain one of them went thro' the Body of the *French Son of a B——h*. Thus did they delight to glory in their Villainies,

They had not been long Masters of the Vessel, before they took the *Sarah Snow*, of *Bristol*, when Captain Gow made a Declaration to the Crew, *That if any of them chose to go, they might; but if they were willing to stay with him, they should find good Usage.* There was but one of all this Ship's Company, who wou'd condescend to turn Pirate; his Name was *Alexander Rob*: The rest were discharged, after they had rifled their Prize of every Thing they thought proper.

The next Ship that was so unhappy as to fall into their Hands, was the *Delight* of *Pool*, *Thomas Wise* Master. Out of her they took only one thousand pound Weight of Fish. About a Month afterwards (*viz*) on the eighteenth of *December*, they took the *Latchelor*, *Benjamin Cross* Master, within twenty Leagues of the Rock of *Lisbon*: Here they found two thousand pound Weight of Bread, two Barrels of Beef, and one of Pork, all which they seized. They had besides two Hands out of this Ship, whose Names were *Harvey* and *Teague*: These Men were both taken against their Consent, and begged hard to be discharged, but the Captain would not grant it; for he had picked them out of the whole Ship's Company. *Harvey* afterwards had projected an Escape along with some others, who went off without him, while he went back to fetch something he had le't behind. These Particulars being sworn at the *Old-Bailey*, the two Men were thereupon discharged.

A French Ship, call'd the *Lewis and Joseph*, was so unlucky as to be in the Way of these Rovers, on the 27th of December: The Master's Name was *Henry Mens*. English and French were all the same to them, provided there was any Thing to be got. They had before taken Meat and Bread, here they found twelve Pipes of Wine, forty two Barrels of Oil, one hundred and twenty Barrels of Figs, and one hundred and thirty Chests of Lemons and Oranges: in all to the Value of about 500 *l. Sterl.* This they look'd upon as an indifferent good Prize, considering they were young Traders.

On the sixth of January following, within thirty Leagues of *Vigo*, they took the *Triumvirate*, *Joel Davis* Master; they pillaged her of two Caggs of Butter, ten Anchors of Brandy, thirty Gallons of Rum, a Silver Cup, six Silver Spoons, a Silver Watch, and several other Things. This Vessel made no Resistance, and so they let her go as soon as they had plunder'd her. This was their last Expedition, and these five were all the Ships they ever took, at least all that have come to our Knowledge.

Soon after this Adventure with the *Triumvirate*, they made away for the Isles of *Orkney*, in order to clean their Ship: But an End was soon put to their Depredations; for, being stranded upon the Coast, they were apprehended by Mr. *Fea*, a Gentleman of that Country, and brought up to *London*; where a High Court of Admiralty was held for their Tryal, before Sir *Henry Penrice*, Judge of that Court, assisted by Mr. Justice *Tracey* and Mr. Justice *Reynolds*, on *Wednesday* and *Thursday*, the 26th and 27th of May, in the Year 1725.

When the first Indictment was read, *Gow* obstinately refus'd to plead, for which the Court ordered

his Thumbs to be ty'd together with Whip-cord. The Punishment was several times repeated by the Executioner and another Officer, they drawing the Cord every time till it broke. But he still being stubborn, refusing to submit to the Court, the Sentence was pronounc'd against him, which the Law appoints in such Cases; that is, That he should be taken back to Prison, and there press'd to Death. The Jaylor was then order'd to conduct him back, and see that the Sentence was executed the next Morning; mean while the Trials of the Prisoners, his Companions, went forwards.

But the next Morning, when the Press was prepar'd, pursuant to the Order of the Court the Day before, he was so terrify'd with the Apprehension of dying in that manner, that he sent his humble Petition to the Court, praying, that he might be admitted to plead: This Request being granted, he was brought again to the Bar, and arraign'd upon the first Indictment, to which he pleaded, *Not guilty*. Then the Depositions that had been given against the other Prisoners were repeated, upon which he was convicted, and receiv'd Sentence of *Death* accordingly.

The Names of the rest of his Crew that were condemn'd with him, were

<i>James Williams,</i>	<i>John Winter,</i>
<i>Daniel Maccarely,</i>	<i>William Melvin,</i>
<i>Peter Rolson, alias</i>	<i>William Moore,</i>
<i>Rollinson,</i>	<i>James Belvin,</i>
<i>John Peterson,</i>	<i>Alexander Rob;</i>

who were afterwards executed, along with *Brigstock Weaver* and *William Ingram*, condemn'd at the same Time.

The LIFE of Captain BRIGSTOCK WEAVER, and WILLIAM INGRAM.

BRIGSTOCK WEAVER and *John Ingram* were both on board the *Good Fortune* Brigantine, *Thomas Austis* Commander, when that Pyrate took the *Morning Star* in the Manner related in his Life. *Ingram* was made Gunner of the *Morning Star*, after she was converted to *Austis's* Use, and *Weaver* succeeded *Austis* in the Command of the *Good Fortune*. These Particulars were depos'd at the Tryal of our Two Offenders by *Ezekiel Davis*, who was on board the *Morning Star* when she was taken, and was detain'd by the Pyrates above ten Months after this Action. It was further prov'd, that *Weaver* had been Master under *Austis* before this, and that *Ingram* came voluntarily on board, and sign'd the Articles, while *Austis* lay at Anchor.

Weaver seem'd at first unwilling to accept the Command of the *Good Fortune*; but was afterwards present at the taking between fifty and sixty Sail of Ships, in the *West-Indies* and on the Banks of *Newfoundland*, all which Time he seem'd pretty active, and discover'd but little sign of Remorse: Tho' *Davis* confess'd that in private he had sometimes talk'd pretty freely about leaving the Ship, and had always behav'd himself in a very civil man-

ner. But as for *Ingram's* Part, he was so far from being unwilling to leave his Companions, that he did all he could to prevent any Body else from getting away. In particular, while they were at *Cuba*, one *Mayork*, a *Portuguese*, desir'd Leave to go ashore, which was granted him, and he took his Gun and went: But *Ingram* mistrusted he had a Design to escape, and therefore immediately follow'd him. The poor *Portuguese*, as soon as he was loose, took to his Heels, and dropp'd his Gun for Expedition-sake; whereupon *Ingram* drew his Cutlash, and pursu'd, took up the Gun, and fir'd it at him, and, at last, when he saw he could not overtake him, he return'd in a great Rage, and swore, if he could have catch'd him, he would have cut him in two.

The Stories of these Two Men are so interwoven with Others, that 'twill be impossible to distinguish many of their particular Actions: They were, however prov'd to have been concern'd, if not the principal Actors, in the following Pyracies; 1st, The seizing a *Dutch Ship* in *August*, 1722, and taking from thence an hundred Pieces of Holland, Value 800 *l.* a Thousand Pieces of Eight, Value 250 *l.* 2dly, The entering and pillaging the *Dolphin* of *London*,

London, *William Haddock*, out of which they got three hundred Pieces of Eight, Value 75*l*, forty Gallons of Rum, and other Things, on the twentieth of November in the same Year. 3dly, The stealing out of a Ship call'd the *Don Carlos*, *Lot Neekins* Master, four hundred Ounces of Silver, Value 100*l*. fifty Gallons of Rum, Value 30*s*. a Thousand Pieces of Eight, an hundred Pistoles, and other valuable Goods; and 4thly, The taking from a Ship call'd the *Portland* ten Pipes of Wine, Value 250*l*. The two latter Facts both in the Year 1721.

Weaver came in May, 1723, to the House of Mr. *Thomas Smith* in *Bristol*, with whom he had been acquainted nine or ten Years before, in a very ragged Condition, and told him that he had been taken by Pyrates, and made his Escape from 'em. Mr. *Smith* pity'd his Condition, and immediately lent him some Money, and one Captain *Edwards* supply'd him with 10*l*. more, to buy him Clothes, and other Necessaries. They moreover provided a Lodging for him at the *Griffin*, a publick Inn; and he walk'd openly about the Town: From thence he went to *Hereford* to see his Relations, being born in that City; where he staid some Weeks, and then came back to *Bristol*; still continuing to walk up and down unmolested, till about Michaelmas he was taken up by Captain *Joseph Smith*, who was Commander of the *Hamilton*, when she was taken by *Anstis*, at which Time *Weaver* was Master of the *Good Fortune* Brigantine. His Apprehension was in the following manner.

Weaver was walking along one of the Streets of *Bristol* when he met the Captain, and was known by him. The Captain ask'd him how he did, and desir'd to drink a Bottle with him; which being agreed to, when they came to the Tavern, he told *Weaver*, that he had been a great Sufferer by his boarding the Ship, and had in particular lost a considerable Quantity of Liquor; therefore, Mr. *Weaver*, (says he) *as I understand you are in good Circumstances, I expect you will make me some Restitution; which if you do, I will never hurt a Hair of your Head, because you was very civil*

to me when I was in your Hands. The Equivalent demanded was four Hogheads of Cyder; which whether *Weaver* was able to procure or not, or whether he imagin'd himself safe enough without it, we can't determine: However so it was, that the Cyder was not produc'd, and *Weaver* was apprehended, brought to *London*, try'd along with *Ingram*, and received Sentence of Death at the same Time with *Gow* and his Crew.

Ingram appear'd, according to all the Evidence, to have been a very resolute hardened Fellow, always one of the forwardest in any Action: It was deposed against him in particular, That one *Benjamin Sates* desired to leave the Pirate Service, and all the Crew consented to it but *Ingram*, so he was detained only upon his Opposition; every Man, it seems, among the Pyrates having Liberty to hinder another from going away. This with the Fact before related concerning the *Portuguese*, made his Case look very darkly.

But every Body, on the contrary, gave *Weaver* a good Character, with respect to his Behaviour; tho' his having acted as a Pirate was as clear as the Sun at Noon-day. One Mr. *Parker*, a Surgeon, declar'd in particular, That when he was taken by the *Good Fortune's* Company, they put burning Matches between his Fingers, and twice threw him overboard: But *Weaver* took his Part, though he gain'd the ill Will of a great Part of the Ship's Crew by so doing. When Mr. *Weaver* and Others, continued he, came on board our Vessel, he said to me, *Well, Doctor, what do you think of it? how shall you like to be a Prisoner.* ——— *I can't say I have any great Liking to it, said I, but what must be, must be.* ——— *You say right, (quoth Weaver) I am a Prisoner as well as you; but as your Ship fell in our Way, was obliged to speak with you: Now we have got our Hands in the Lyon's Mouth, we must draw them out again as gently as we can.* This and a great deal more was said on his Behalf; but nothing was sufficient to invalidate the plain Matter of Fact that was produc'd.

The LIFE of JOHN UPTON, PYRATE.

HE was about fifty Years of Age at the Time of his Execution in May, 1729. He was born at *Deptford*, of honest Parents, who gave him an Education suitable to their Station, teaching him to read and write, and making him fit for Business. He serv'd his Time to a Waterman on the River with Approbation, having always a good Character, till his last unhappy Voyage. From his leaving his Master till his Death he had spent the greatest part of his Time at Sea, chiefly in Men of War; aboard of which he had commonly serv'd as Boatswain, Quarter-Master, or some other inferior Officer. When he was at home, he liv'd in Reputation among his Neighbours, having a Wife and Family: And this had been his Manner of living for twenty eight Years.

The Reason of his going abroad the last Time, and leaving behind him four Orphans, he declared to have been his receiving Information that five Actions were taken out against him, for Debts con-

tracted by his Wife in his Absence, of which he knew nothing till after her Death, when Creditors came to him hourly for Sums of Money on his said deceased Wife's Account. The Surprize of these Discoveries, and the Fear of an Imprisonment, made him precipitately leave his Habitation, and fly to *Pool* in *Dorsetshire*, whence he set Sail as Boatswain, on board the *John* and *Elizabeth* Merchantman, Captain *Hooper* Commander, being bound for *Bonavista* in *Newfoundland*; and never returned to *England* again till he was brought Prisoner by the *Nottingham* Man of War, in order to his subsequent Trial. It was on the 12th of July, 1723, that he departed from the *English* Coast.

The Fact for which he suffer'd was sworn on him by *Charles Dimmock*, chief Mate, and *Henry Eaton*, second Mate, of the *Perry* Galley; and *Peter Purnell*, a Passenger in the same Vessel: We will first relate their Depositions, and then the Malefactor's own Account of his Voyage, as it was extracted from his

his Pocket Journal, which is the only Thing we could have any Information of, as he had never attained to the Supreme Command among the Pyrates, and consequently his Story could never make any Figure in the general Account.

The Substance of what they deposed was, That *Upton* was Boatswain of their Galley in a Voyage from *Barbadoes* to *Bristol*, when, on the 11th of November, 1725, in the Latitude of forty Deg. N. she was taken by a Pirate Sloop, called the *Night Rambler*, of which one *Cooper* was Commander: That the Prisoner expressed great Satisfaction at meeting of the Pyrates, voluntarily listed with 'em, and sign'd their Articles: That soon after they took a French Sloop, which with the *Perry* Galley they carry'd to *Aruba*, an Island near *Curaçao*, where the Prizes were both plunder'd, and a Division of the Booty made, when *Upton* had his Share along with the rest; there being out of the *Perry* Galley alone three hundred and fifty Pounds in Money, besides her Provisions, Stores, Rigging, &c. That they (the Evidences) were kept on that Island seventeen Days, during which Time they must have starv'd had not the Doctor of the Pyrates relieved them; which Tenderness of the Doctor *Upton* observing, he swore at him, and said, *Damn 'em, let 'em starve*: That the Prisoner advis'd the Pyrates to burn the *Perry* Galley, with her Captain and chief Mate in her, and appear'd to be more cruel in his Behaviour than any of the older Pyrates: That, in particular, he made a Cat of nine Tails, and faw the first Mate receive two hundred Lashes with it; and that he endeavour'd, by the most inhuman Treatment, to oblige the second Mate to join with them.

Upton could not say a great deal in his own Defence, the Evidence against him having been so full and clear; what he urged most was, his having been forced to join the Pyrates. He called some Persons to vindicate his Character; but they could say nothing with respect to the Facts that were charged upon him; nor did he pretend himself absolutely to deny them, only endeavoured to palliate all the most criminal Circumstances: He said, he never sign'd their Articles, that his Name on the List was written by somebody else, and that whatever Service he did 'twas for fear of being murder'd: He confessed his making the Cat of nine Tails, but said it was upon express Orders, which he durst not disobey. In a Word, the Jury brought him in *Guilty*, and Sentence of *Death* was pronounced against him accordingly.

We shall now proceed with the Account extracted from his Journal. It has been already mentioned that he was bound for *Bonavista* from *England*: He arrived there, and was discharged by mutual Consent, when, being at Liberty, he contracted with one *William Knight*, a Planter there, to serve him a twelvemonth in furring and fishing for 8*l.* wages which Agreement he punctually fulfil'd, and then left his Service to seek something further,

On the 31st of August, 1724, he went Passenger in a Sloop to *Boston* in *New England*, whence he shipp'd himself on board the *Mary* Merchantman, *John Kent* Master, made a Voyage in her to the Bay of *Honduras*, and so returned to *New-England*. It was after this that he went on board the *Perry* Galley, Captain *King* Commander, bound to *Barbadoes* and *Bristol*. At *Barbadoes* the Ship was livered and laden again, and then they prepared for *England*. Before their Departure, *Upton* desired the Captain to discharge him, and suffer him to go on board his Majesty's Ship the *Lynn*, Captain *Cooper* Commander; but Captain *King* absolutely deny'd his Request.

November the 9th, 1725, the *Perry* Galley set sail, and on the 12th of the same Month they were taken by the Pyrates, who commanding them to hoist their Boat out, they ordered the Captain and Mate to come therein aboard their Vessel, which was done accordingly. The Pyrates then returned

with the Boat to the Galley, and made themselves absolute Masters of her immediately. One of them, according to his Journal, swore at *Upton* in a terrible Manner, and said, *D—— n you, you old son of a B—— h, I know you; and you shall go along with us, or else I'll cut your Liver out*. After that he beat him violently with his Cutlass; and the same Evening, when *Upton* was carried on board the Pirate Ship, three of the Gang attacked him; one with a Pistol cock'd and levelled at his Forehead, another with a Pistol at his right Ear, and a third with a Fork in each Hand pointing at his Breast; swearing, *That they would blow out his Brains, if he did not sign their Articles that Instant*. The Journal added, that *Upton* refused, and desired them to defer it till next Morning, urging his four Children, and the Dislike he had to their way of Life; and that when they insisted on his Compliance, he called the Captain a Witness of his being forced, while one of the Company subscrib'd his Name.

This is his own Account concerning his Entering; but it is very probable this Journal might be a Contrivance, to confront the Evidence against him if ever he should be taken; for the Deponents swore positively and circumstantially; and they were all three Men of an undoubted Character.

The Journal goes on with saying, that the Pyrates carried the *Perry* Galley and her Men to the Island of *Ruby*, where they were kept till the tenth of December; about which Time one informed the Pyrates, that he saw her a Sail to Oiling; upon which they made after her and took her, then she proved to be a small *Dutch* Sloop. *Upton* and some others were sent on board this Vessel, where watching an Opportunity, they made their Escape, carry'd away the Sloop, and got her down to the Point of *Gonzalez*, joining to the *Maskitta* Shore. What their Design was in this Action, we cannot determine, having only his own Word for it; which to be sure gives us the best Side of Things. But to proceed according to the best Light we have.

In the Month of January, one seven hundred twenty five, he got his Passage along with the Traders to *Carpenters* River, otherwise called the *Martine*, belonging to the *Spaniards*; to which Place they traffick for Cocoa. He arriv'd there on the twelfth of February, when the Governor gave him Leave to go to *Porto Bello*, by the Way of *Panama*, there being no other safe Passage thither, on Account of the wild *Indians*. In twenty eight Days he set out with the Mules for the City of *Carrizago*, lying fifty six Leagues on the burning Mountains, and esteemed to be about Midway between the North and South-Seas. When he came thither, he was taken up by the Governor for a Spy, and kept Prisoner there three Months and four Days; after which he was sent to *Killare*, on the South-Sea, being still confin'd, where he staid a Month longer, waiting for the Barks which came out of the Lake of *Granada*, and were bound for *Panama*. At last he was sent on board the Admiral of *New-Spain*, who commanded the *Lima* Fleet in the *South-Sea*, where he was again very strictly examined.

The *Spaniards* desired him to enter into their Service, which he absolutely refused to comply with, and desired to go on Shore for *Porto Bello*: But as he would not agree to their Proposals, they would not grant him his Request, and so, instead of setting him ashore where he desired, they sent him to *Panama*, where he was imprisoned four Months and five Days longer. After this, with thirty two *Dutch* Men, who were also detained Prisoners, he was sent to *Porto Bello*, and there put on board the Galeons bound for *Old-Spain*. From them he found some Means of escaping, but does not say in what Manner; and then he entred on board a *New-York* Sloop, Captain *Phoenix* Commander, bound for *Jamaica*, where they arrived on the twenty eighth of December, 1726. He had not been here long, before he was press'd on board his Majesty's Ship the *Nottingham*, command-

ed by Captain *Charles Cotterel*, where he remained more than two Years in the Quality of Quarter-Master, behaving himself all the Time very obediently to his Officers Commands, till he was accused of Piracy, and brought home in order to his Trial. For the Truth of this latter Part of the Story, he said, he appealed to Captain *Cotterel*.

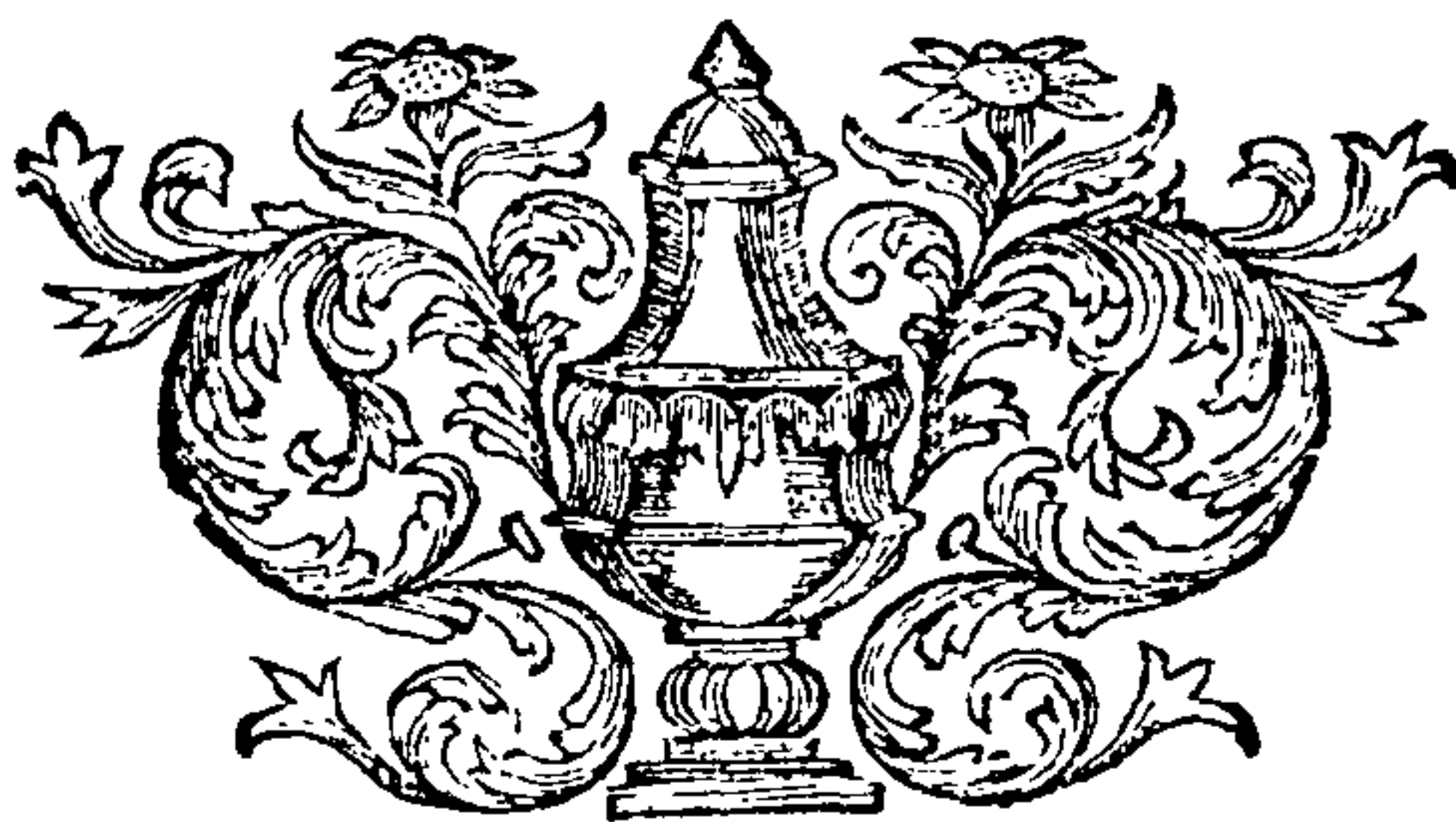
We must confess there is Art enough in this Relation, and so much as might probably have saved him, had not the Evidence against him been very plain; but the Cruelty and Barbarity with which he was charg'd was inexcusable, and every one must allow that his Sentence was very Just. It appears, however, by this Account, that he was a very active Man, otherwise he could never have run thro' such a Series of Adventures in so short a Time, especially since he was a Prisoner a very great Part of that Time. He was of a sturdy robust Constitution, and seemed to have a natural Boldness that supported him, even when under Sentence, so that he seem'd more serene and calm under his Misfortunes than such Persons usually are.

At the Place of Execution he made some Reflections that are not proper to be rehears'd, and said, he forgave all his Enemies. Being ask'd at the Desire of a Gentleman, whether or no he persuaded the Pirates to burn the *Perry Galley*, with Captain *King*, and Mr. *Dimmock* the chief Mate, on board of her, he stedfastly denied the Fact; protesting that he never either proposed such a Thing himself, or gave his Vote for the doing it. One would think the Words of a dying Man should have some Weight; yet how can we believe the Truth of what was now asserted, after three such credible Witnesses had sworn the direct contrary, and declared to his Face, that he actually did persuade this Piece of Villainy? There was no Need for them to have added such a Circumstance, if it had not been true, because there was enough without it to have procured the Sentence that was pass'd on him, and have given them all the Satisfaction they could now expect; I mean, that of seeing him suffer what was the just Punishment due for his Crimes.

Now we are got into this Reflection, it may not be amiss to pursue it a little further, and consider what may be the Reason that so many Malefactors deny those Things at the very Place of Execution,

which have been as positively proved against them at the Bar, as any Thing need be to make it pass for an incontestible Truth. Some, we know, are apt to bring Providence into this Question, and say, that God delivers such Persons up to what they call a judicial Hardness of Heart, as a Punishment for their long persisting in a Course of Impiety. Whatever some Divines and others may find in this Notion, that is of Use to them in their Declarations against Sin, and their Exhortations to a speedy Repentance, we cannot help thinking it is so far from Truth, that there is something perfectly shocking in the very Thought: Shall we suppose, that the Almighty ever takes away the Power of turning to him from any of his Creatures? Are we not told, that him who comes he will in no wise cast out? Let us rather conclude from hence, that it is impossible ever perfectly to root out the Principles of Honour implanted in our Nature; and that the most abandoned Man that ever lived has so much Regard for his Character, as to be willing to leave a good Name behind him. This, we cannot help thinking, is the real Cause why Criminals at their Death, endeavour to palliate their Enormities.

Some perhaps may think, that Reflections of this kind are a little unsuitable in this Place; but we cannot agree with those that are of that Mind. 'Tis so far from being unnatural to make Remarks that are a little refin'd in such a Work as this, that 'tis certainly the most useful, as well as the most pleasing Part of any History, where Actions are traced to their Motives and Springs. We conceive, every one will come into the same Sentiment, when they consider the Matter a little closely, and reflect that the main Ends of writing and reading Histories, are to form our Minds, and make us imitate the Virtues, and shun the Vices that are therein delineated; and how should we do either but by considering the Original of both, and the Manner in which they prevail upon our Minds? If any one say, the Reflection on Criminals at their Execution, in this Light, relates only to Persons in the same Circumstances; we answer, that it may at least be pleasing to others, and lead them to examine a little more strictly what perhaps they have often been surprized at.



The LIFE of Captain JOHN JAEN.

IT cannot be amiss to conclude the Lives of the Pyrates with an Account of Captain *Jaen*, who was condemn'd by an High Court of Admiralty for the Murder of his Cabin Boy, and executed at Execution-Dock: For, tho' this Malefactor was no Pyrate, yet the said Circumstances, and his suffering for a Crime committed on the High Seas, makes this a proper Place for what we have to say concerning him, than any other in the Book. We shall be as brief in our Relation as the Nature of the Case will admit, because of proceeding with the HIGHWAYMEN, &c. at the Beginning of the next Monthly Number.

The Parents of *John Jaen* liv'd in very good Circumstances at *Bristol*; they bred this their Son up in the Knowledge of every Thing that was requisite for a Youth whom they designed to put to a Trade; nor did he at all balk their Expectations in the Progress he made; for he became not only a Proficient in Writing and Accounts, but attained also a considerable Insight into the *Latin* Tongue. When he had finish'd the Course of his Learning, under the best Masters his Friends could provide for him, he was removed from his Pursuit of the Muses, and bound Apprentice to a Cooper in his native City, with whom he serv'd out his Time with Industry and Fidelity; tho' there was always a remarkable Severity in his Temper, which Disposition, we may suppose, at last prompted him to the barbarous Act for which he suffer'd, as soon as it found Scope to exert itself, of which it had too much at Sea, where the Master's Command is too absolute to be put into the Hands of any Man who wants Compassion.

After he had compleated the Time of his Servitude, he apply'd himself to his Trade with the same Diligence he had discover'd while he was an Apprentice, going sometimes to Sea for the Advancement of his Fortune; which desir'd Effect happen'd in the Year 1724, when he became Master of a Ship called the *Burnett*, fitted out by some Merchants of *Bristol* for *South Carolina*. This was the first and last Voyage in which he was Commander; for it was in his Return home in *March*, 1725, that he committed the Murder of which we shall now give such Account as was deposed against him in Court.

Being apprehended as soon as he came on Shore, and sent up to *London*, he was indicted at the same Sessions of Admiralty, where *Gow*, *Weaver*, and their Companions, received Sentence of *Death*, for the Murder of *Richard Pye* on the high Seas, within thirty Leagues of *Carolina*, and within the Jurisdiction of the Admiralty of *England*, by beating and striking the said *Richard Pye* with a Rope, on the Head, Shoulders, Arms, Back, Breast, and Sides, on the 15th of *March* last; of which beating and striking the said *Richard Pye* did languish till the 21st of the same Month, and then dy'd: But the Prisoner making Affidavit in Court, that two of his material Witnesses, Captain *Samuel Jennings* and *John Morpeth*, were absent at Sea, having been gone about a Fortnight before, the Court deferr'd his Trial till another Time. This Sessions of Admiralty, at which he was first indicted, was held on the

26th and 27th of *May*, in the same Year the Fact was committed, and not above nine Weeks after the Death of the Boy.

On the 27th of *April*, 1726, another Sessions of Admiralty was held at the *Old Bailey*, before the Honourable Sir *Henry Penrice*, Judge, assisted by the Honourable Mr. *Baron Hale*; at which Captain *Creagh* was indicted for feloniously sinking the good Ship the *Friendship*, of which he was Commander; but there appearing no Evidence sufficient to convict him of such a Charge, he was acquitted. Captain *John Jaen* was then set to the Bar again, and a second Time arraign'd on an Indictment for the Murder of his Cabin Boy *Richard Pye*, which Fact was set forth in the Words before related.

It appeared by the Evidence produced against him, that he either whipp'd the Boy himself, or caused him to be whipp'd, every Day during the Voyage; that he caused him to be ty'd to the Main Mast with Ropes for nine Days together, extending his Arms and Legs to the uttermost, whipping him with a *Cat*, as it is commonly called, made of five small Cords, till he was bloody, and then causing his Wounds to be several times wash'd with Brine and Pickle; that under this terrible Usage the Boy grew speechless very soon; that the Captain, notwithstanding, continued his barbarous Usage, stamping on him, beating him, and abusing him, nay even obliging him to eat his own Excrements, though it immediately forced its Way up again; that when the Boy, in his Agony and Pain, made Signs for a Dram, the said Captain in Derision took a Glass, carried it into the Cabin and made Water therein, and then brought it to the Boy to drink, who refused the same; that the lamentable Condition the Boy was in made no Impression on the Captain, who continued to treat him with the same Barbarity, by whipping, pickling, kicking, beating and bruising him, all the while he was lingering out his miserable Life; that on the very last Day of his said Life, he gave him eighteen Lashes with the afore-said *Cat* of five Tails, in a little Time after which the unhappy Wretch dy'd.

The Evidences farther deposed, That when they were sewing up the Boy's Body in a Hammock, in order to its being thrown overboard, it had in it as many Colours as the Rainbow; that his Flesh was in many Places as soft as a Jelly, and his Head swell'd as big as two. Upon the whole it appeared, that a more bloody, premeditated, and wilful Murder was never committed; and Sir *Henry Penrice* declared, when he pronounced Sentence of *Death*, that in all the Time he had had the Honour of sitting on the Bench, he never heard any thing like it; and he added, that he hoped no Person who might sit there after him, would ever have a Parallel Case brought before him. In a Word, every Body was shock'd at the very Rehearsal of this Action.

Under Sentence of *Death* he behav'd with a great deal of seeming Piety and Resignation, tho' he did not frequent the publick Chapel; for which he gave the ordinary two Reasons, which were just enough:

First,

First, That the Number of Strangers, who were admitted thither, to stare at Persons under his unhappy Circumstances, was generally very great, and their Behaviour sometimes very indiscreet. Secondly, That the Fact for which he was to suffer had procured him many Enemies, who would take a Pleasure in coming thither to insult him under his Misfortunes: As he was sure, (he said) these Things must of Necessity wholly interrupt his Devotion, he thought it more eligible only to receive the Assistance of a Minister privately in his Chamber; which he had daily till his Execution.

He was very open in confessing the general Offences of his Life, but took abundance of Pains to palliate the particular Fact for which he was to die: particularly he often professed, that he never intended to murder the Boy, but only to correct him as he deserved, he being exceeding wicked and ungovernable. When they first went out (he said) the Boy was very much given to thieving, and grew worse continually; one Evening, for Instance, when they were upon their Return home, and he was asleep in the Cabin, the Boy broke open his Lockers, and took out a Bottle of Rum, of which he drank near a Pint, making himself therewith so drunk, that his Excrements fell involuntarily from him, and stunk so abominably that it awaken'd him. Upon this, he called in several Men, who found the Boy in a sad nasty Condition, and were obliged to sit down and smoke Tobacco, in order to overcome the Stench he had raised. This Action of the Boy's produced the terrible Punishment of tying him to the Mast for several Days, and offering him his Excrements, as had been deposed.

Notwithstanding the Captain owned all this, yet he could not forbear reflecting very hardly on those who had given in their Evidence against him, charging them with Perjury and a Conspiracy to ruin

him; tho' nothing like it appear'd from the Manner in which they deliver'd their Testimony.

As the Time appointed for his Execution drew nearer, the Fear of Death, and that Remorse of Conscience which naturally attends Persons in his Condition, brought him into such a low and bad State of Health, that he could scarce speak to any Body, or attend to the Discourse of others; but he lay in a languishing Condition, frequently fainting away, and appearing in fine not unlike a Person who had taken something to procure a sudden Death, in order to prevent a publick and ignominious one. However, when these Suspicions were mentioned to him, he declared that they were utterly without any Foundation, and that he had never suffered such a Thought to come into his Head: His Wife also, who attended him constantly whilst he was in Prison, declared, she loved him too well to become his Executioner, being positive nothing unwholesome had been administer'd to him, since his Confinement.

He appeared to be so very much spent when he was carry'd to the Place of Execution, that it was thought he would hardly have lived to reach thither. There was present a Minister of Distinction, who assisted him, and pray'd by him till he was thrown off. His Execution was on the 13th Day of May, 1726, when he was about twenty nine Years of Age. As soon as his Body was cut down, it was put into Chains, in order to be hung up over against the King's Powder-House, as a Warning to Others, who serve in the same Station, how they abuse the great Power, with which 'tis necessary they should be invested while they are abroad, for the Sake of Order and Decorum; but of which 'tis the Privilege of those that serve under them to require an Account when they come home, that so no Subject of *Great Britain* may be oppressed, much less murder'd, by another entrusted with a greater Share of Authority.





J. Nicholls delin

John Cottington alias Mul-Sack, Robbing y^e Oxford Waggon
Wherein he found four Thousand Pounds in money.

J. Atkins sculp



THE
LIVES of the HIGHWAYMEN,
STREET-ROBBERS, PICK-POCKETS, &c.

CONTINU'D.

The LIFE of JOHN COTTINGTON,
alias MUL-SACK.

BEING now to make a Transition from the Gentlemen Rovers of the Sea, to the Land-Pirates, (if such an Expression may be allowed) and relate the remarkable Adventures of Men and Women, who have distinguished themselves by taking away either the Lives or Properties of their Neighbours; it may not be amiss to assure our Readers, that, in the subsequent Part of these Relations, we shall always be as brief as the Subject will admit; yet very careful not to miss any material Circumstance in the Life of any one Person. Before we come to the latest Times, 'twill be proper to take Notice of such Persons about the Middle and Conclusion of the last, or Beginning of the present Century, as were before omitted. This we shall observe as a general Rule, never to deviate much from the regular Order of Time in which the several Malefactors were executed: And where this Rule has not been, or may not be exactly followed, Care will be taken at the End of this Work, to make all right by a Chronological Table and an Alphabetical Index; one of which at least, has been mentioned before, nevertheless, 'tis not at all improper to repeat our Promise in this Place.

No. 45.

THE Father of John Cottington, or Mul-Sack, as he was oftener called, was a Haberdasher of Small Wares in *Chancery*, and one Time reputed to be pretty wealthy: but having a large expensive Family, and being himself very fond of what is commonly called Good Company, he so far wasted his Substance, as to die very poor, even so poor as to be bury'd by the Parish. This was an unhappy Thing for his Children, who were no less than nineteen in Number, fifteen of which were Daughters, and John was the youngest of them all of either Sex, which exposed him perhaps to more Misfortunes than those who had some Reason to govern themselves by, at the Time when they became Orphans.

At about eight Years of Age he was put out Apprentice, to a Trade no less honourable than Chimney-sweeping. He was bound for a great many Years, as he was so young at the Time of going to his Master; but he took Care not to make his Servitude longer than ordinary, for instead of adding six or seven Years, he cut off two from the usual Term, and ran away in the fifth Year of his Apprenticeship; apprehending that as he was got into his Teens he was as good a Man as his Master, and

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being

being confident that he had learned enough of his Trade for him to live upon.

He had not been long gone from his Master, before he perceived Business coming on him even as fast as he could wish, and he made all the Advantage possible of his good Fortune; not in the usual sneaking Manner, by hoarding up all he got; but by behaving himself like a Gentleman, swearing at every one that offended him, and assuming to himself almost as much State as the old Chimney-sweeper below; who we may be certain is haughty, because to say any One *is as proud as Lucifer* is become a Proverb. Nor was it only in *Cottingham's* Carriage that you might observe the Effects of his good Fortune; for he lived in the best Manner possible; no Liquor but Sack, forsooth, would go down with him, and that too must always be mull'd, to make it the more pleasant. It was from this that he got his Name of *Mul-Sack*, by which he was commonly called, and by which we shall chuse to distinguish him in the following Account of his Exploits.

One Evening *Mul-Sack* was drinking at the *Devil* Tavern in *Fleet-street*, when he observed what he thought was a beautiful Woman; and being naturally pretty amorous, and at that Time in particular warm with his Favourite Liquor, he made his Addresses to her. Madam appeared to be none of the coyest, for she received him very freely, only nothing but Matrimony would go down with her, which did not thoroughly please him: *Yet why*, (thought he at last) *should I be against it? I can keep myself and a Wife very well, and I never saw a Woman whom I could like better than this, therefore, hang it, I'll e'en take her, for better for worse.* Upon this, he immediately gave her his Hand, and there were no more Words to the Bargain, but away they tramp'd to the *Fleet* together; where Divinity link'd their Hands, pronounc'd 'em *Man and Wife*, and pray'd heartily for their Welfare; in particular, that they might be successful in their honest and lawful Endeavours for the Procreation of Children, which, as the holy Office of the Church informs us, is the principal End of Matrimony.

But how was our jolly Bridegroom deceived at Night, when he found himself espoused to an *Hermaphrodite*, and that the Lady he had marry'd was no other than a Person well known by the Name of *Amisest Robin*? The Redundancy of Nature was soon discovered, and the Bride confess'd her Fault, or if you please his Fault, with abundance of seeming Contrition, while poor *Mul-Sack* had nothing more to do in Bed than to go to sleep as usual.

This Disappointment in Matrimony had a great Effect upon our Gentleman's Manners; for whereas he was never before known to be guilty of any worse Crime than spending his Money, sitting up late, and keeping jovial Company, he now run into all sorts of Extravagancies: in particular, he got acquainted with five noted *Amazons* in *Drury-lane*, who were called the *Women-shavers*, and whose Actions were then much talk'd of about Town; till being apprehended for a Riot, and one or two of them severely punished, the rest fled to *Barbadoes*. *Mul-Sack* was once present when these Furies got a poor Woman among them, whom one of them suspected of having been great with her Husband. As a Punishment for this they stripp'd her as naked as she was born, beat her with Rods in a terrible manner, and then shav'd off all the Hair about her whole Body: After that they fous'd her in a Tub of Soap suds over Head and Ears, and in fine almost kill'd her, in spite of all her Tears, Cries, and Protestations of Innocency.

After the Law, the greatest Enemy that People of this Character have in the World, had deprived *Mul-Sack* of these worthy Companions, he resolv'd to pursue his Amours elsewhere, and to that purpose appeared when out of his Business in a very smart,

and genteel manner; being withal a graceful Person, and having a very extraordinary Flow of Words for a Man of his Calling. With these Accomplishments, he found Means to insinuate himself into the good liking of a Merchant's Wife in *Mark-lane*, who had before this none of the best of Characters. This Lady had originally been very handsome, but by a long Course of Amours, her Beauty was a little the worse for wearing when *Mul-Sack* became acquainted with her. However, what she wanted in Person she made up in Purse; for our Smut made a shift to squeeze out of her about 120*l.* before she fell sick and dy'd, which happened not a great while afterwards.

Captain *Smith* has told a long Story of this Lady's Sickness, Death-bed Repentance, and Confession to her Husband in her last Moments, the Substance of which is, that she desired her good Man to call up all her Children, to the Number of twelve, one of which she told him she believed might be his, because she did not remember that any other Man had enter'd upon the Premises Time enough to have had any Share in it: *but for the rest, my Dear*, (said she with a deep Sigh) *I am afraid you are just as much their Father, as the Kings of England have been Kings of France for some hundreds of Years past; that is, you know very well, in Name only.* Here she nam'd whom she believ'd to be the Father of every one, tho' she could not be very positive in either; because always more than one Man had been dabbling about the proper Time. She concluded all with telling him, that as they were all taken in his Net, she hoped he would not expose himself and her after her Death, but put up his Horns without Words, and contentedly act the Part of a Father. We have not heard how far the Husband comply'd with his dying Wife's Request, but there is good Reason to think it caused a grumbling in his Gizzard.

Mul-Sack had lately been so plentifully supply'd with Money, that, when his kind Benefactress departed this Life, and changed this vain World, as we ought in Christian Charity to believe, for a better, he could not think of applying himself to Business anew, and relapsing again to his Sooty Occupation. We may observe, that there is a sort of Vanity inherent in us all, that makes us try any Shift, rather than go backwards in the World. This Temper is doubtless the Original of Knavery in a great measure. Citizens that have been reputed rich will hold up their Heads to the last, and think it much more honourable to pay Six Pence in the Pound after a Statute of Bankruptcy, provided they can be trusted again, than honestly lay down their Trades while they can pay Twenty Shillings, and seek a meaner Way of Livelihood. So a Courtier that has attain'd to be first Minister of State, generally prefers bringing his Neck to the Block, before attending at the Levee of his Successor, after having quitted his Post with universal Applause. 'Tis just the same in inferior Life, a Man that has once commenc'd Villain, seldom, as we said before, cares to go backwards, till he is drawn backwards up *Holborn Hill*, or some other Place for the same Purpose.

After this short Digression then, we are to tell you, that *Mul-Sack* now turn'd Pickpocket, a Calling that generally serves for an Introduction to the Gentlemen who make the Heroes of this History. As a Tryal of his Dexterity, the first Thing he did was to take a very valuable Gold Watch, set with Diamonds, from a Lady of chief Quality in those Times of Usurpation. One Mr. *Facombe*, a Man very much followed by the Precisians, preached at that Time a Weekly Lecture at *Ludgate Church*, and the Gentlewoman we are speaking of was one of his Admirers and constant Attendants. *Mul-Sack* had taken Notice for some Time how the pretty Bauble hung dangling at her Side by a Gold Chain. One of the Companions he had engaged on this Occasion found Means to take out the Pin of one of the

Coach-

Coach-Wheels, so that the Wheel fell, and the Coach caused an Obstruction just under the Gate. The End of this was to make a Crowd, and oblige Madam to alight before she came to the Church Door; all which was effected, and *Mul-Sack* stood ready, dress'd in what was then the Height of the Mode, to offer the Lady his Arm into the Church. He presented himself very impudently, the Favour was kindly accepted, and by the Way he found Means to cut the Gold Chain in two, and secure the Watch as they passed through the Crowd. The Loss was not perceived till Mr. *Jaunce* concluded, when the devout Gentlewoman was going to see how long the spiritual Meal had lasted: But alas! all the Consolation she had received vanish'd after her Darling Watch.

It is reported that there never was in *England* a more dexterous Gang of Pickpockets than in the Time of this *Mul-Sack*. We might here introduce by the Way of Episode, (as the Criticks phrase it) abundance of their surprising Performances; but because we would avoid Prolixity, only remark in general, that they would lay Wagers of taking any Gentleman's Watch, tho' warned of it but a Minute before, and perform it by jostling them, asking a Question, pretending some urgent Business, giving them a Letter, and a Thousand other Methods of diverting their Attention, and leaving the Prize unguarded long enough for them to accomplish their Pleasure: Nor was there any one of these Fellows, who understood his Business better than our Hero, *Mul-Sack*, so that it would be almost incredible to relate all the Tricks of that Kind he play'd about the City, and the numerous Stratagems he had Recourse to.

We are inform'd, that, before *Mul-Sack* left off this Trade, he was once so impudent as to attempt the Pocket of *Cromwell* himself, and the Danger he then run of being detected, was the Occasion of his leaving this secret sort of Knavery, and taking to the Highway, in Company with one *Tom Cheney*.

These two Fellows had the Courage and Confidence to set upon Colonel *Hereford*, a great Man in those Times, and one who had been advanced from a Cocker to the Dignity he then enjoy'd, merely because his Conscience was according to the Measure of that Time; that is very large, or if you please very small, which Expressions the witty Author of *Hudibras* tells us, signify the same Thing. The Colonel's Regiment was then marching to *Hounslow*, and he not so far before it, but some of the Troopers saw the Action of our Bravoes. No Body can doubt but they were soon pursu'd; yet by the help of a good Horse, *Mul-Sack* got clear off; but *Cheney's* Beast failing him, he was obliged to stand in his own Defence, which he did very stoutly, till he was overpower'd by Numbers, desperately wounded, taken Prisoner, and carry'd to *Newgate*. Sessions began at the *Old Bailey* within a few Days after, and *Cheney* being brought to the Bar, begg'd to have his Tryal put off on Account of his Wounds: But the Favour could not be obtain'd; for they caused a Chair to be brought for him to sit in, obliged him to plead, and pass'd Sentence of *Death* upon him. What he had urged as a Motive for putting off his Tryal, was made the Means to hasten his Execution, for, tho' 'twas Two o'Clock in the Afternoon when he was condemn'd, he was carry'd in a Cart that very Day to *Zyburn*, and there executed, lest he should have evaded the Sentence of the Law, by dying in *Newgate*.

The next Companion *Mul-Sack* enter'd into Articles with was one Mr. *Horne*, a very bold Man, and a Pewterer by Trade, tho' he had been formerly a Captain in Colonel *Dorset's* Regiment of Foot. Their Engagement was to act in Concert, offensively and defensively, like generous *Highwaymen*: But neither did this Partnership subsist long; for the first considerable Action they ventur'd on was fatal to the poor Captain, he being taken in the Pursuit,

while *Mul-Sack* had still the good Fortune to escape. The Captain's Fate was the same as *Cheney's*; saving that he continued in good Health till the Hour of his Execution, when he behaved with so much Bravery and Gallantry, that his Death drew Tears from a great Part of the Spectators, particularly from that Sex, who know the Value of a brave Man so well, as always to be griev'd when such a One dies, especially at *Zyburn*.

His Companions having such ill Success, *Mul-Sack* was resolv'd to try his Fortune alone, and he several times practis'd his calling upon Committee Men, Sequestrators, Members of Parliament, &c. who were then almost the only Men in the Nation worth robbing; they having plunder'd every Body else, and gotten the Wealth of *England* into their own Hands. In all these Adventures he was as fortunate as he could wish, which prompted him forwards to attempt still greater Things. Being inform'd that Four Thousand Pound was coming from *London*, to pay the Regiments quarter'd at *Oxford* and *Gloucester*, he resolv'd to venture his Life for so considerable a Sum, tho' two or three Men well arm'd were appointed for a Convoy. Just at the Close of Day, when the Waggon was past *Windsor*, and at the Foot of a Hill he started from an Ambuscade, presented his Pistol, and bid the Carrier stand. He had certainly now gone to Pot, if the Guard had not thought it impossible he should attempt such an Action without Company; but the Apprehension of more behind the Hedge made these sturdy Fellows ride for their Lives, and leave our Adventurer to secure the Booty; which he spent with as much Mirth as he had obtain'd it with Danger.

There were also two or three Passengers in this Waggon, who were frighted terribly; but *Mul-Sack* generously told them he had no Design upon what they had. *This* (says he) *that I have taken, is as much mine as theirs who own it; being all extorted from the Publick by the rapacious Members of our Commonwealth, to enrich themselves, maintain their Janizaries, and keep honest People in Subjection: the most effectual Way to do so, is to keep them very poor.*

It is said, that *Mul-Sack* got more Money than any Highwayman of his Time, though no Man was less suspected than he by his Acquaintance in Town. When out of his Calling he appeared like a Merchant, talk'd always about Business, and was seen on *Change* very often, being the Methods he us'd to conceal his Trade; for nothing betrays a Man so soon as endeavouring to hide himself.

One Time having Notice that the Receiver General at *Reading* was to send up Six Thousand Pound to *London* by an Ammunition Waggon, he immediately contriv'd to save that Trouble, and bring it up to Town himself on his own Horse. An Accomplice was necessary in this Undertaking, and he soon found one, by whose Assistance he seal'd the Receiver's House the Night before the Money was to be carted. The Window they got in at was next to the Garden, where they left the Ladder standing, and came off at the present very well, having bound all the Family to prevent any Alarm whereby they might be discover'd.

But an Affair of this Kind, as might very well be expected, made a great Noise, and *Mul-Sack* was apprehended in Town, by some who had seen him in *Reading* the Evening the Fact was committed. Upon this he was sent down to *Reading*, and try'd at the next Assizes for *Berkshire*, before Judge *Fermyn*, who did all he could to hang him. Nevertheless, by his Cunning, he found Means either to baffle the Evidence, or to corrupt the Jury by his Money, so far, that he was acquitted; the Proofs against him being only circumstantial.

Not long after this narrow Escape, our Offender growing in Wickedness, added Murder to his former Crimes: The Person on whom it was committed

mitted was one *John Bridges*, with whose Wife he had before contracted a Familiarity. On this Account he fled beyond Sea, and got himself introduc'd at the Court of King *Charles* the Second, who was then in Exile.

He got so much Intelligence here, that he ventur'd home again, upon a Presumption of obtaining his Pardon from *Oliver Cromwell*, as a Reward for what he could discover of Affairs amongst the King's

Friends. Accordingly he apply'd himself to the Usurper, confess'd his Crime, and made very large Promises, upon the Performance of which *Cromwell* assur'd him of his Life: But, whether he could not be as good as his Word, or whether the Protector thought such an abandon'd Wretch utterly unfit to live, so it was, that he was apprehended, condemn'd, and executed in *Smithfield Rounds*, in *April*, 1655, being 45 Years of Age.

The LIFE of GILDER-ROY.

THIS Offender was descended of a very good Family in the Highlands of *Scotland*. His Father dy'd just when he had seen his Son reach that Age at which the Law supposes a Man capable to manage his own Affairs, and left him an Estate in *Pertshire* of about eighty Marks *per Annum*. But though *Gilder-Roy* was twenty one Years old, he was a worse Oeconomist than the old Gentleman expected; so that in about a Year and a half all his Substance was destroy'd, his Estate sold, and himself reduced to the most extreme Necessity, notwithstanding the frequent Admonitions of his Friends against his Profuseness, and their honest Intreaties, that he would reflect upon his Condition before it would be too late.

A Man who has given a Loose to his Inclinations, and always placed his Happiness in the Pursuit of irregular Pleasures, will, when Necessity stares him in the Face, do any thing in the World, rather than quit the Chace, and make Virtue the Object of his Wishes and Pains. The only Thought *Gilder-Roy* seem'd to have in his Distress, was how to retrieve his Circumstances, though at the Expence of half a Nation.

His Mother had a small Jointure, with the Income of which she supply'd him, till she saw 'twas to no Purpose, he still consuming all she could raise in a little Time. At last she with-held her Hand, and let him for the future to shift for himself. This so irritated the Villain, that nothing but the Death of the good old Woman could pacify him: in order to accomplish which, he arose one Night, and burst into his Mother's Bed-Chamber violently while she was asleep, who had still been so unhappily tender as to let him lodge in her House. The rest of this Action is shocking to relate: He cut the Throat of his indulgent Parent from Ear to Ear, ravish'd his own Sister and a Maid-Servant, left 'em both bound, took every Thing valuable out of the House; then set Fire to it, burning that and the two deflower'd Maidens all together.

This almost unparallel'd Piece of Barbarity fill'd the whole Country round with Horror; the Author of it was suspected, and a considerable Reward was offer'd in a Proclamation issued out for apprehending him. The Money, with the Abhorrence every Body had of his Crime, made it unsafe for him to stay any longer in his native Country; so he fled into *France*, where he liv'd upon the Spoil of his murder'd Mother 'till 'twas all spent, and he was obliged to make use of his Wits for a Livelihood.

Being once at *St. Dennis's* he went to the Cathedral, a *Mausoleum* for the Kings of *France*, situated not far from the City of *Paris*, where, during the So-

lemnization of High-Mass, several of the best Quality were present. Here he apply'd himself to one who was seated most suitably for his Design, and immediately with an Air of Assurance, as though he had known the Gentleman, pointed to several of the fairest Ladies, and endeavour'd to make himself pass for a Gallant to the Ladies; which he might well enough do, he being as well dress'd as any Body there. The *French* Gentleman had by this Time directed his Attention more to his new Acquaintance than to the Devotion of the Day; which *Gilder-Roy* perceiving, he made Signs that he intended to take a fine Gold Watch of great Value from a Lady's Side just by, whom he perceiv'd to be acquainted with Monsieur. There being no Mistrust of any thing more than a Joke, (the *Frenchman* little thinking a Thief had made him his Companion) they whisper'd together where they should meet after Service was over, and carry their Prize to the fair Owner, when she had been sufficiently griev'd for her Loss.

Satisfy'd with this Fallacy, the *French* Gentleman made the best of his Way out of the Church, when High-Mass was over, and left *Gilder-Roy* to take Care of himself, not doubting in the least but his new Acquaintance would punctually meet him at the Place appointed. But *Gilder-Roy* was far enough in two Hours Time, and the *French* Gentleman did not suspect any Treachery before, but imagin'd his Delay might be occasion'd by meeting a Friend, or the like: However, being impatient, he went at last in Confusion enough to inform the Lady of what had pass'd! 'Twas agreed the Sharper had outwitted him, and that by his Connivance he had stole the Watch in Earnest; so he humbly ask'd her Ladyship's Pardon, and intreated her to accept of another Watch of equal Value from him, which he own'd was but a just Penance for the Folly he had been guilty of in so credulously placing too much Confidence in a Stranger. In short, the Lady, tho' full of Resentment, accepted of the Present, but discarded him from his former Capacity of being her Suitor, telling him, *She would never have a Man so tame as to sit by and see her robb'd, without taking her Part.*

From *France* he took a Tour over the *Pyrenean* Mountains into *Spain*, committing several notorious Robberies in divers Parts of that Kingdom, particularly in *Madrid*. In this Capital he found Means to get a large Quantity of Plate from the Duke of *Medina Celi*, when all his Servants were busy'd in an Entertainment for Foreign Ambassadors. This Trick was perform'd by a previous Acquaintance with the Steward, who introduced him at his Chamber.

Gilder-Roy, after he had been about three Years abroad, had the Confidence to venture home again, supposing that, tho' the horrible Crime he had there committed would never be forgotten, yet the Heat of Enquiry after him was pretty well over. He now got together a great Company of Men, and made his Name almost as terrible in some of the remote Parts of *Scotland*, as that of *Robin Hood* was formerly about the Forest of *Sherwood* in *England*: Particularly in the Counties of *Arbok*, *Loquabe*, *Anguis*, *Atqr*, *Bequaban*, *Murrey* and *Sutherland*, he was dreaded as much as a common Enemy in Time of War. The Confusion of Affairs in these Kingdoms, we may conclude, contributed a great deal towards the establishing him in this manner, and his evading the Stroke of Justice so long as he did. All the common People he laid under Contribution, and obliged them to allow him so many Head of Cattle quarterly for his Protection, which he was so impudent as to grant them in Form; by the Means of which they might travel without Molestation from him or any of his Gang. 'Twas in vain to think of not coming into his Articles; for those who were not willing to allow him Part of their Substance, were sure to lose it all without any Ceremony.

'Twould be tedious to enumerate half the Robberies that were committed by *Gilder-Roy* and his execrable Crew: Besides there are often some Circumstances so much alike in two several Adventures of this Kind, that were we to relate all we could, it would frequently seem as if we only gave our Readers the same Story over again, a Fault which Captain *Smith*, in his Lives, has been much guilty of, and which we should often be led into, if we did not take Care to avoid it. We beg our Readers, however, to consider, that the Form of stopping a Man upon the Highway, and taking his Money from him, is always nearly the same, and it may often happen, that one Highwayman may affect to imitate another; as one General or Prince may endeavour to form himself, and his Manner of acting, upon the Model of some other, whose Life has been transmitted to him in History: When an Instance of this latter Kind happens, must he that writes the Story of the imitating Hero omit a considerable Action, because something like it was acted before, and recorded by another Author? But we have somewhere made an Observation of this Kind before, and therefore shall pursue it no further at present; but instead thereof, assure our Readers, that we shall endeavour to entertain them with as much Variety as possible, and relate the Circumstances of no Action that has not something singular to recommend it.

Among the Persons said to be robb'd by *Gilder-Roy*, we find the Earl of *Linlithgore*, from whom he took a Gold Watch, a Diamond Ring, and eighty Broad Pieces. *Oliver Cromwell* is another mention'd on this Occasion; but the Writers of that Time, who endeavour'd to throw all the Indignities they could on the Republican Parry, have probably made this Usurper and his Friends to be serv'd in this Manner much oftener than they really were. One Gentleman, however, that fell in *Gilder-Roy*'s Way, made almost Opposition with two of his Servants, till one of the Men was kill'd, and the Master himself wounded; *Gilder-Roy* shot all their Horses, mounted the Gentleman upon an Ass, and sent him to seek his Fortune.

Three of this Company were at last apprehended, and sent to the Tolbooth in *Edinburg*; out of which Prison they broke, but were soon retaken, condemn'd, and executed at a Distance without the City; where their Bodies were left hanging as a Terror to others, till they should drop down of themselves.

These three Men were Part of *Gilder-Roy*'s particular Favourites; whereupon he vow'd Revenge, and communicated his Design to the rest of the Gang, who all agreed to join with him in the Execution of it. Their Business was to way-lay the Judge, or Lord of

Session, as they are there call'd, who had passed the Sentence, and who was soon after so unhappy as to fall into their Hands. His Coachman and two Footmen they stripp'd stark naked, ty'd them Hand and Foot, and threw them into a great Pond, where they were immediately drowned: Then they killed the four Coach Horses, cut the Coach all to Pieces, and rifled his Lordship of every Thing about him that was valuable. This was not, however, half the Punishment they design'd him! for they kept him confin'd in a Wood till dead of Night, and then they put him on Horseback, and brought him to the Gallows, where their Comrades were hanging. The Form of a Gallows or Gibbet in *Scotland* is something like our Turn Stiles, and consists of two Beams that cross one another upon the Top of a high Post, so as that they point four several Ways. It was upon such a Machine as this that those Fellows were hung, and there was one of the Points vacant. When they arriv'd at the Place *Gilder-Roy* told the Judge, *That, forasmuch as the Structure was not uniform without a fourth Person, his Lordship must fill the Vacancy, and take a Swing upon the empty Beam*. As soon as he had deliver'd his Jest, he let the poor Judge see that he intended to act in Earnest; for a Rope was instantly put round his Lordship's Neck, and he was fairly tuck'd up to keep the Malefactors Company.

We have not been inform'd of the Name of this Judge; but the Action, we are assur'd, was the Occasion of a Law that was soon after pass'd in *Scotland*, for the hanging of a Highwayman as soon as ever he was taken. This Statute was afterwards often put in Force against Gentlemen of the Pad, whom they convicted and condemn'd after their Death, to keep up the Form of Justice.

A long Series of Success made *Gilder-Roy* so insolent, that he made nothing of killing those who disputed the Delivery of their Money: He ravish'd almost all the Women that he could get into his Power, set Fire to Houses and Barns upon the least Affront, and spread an inexpressible Fear in every Part where he haunted. The great Complaints that were rais'd were the Occasion of a second Proclamation for the taking of him either dead or alive, in which the Reward offer'd was no less than one thousand Marks. This oblig'd him again to take a little more Care of his Conduct, and live privately as often and as much as his Money would permit.

One *Peg Cunningham*, whom he kept for a Mistress, hearing of the Proclamation, and perceiving that it hinder'd him from bringing her so much Money as usual, thought it her best Way to lay hold of this Opportunity, play the downright Whore, and betray him. This she accomplish'd in her own House, which she caus'd to be surrounded with a Body of Men one Night when he was with her. *Gilder-Roy* heard a Noise, and perceiv'd that he was trepann'd; nor was he at a Loss to think by whom: Seeing therefore that he could no ways escape, he resolv'd to be reveng'd on his Betrayer; which he was before the Guards could seize him. He took a Knife, and ripp'd up her Belly as she lay in Bed, where she kept to prevent his suspecting her. After this he made as desperate a Defence as ever was heard of, killing several of his Adversaries as they attempted to come to him. But all this serv'd only to aggravate his Crimes; for he was taken and put into Prison, where his Hands, Feet, and Waist, were all loaded with Irons for the greater Security. Having been kept three Days in this Condition, he was convey'd to *Edinburg*, by a strong Guard, and there executed, according to the Law just now mentioned, on a Gibbet thirty foot high, in *April*, 1658. He was thirty four Years of Age, and dy'd in a fullen Temper, without any Confession. His Body was hung in Chains on another Gibbet, erected for that Purpose between *Edinburg* and *Leith*.

The LIFE of SIMON FLETCHER.

THIS Offender was the Son of a Baker in *Rosemary-Lane*, to which Trade he serv'd about four Years with his Father; but happening several times to fall into bad Company, and being of a vicious Inclination, he was prevail'd on, without much Difficulty, to run away from his Servitude, and enter with a Gang of Thieves. The chief Sort of Thieving at that Time was cutting off People's Purfes or Pockets, which was in Use long before the modern and more dextrous Practice of picking out the Money, and leaving the Case behind. The latter, however, must be allow'd to be only an Improvement of the former, and therefore the Performances of any of our Pick-Pockets cannot be said to derogate from the Merit of those Gentlemen of the last Age; for the Inventors of all Sciences have generally been look'd upon to deserve a greater Share of Praise than they that have brought those Sciences to Perfection, because 'tis much easier to refuse upon the Thought of another Person, than to start any new Thought of our own.

Simon Fletcher was look'd upon to be the greatest Artist of his Age by all his Contemporaries of the same Trade; which is the Reason of our introducing him into this Place. There are some particular Stories of his Performances in this Kind, which might be here insert'd, if they did not seem to be rather Inventions than Realities, for which Reason we think it proper to omit them. He was not less knowing in all the other Parts of Roguery that were then in Practice, and 'tis affirm'd, that he was constituted Captain of all the Thieves in and about *London*, by general Consent. All that we know more of him is, that he was at last taken, committed to *Newgate*, and hang'd at *Tyburn*. His Exit was in 1692, when he was about fifty three Years of Age.

Having mention'd his *cutting of Purfes*, and being made *Captain* of the Thieves, no Place can be properer than this to give some Account of those Words; we mean, to inform the Reader how *cutting of Purfes* was perform'd, and what was the Office and Authority of a *Captain of the Thieves*.

The Women of those Times wore their Pockets more expos'd than they do at present, and 'twas very common for the Men to carry their Money in a Purse or Bag ty'd about their Middle, almost in the same manner as the Women now tie their Pockets, or as some publick Officers carry their Purfes to this Day on solemn Occasions; the Use of Fobs and Breeches Pockets not being then introduc'd, the Reason of their Invention being perhaps only to prevent the Rogueries that were then committed. Now the Art of these Fellows consisted in cutting off those Purfes so as not to be perceiv'd; for which Purpose

they haunted Fairs, Markets, Churches, and other publick Places, that so they might take Advantage of the Throng. He who perform'd the Operation, had always another standing near him, to whom he immediately gave the Purse, and whose Business it was to make off as fast as he could, while the other staid to brazen it out, if he were suspected, clear himself, and prove his Accuser a Lyar.

A Captain of Thieves is a Sort of absolute Lord over all those that put themselves in Subjection to him. He has the Privilege to examine all Novices that are just enter'd, put them to Tryals of their Skill, ask them Questions relating to their Calling; and, finally, to assign them such Provinces in the Commonwealth of Thieves as he thinks most suitable to their Genius, to which they are obliged to keep upon Forfeiture of their Honour. He has always a Reserve of the most experienc'd and active Fellows, whom he sends upon any sudden and difficult Enterprizes, and who are always to be near his Person. No Man in the Fraternity must forget his Point of Duty, or exceed the Bounds of his Commission, by meddling with another Man's Charge, or attempting Things which he has been told are above his Capacity. The usual Time of Probation is about three Months, during which the young Initiate is as constantly at his Exercise before the Captain, as a Trooper's Horse that is not broke is at the Riding School: He must scale a Wall, snatch off a Perriwig, steal a Watch, and do a hundred Things of that Kind.

When his Abilities have been sufficiently prov'd, and the Captain has pronounc'd what he is fit for, he is constantly to wait upon his Honour once a Week, and give an Account of his Actions. At the same Time he is to pay a Dividend out of what he has gotten towards the Captain's Maintenance, who reprehends, or praises him, according as his Negligence or Vigilance have deserv'd, and appoints his Station for the ensuing Week. An Oath drawn up in the most sacred Terms is exacted of every Member for the Security of the Society.

There are Punishments assign'd for those who fail in any of the abovemention'd Particulars: The first Time, 'tis said, they are abridg'd of Part of what they have taken; the second Time of a whole Week's Benefit, and so on to a Deprivation sometimes of five or six Months. But the most disgraceful Penance is to be made a Spy or Follower to the rest for a certain Time. These Punishments have their desired Effect, and the whole Fraternity is kept in Order, because if any Member were troublesome, the Captain would deliver him up to the common Law, and see him fairly hang'd.

The LIFE of PATRICK FLEMMING.

PATRICK FLEMMING was a Native of *Ireland*, and born at *Adelone*, which is remarkably situated in the Counties of *East and West Meath*, as well as in the Provinces of *Leinster* and *Connaught*. His Parents rented a Potato-Garden of about 15 s. *per Annum*, upon the Produce of which, and the Increase of their Geese, Hens, Pigs, &c. they wholly depended for the Subsistence of themselves and nine Children. They, and their whole Family of Swine, Poultry, and Progeny, all took up their Lodging at Night not only under the same Roof, but in the same Room; according to the Practice of Abundance of their Country-People, who build only for Necessity, without any Idea of what we call Beauty and Order. One may guess from the Circumstances of the Father, that the Son had small Share of liberal Education, tho' he had the most Claim to it of any one of the Children, as he was the eldest: But what he wanted in Acquirements was made up with Impudence, a Quality which in most ignorant People happily fills up their Void of Knowledge.

When he was about thirteen Years of Age the Countess of *Killare* took him into her Service, in the Capacity of Footboy; and finding him so utterly destitute of Learning, she was so indulgent as to put him to School: But instead of being grateful to her Ladyship in improving his Time to the best Advantage, he was entirely negligent, and discover'd no Inclination to his Book. His Lady admonish'd him frequently, but to no Purpose; for he grew not only careless but insolent, till at last, being found incorrigible, he was discharged from the Family.

It was not long, however, before he was so fortunate as to get to be a Domestick of the Earl of *Antrim's*; but here his Behaviour was worse than before. He was a Scandal to the whole Family; for the little Wit he had was altogether turned on Mischief: His Lord bore it a pretty while, notwithstanding the repeated Complaints of his Fellow Servants, and took no Notice so long as he could avoid it; but at last this Nobleman also was obliged to turn him out of Doors; and this was the Occasion. The Earl of *Antrim* was a *Roman Catholic*, and kept a Priest in the House, as his Chaplain and Confessor, to whom every one of the Servants was requir'd to pay great Respect. *Patrick* on Account of his Disorderliness was often reprov'd by this Gentleman, and hereceiv'd it very well till one Day he happen'd to find the holy Father asleep in some private Part of the House, in a very indecent Posture: whereupon he went and got all the Family to that Place, and shew'd them what he had discover'd as a Revenge upon the Parson, who at that Instant awak'd. With Respect to the Servants this had the desir'd Effect, and expos'd the Priest to Ridicule: But the Earl, when he heard it, took the Part of his Chaplain, believ'd the Story a Slander, and immediately gave *Flemming* a Discharge, as desir'd. *Patrick* found Means, however, before he entirely left the Neighbourhood, to rob his Lordship of Money and Plate to the Value of about Two hundred Pounds, with which he fled to *Arbenrea* in the Province of *Connaught*.

He hid himself here in a little Hut that he found for ten or twelve Days, till he imagin'd the Hunt and Cry after him might be over, and then made the best of his Way to *Dublin*; where he soon enter'd into a Gang of House-breakers, and during the Space of six Years was concern'd in more Robberies than had ever before been committed in that City in the Memory of Man.

While he continued in *Dublin*, he was twice in Danger of being hang'd for his Offences, which were so great as to make him the publick Subject of Conversation all over the City. He now perceiv'd he began to be too well known to stay there any longer in Safety, and so he retir'd into the Country, and turn'd Highwayman. The chief Place of his Haunt was about the Bog of *Alan*, where he attack'd almost all that pass'd that Way, of whatever Quality; telling them, *That he was a private Lord of that Road, and had a Right to demand Contribution of all that travell'd it, and to punish those with Death who refus'd to comply; therefore, if they had any Regard for their Lives, he advis'd them to deliver what they had peacefully, and not put him to the Trouble of exerting his Prerogative.* By these Means he became more dreaded in the Countries where he robb'd than any Thief of his Time: For he not only threaten'd those with Death who disputed with him, but actually murder'd several, and us'd many others with Abundance of Barbarity.

'Tis reported, that in a few Days he robb'd one hundred and twenty five Men and Women upon the Mountain of *Barrismoor*; near which is a Wood which they call *Colorkelloe*, where he had assembled a numerous Gang, out of which not a few at several Times were taken and executed. Persons of Quality he usually address'd in their own Style, and told them he was as well bred as they, and therefore they must subscribe towards maintaining him according to his Rank and Dignity.

Among the principal Persons whom he stopp'd and robb'd were the Archbishop of *Armagh*, and the Bishop of *Rippon*, both in one Coach; the Archbishop of *Tuam*; and the Lady *Baltimore*, with her young Son, a Child of four Years old; whom he took from her, and oblig'd her to send him a Ransom within twenty four Hours, or else he told her, he would cut the young Puppy's Throat and make a Pye of him. From the Archbishop of *Tuam* he got a Thousand Pounds. After this he fled into *Munster*, and continu'd the same Trade there, till he was apprehended for robbing a Nobleman of Two hundred and fifty Pound, for which Fact he was carry'd to *Cork*, and committed to Prison.

But even now they were far from having him so safe as they imagin'd; for the County-Jayl was not strong enough to hold him. He was no sooner confin'd than his Eyes were about him, and his Head plotting an Escape: At last he found Means to get up a Chimney, and by removing some few Obstacles, to get out at the Top, and so avoid Hanging for that Offence.

He follow'd his Villanies for some Years after his breaking out of Prison, during which Time he

murder'd five Men, two Women, and a Boy of fourteen Years old. Besides which he mangled and wounded a great many others; in particular Sir *Donagh O Brian*, whose Nose, Lips, and Ears he cut off, for making some small Resistance while he robb'd him. At last he was apprehended by the Landlord of a House where he used to drink, near *Mancoth*. The Landlord sent Advice to the Sheriff of the County when he would be there with several of his Associates, and the Sheriff, according to the

Instruction, came one Evening with a strong Guard, and beset the House. *Patrick* and his Company would have defended themselves; but the Landlord had taken Care to wet all their Fire-Arms, and prevent their going off; by which Means they became useless, and our Desperado with fourteen more were taken, carry'd to *Dublin*, and there executed on *Wednesday* the twenty fourth of *April*, in the Year 1650. After which *Patrick Flemming* was hang'd in Chains on the high Road a little without the City

The LIFE of SAWNY DOWGLAS.

NEXT after the Life of *Patrick Flemming* it may not be amiss to give some Account of the Adventures of *Sawny Dowglas*, a *Scotch man*; who was the Son of a Tanner, and born at *Port Patrick* in the Shire of *Galloway*, where he liv'd till the unnatural Civil War broke out in 1641. *Sawny* at this Time being very zealous on the Side of the Kirk, and consequently against the King, enter'd himself into the Service of the Parliament, was at the Siege of *Dundee*, and boasted after that bloody Action was over, that he kill'd with his own Hands no less than twenty nine Persons. Those who have read the Histories of that Time will remember that *Dundee* was taken by Storm, and that the Garrison was put to the Sword; which gave *Sawny* an Opportunity to discover his Cruelty.

After the Restoration of King *Charles* the Second, when the *Scots* were reduc'd to Obedience, *Sawny* found himself oblig'd to seek some other Subsistence than the Army. He had now been a Soldier about twenty Years, and though he had never been advanc'd higher than to carry a Halbert, yet he was something loth to lay down his Commission. However there was no opposing Necessity, and he was obliged to submit as well as many of his Betters, who were glad they could come off thus, after having been so deeply concern'd in the Rebellion.

Coming into *England*, and being destitute of both Money and Bread, he was not long resolving what Course to take in order to supply himself. The Highway, he thought, was as free for him as for any Body else, and he was both strong and desperate: But the Question was where should he get a Horse and Accoutrements. *What* (said he again) *should hinder my taking the first that comes in my Way, and seems fit for my Purpose?* Pursuant to this last Resolution, he kept on the main Road with a good Crab-Tree Stick in his Hand, till he saw a Gentleman's Servant alone, well mounted, with Pistols before him. He had some Question ready to ask, and after that another, till the poor Footman was engaged in a Discourse with him, and rode along gently by his Side. At last *Sawny* observes an Opportunity, and takes him an effectual Knock on the Pate, which follow'd with four or five more left him insensible on the Ground, while our young Adventurer rode off with the Horse till he thought himself out of the Way of any Enquiry.

The first Robbery he committed was in *Maidenhead-Thicket*, in *Berkshire*, in those Times a very noted Haunt for Highwaymen. The Person he stopp'd was one Mr. *Thurston*, at that Time Mayor of *Thornbury* in *Gloucestershire*; he got about 12 *l.* and was so uncivil as to refuse the poor Gentleman

Ten Shillings to bear his Charges home; which was all he requir'd, and for which he begg'd very hard.

Another Time he robb'd the Dutcheffs of *Albemarle* of Diamond-Rings to the Value of 200 *l.* besides a Pearl Necklace, rich Bracelets, and Ear-Rings. After this he came and took Lodgings at the House of one Mr. *Knowles*, an Apothecary in *Tutthil-street*, *Westminster*; where he set up for a Gentleman, appear'd very fine, and made Love to his Landlord's Daughter, who was reputed to be a 2000 *l.* Fortune. For some Time he was very well receiv'd both by the young Lady and her Father; but when his Money was gone, and they found him full of Shifts, Arts, and Evasions, they not only discarded him as a Husband and Son-in-law, but turn'd him fairly out of Doors.

Sawny now took to the Road again, and committed more Robberies than before, ranging all over the North of *England*, and being often so fortunate as to escape Justice when it pursu'd him. He moreover contracted a Familiarity with *Du Vall*, the most generous spirited Highwayman that ever liv'd, which Friendship continu'd till Death parted them by his Deputy *Jack Ketch*. *Sawny's* last Attempt was on the Earl of *Sandwich*, who was afterwards Admiral in the *Dutch War*, and unfortunately lost his Life together with his Ship. This noble Commander having Arms in the Coach, resolv'd not to be insulted by a Highwayman, and discharged a Pistol into *Sawny's* Horse, which immediately dropping down under him, the Servants came up and secur'd our bonny *North-Briton*, who was thereupon committed to *Newgate*, and in less than a Month after order'd for *Tyburn*.

While he was under Sentence he behav'd in a very profane and indecent Manner; cursing the Bell-man for his bad *English*, when he repeated the usual *Memento* the Night before his Execution. At *St. Sepulchre's* the next Day, when the appointed Ceremony was perform'd, instead of composing his Countenance, and looking as a Man in his Condition ought to do, he only told the Spectators, *That 'twas hard a Man could not be suffer'd to go to the Gallows in Peace; and that he had rather be hang'd twice over without Ceremony, than once after this superstitious Manner.* He read no Prayer-Book, but carry'd the Ballad of *Cherry-Chace* in his Hand all the Way to *Tyburn*; when he came thither he took no Notice of the Ordinary, but bid the Hangman be speedy, and not make a great deal of Work about nothing, or at most about a meer Trifle. He dy'd *Sept. 10, 1664*, aged fifty three, and was bury'd in *Tyburn-Road*.

The LIFE of Colonel JAMES TURNER.

THIS Gentleman was born in the City of *Worcester*, in the Year 1609, of very wealthy Parents, who plac'd him with a Goldsmith of Reputation in *London*, as soon as of Years for a Trade. With this Man he serv'd his Apprenticeship very faithfully, and had the Character of being a young Man well qualify'd for Business. When his Father thought proper to put him into Trade for himself, he gave him a Stock of no less than Three Thousand Pounds, to which he soon added Two Thousand Pounds more by Marriage. He had great Success in Business for some Years, and was esteem'd the wealthiest Man in his Neighbourhood, so that his Word would have pass'd for almost any Sum.

Mr. *Turner* had always a considerable Inclination for Pleasure and Company, taking peculiar Delight in associating himself with the Gentlemen who were Officers of the City Militia. Among these he was complimented with a Captain's Commission, then a Major's, then a Lieutenant Colonel's, and at last with the Command of one of the Regiments, in which he continu'd till the unhappy Action that brought him to his End was discover'd, to the Surprise of all the World.

The Colonel's Temper was very generous and noble, which, 'tis thought, in some measure, brought on him that Decay of his Fortune which he afterwards labour'd under. In his Post, particularly, whenever he march'd out with his Regiment, he was very liberal in his Entertainments, and commonly run himself to four times the Expence that was necessary. 'Twas the same on every other Occasion; no Man was more free with his Money, or more ambitious of living in Splendor and Reputation, than Colonel *Turner*.

This Disposition had with him the same Effect as it commonly has with others who ruin themselves by their Generosity: He had no Notion of retrenching his Expences when he perceiv'd his Substance waste; but was resolv'd to support himself with the same Pomp as usual, however he came by the Money. 'Twas easy for such a Man to commit a great many little secret Actions, that were in themselves dishonourable, before he lost his Character, on Account of his great Business. Several of these Things discover'd themselves after he was convicted, which even the Persons that were wrong'd did not suspect before. One Instance in particular will be well worth relating; and was as follows.

He apply'd himself one Day to a Merchant, and bought of him as much Train-Oil and Rice, as came to Three hundred and sixty Pounds, which he promis'd to pay for as soon as the Goods were deliver'd. Accordingly the Day after he went to the Merchant's House, and gave him the full Sum in Money and Notes; for which the Merchant wrote a Receipt, while it all lay on the Desk. Two of *Turner's* Accomplices (for he made use of Assistants) came just at this Time, and pretended some urgent Business with the Merchant, and, in short, play'd their Part so well, that one of them got off with the greatest Part of *Turner's* Payment, while the other kept the innocent Man in Discourse. Neither of them took any more Notice of the Colonel than if they had not known him, nor did the Merchant imagine he had

any Concern in the Matter till he was found guilty of another Crime, of which take this short Account.

There was one Mr. *Francis Tryon*, a great Merchant, who liv'd in *Lime-street*, whom Colonel *Turner* knew to be very rich. In order to rob this Man, one of the abovemention'd Fellows convey'd himself into his Cellar in the Dusk of the Evening, and as soon as Mr. *Tryon* was abed, and as he thought asleep, he let the Colonel in at the Door. They went up together to his Bed-Chamber, bound him, gagg'd him, and us'd him in a very barbarous manner; and then going into his Warehouse, they took from thence, a large Quantity of Diamonds, Sapphires, Rubies, &c. which *Turner* knew where to find: Then they took all the Money in the House, which amounted to a very large Sum; so that the whole Booty was reputed to be the Value of Five Thousand nine hundred and forty six Pounds, four Shillings, and three Pence. They made off with all this quietly. Mr. *Tryon* had a Man and a Maid-Servant, but they both lay abroad this Night by Permission, of which the Colonel had before receiv'd Information.

Strict Enquiry was made after the Thieves, and all such Jewels as were remarkable were particularly describ'd, while *Turner* thought himself secure in his Character, which had so long screen'd him. But some of the Things describ'd were seen in his House, and the Discoverers were resolv'd to examine further: Whereupon the Colonel, his Wife, and his three Sons, *John*, *William*, and *Ely*, were apprehended, and upon Search almost all the Jewels were found. There was now no Room for Evasion: the whole Family were carry'd before Sir *Thomas Allen*, Knight and Alderman, and all committed to *Newgate*.

At the next Sessions they were all indicted for the said Robbery; but after a full Examination of what Evidence they had, and considering what the Colonel himself said in his Defence, 'twas thought proper by the Court to acquit the Wife and Sons, and to bring the Colonel in guilty; whereupon the usual Sentence of *Death* was pass'd on him, and executed on the twenty first of *January*, 1662-63; when he was drawn in a Cart from *Newgate* to the End of *Lime-street* in *Leaden-hall-street*, and there hang'd on a Gibbet erected for that Purpose; being 53 Years old.

The Colonel left a Paper behind him full of Expressions of Piety and Contrition, too long to be inserted here: We would only observe, that tho' all who knew him, wonder'd at the Fact, yet every one believ'd him guilty, because the Proofs were so clear.

There was a Robbery in his Life-time, which no Body could then find out; but after his Death 'twas generally thought he was the Manager. A Letter was sent to a wealthy Dealer at *Chichester*, sign'd with the Name of a Merchant his Acquaintance in *London*, informing him of a profitable Purchase in his Way, and inviting him to Town. The *Chichester* Man had before receiv'd Advices of this Kind from the same Friend, and found them of Service, therefore scrupled not, but set out the next Day with what Money and Notes he had in the House; but before he got half Way to *London*, he was robb'd of all by two Men in Disguise. He soon found his Correspondent had not sent to him, and was astonish'd. Col. *Turner's* Death clear'd all, he knowing both their Circumstances.

The LIFE of Mr. ROBERT FOULKES.

THIS unhappy Gentleman was a Divine of the Church of *England*, and had been very much esteem'd for his Learning, and Abilities: Few Men were more capable of shining in a Church, or had a greater Share of that sacred Eloquence, so requisite in a Preacher. He was Minister of *Stanton-Lacy* in the County of *Salop*, where he was exceedingly follow'd and admir'd till his Crimes came to be known; and where he might have been belov'd till Death in a natural Way had taken him hence, and then universally lamented, if his Heart had been as well furnish'd with Grace, as his Head was with Knowledge, and his Tongue with Expressions.

A young Gentlewoman of a considerable Fortune, who had been left an Infant by her Parents, was committed to his Care by her Executors, as to a Man who, they trusted, would not only deal justly by her, but also instruct her betimes in the Principles of Religion, and her several Duties as a Christian. But, alas! how weak is human Nature, and how soon are we tempted aside from the Ways of Piety! Mr. *Foulkes*, instead of answering the Purpose of the young Woman's Friends, was soon smitten with her Charms, and took an Opportunity of discovering a criminal Passion for her, tho' he had at that Time a virtuous Wife and two Children living. The young Lady too easily consented to gratify his Lust, and they continued their Conversation together till she became pregnant.

All the Means he could think of to procure Abortion were now try'd, and they all prov'd ineffectual; so that they must be both expos'd to Scandal, unless she could be remov'd to some convenient Place, remote from the Eyes of the World, and from the Jealousies of Mrs. *Foulkes*, where she might be deliver'd of her Burden, which was not yet perceiv'd. A plausible Excuse for his going up to *London* was soon form'd, and for his taking Miss along with him, who at that Time was under twenty Years of Age. When they were arriv'd in Town, they took a Lodging in *Tork-Buildings* in the *Strand*, where she lay in, and where (shocking to think of!) the Child was privately murder'd, to prevent the Infamy that might follow.

But divine Vengeance would not suffer this horrible Deed to remain long conceal'd; for before Mr. *Foulkes* went out of Town, the Girl was examin'd upon the Suspicion of some Women, when she confess'd the whole, and charged Mr. *Foulkes* with the Murder; who was thereupon apprehended and committed to *Newgate*; in a short Time after which he was condemn'd at the Sessions-House in the *Old-Bailey*, upon the Evidence of the young Woman. On the thirty first of *January*, 1678-79, he was executed at *Tyburn*, when he made the following Speech to the Spectators.

Good Christian People,

I intend not to make any long Discourse at this Time, and I hope no Body will expect it of me! What I have to say more particularly is express'd in a Paper which I have sent to the Reverend Dr.

Lloyd, Dean of Bangor, and which I have desired him to publish. As I shall by and by answer to the God of Truth, there is nothing but the Truth therein contain'd, and my Case is set in a better Light than I could possibly have shewn it in here.

In a few Words therefore, You may see in me what Sin is, and what it will end in: You may see in me the lamentable and irreparable Mischiefs of Uncleanneſs and Hypocriſy; and in particular, what it is for one who was a Member of Chriſt, to make himſelf the Member of an Harlot. It is a Sin that ſeldom goes ſingly and alone: It is the Mother-Sin to a great many more, and they more ugly and deformed than itſelf: I have found ſo by fatal Experience. It led me to Lying, Oaths, and Execrations, to conceal and defend it: Nay, I went further, to adviſe, contrive, and aſſiſt in, what might procure Abortion; which certainly, in the Sight of God, was Murder in Intention. Nor ſtopp'd I there, but went forward to Murder in Act and Execution; for which crying Sin I am come hither to ſatisfy the Laws of the Kingdom, and I acknowledge the Juſtice of my Sentence. And Oh! that you may all fear and tremble at God's holy and righteous Judgments, which have now overtaken me; and that, from my Example, you may be warn'd to avoid the Snares of a whoriſh Woman, and keep the Marriage-Bed undefil'd.

Beware of hypocritical Pretences to Religion, and of coming to the holy Sacrament while you live in any filthy Practices. Do not grieve nor quench the good Spirit of God, nor ſtifle the Convictions of your own Conſciences; leſt God ſhould leave you, as he did me, to work all Uncleanneſs with Greedineſs; and leſt at laſt ye be brought to this moſt miſerable Condition into which he has ſuffer'd me to fall. His Judgment is righteous, and I humbly ſubmit to it! I forgive all the World, as I deſire to find Mercy at the Hands of God through Jeſus Chriſt. Be intreated to take Warning by me not to continue in Sin; for (let me repeat it) Juſtice will find you out.

With reſpect to my Crimes, I have but two Things to ſay, with which I ſhall conclude.

First, That I have Cauſe to lament exceedingly for the great Scandal I have thereby brought upon Religion, and the ſacred Function of the Miniſtry. This I look upon to be the moſt heinous and aggravating Circumſtance of my wicked and licentious Life; which by this laſt Sin will be all laid open to the World. Let me beg of you, therefore, not to entertain any Prejudices againſt the Ambaſſadors of the Goſpel upon my Account; they are generally holy and good Men, and they grant no Licence at all to ſuch ungodly Practices as I have been guilty of. This I am obliged to ſay in Juſtice to their Order.

In the ſecond Place I muſt expreſs my Joy that I hope my Sins, however great and numerous, are all pardon'd by God; and atton'd for by the Merits of Jeſus Chriſt. 'Tis true, the Crime I die for has expos'd the whole Nation to Judgment; for thro' Blood the Land is defil'd: But as I ſuffer the

the Sentence of God and Man, the Judgment falls upon my own Head; and I hope, through divine Mercy, it will proceed no farther than my Body. All I have to add, is, Be admonish'd by me, to cease to do Evil, and learn to do well.

Now the Lord have Mercy upon my poor departing Soul! In this Petition I desire you to join with me, and pray for me to the last Moment of my Life.

A genuine Copy of the Paper sent by Mr. Foulkes to the Reverend Dr. Lloyd, and mention'd by him in the foregoing Speech.

S I R,

I send the following Account to you, as to my once very good Friend; though now, alas! no good Man can be fond of that Appellation from me. I desire you would publish it, that those who are Spectators of my End might not be disappointed in what they expected to hear from me, and that my Example may be transmitted to Posterity, as a Terror to the Workers of Iniquity.

Such have my Irregularities always been, that I have long ago deserv'd to smart under the Severity of God's Reproof; but these Things were hitherto conceal'd. Now the Hand of Justice has found me out, and I am to become a publick Spectacle of Shame and Reproach. I have no Interest therefore any longer in hiding my Iniquities from the World: No, I will confess them to Mankind, that they may be warn'd and instructed, and that God may be vindicated in my Punishment.

My Birth and Education were not amongst them that are Aliens from the Commonwealth of *Israel*, and Strangers to the Covenant of Promise; but within the Pale of the Church of *England*; a Church not supported by Error and Superstition; a Church so refin'd and reform'd, that it is become the purest upon Earth. Nor was this all neither; for God, by the outward Ministration of his Word, and the inward Operation of his holy Spirit, so wrought upon my Heart, that for some Time his Fear was before my Eyes: I serv'd him in secret, and study'd to glorify him in my whole Life and Conversation.

In this Path I walk'd when I was dedicated more immediately to the Service of my Creator, by the Imposition of Episcopal Hands: God had also blessed me with competent Abilities for the Discharge of that Office; so that had I prosecuted my Studies with the same Diligence and Industry as I did my Follies, I might not only have been a learned and judicious Man myself, but an useful Instrument in the Hand of God for enlightening the Understandings of others. Providence also supply'd me with the Favour of a noble and honourable Patron, thro' whose Means I was settled very comfortably as to the Concerns of human Life. My Portion was so far from being scanty, that I had enough and to spare: I was belov'd by my Parishioners, and respected by my Neighbours. The same bountiful Providence bless'd me with as worthy Relations; a very faithful and affectionate Wife, tender of my Person, careful and industrious about my Affairs: One, in short, that had as good a Right as any Woman to *Solomon's* Character in the last Chapter of *Proverbs*; one that blessed me with four sweet Children, and was to me as a fruitful Vine.

In a Word, to God's Glory and my own Shame I confess, that the Hand of Heaven had been exceeding liberal to me upon all Accounts; and that I had no Reason to murmur, as if my Heritage had been sparing, either in spiritual or temporal Things.

And now I come to the last and worst Part of my melancholy Story. That Tenderness that was on my Conscience was not long liv'd: My Corruptions, with the Devil's Temptations, soon overcame it: When I forfeited my Baptismal Vows, and my Ordination Engagements; then I renounc'd the Faith of Wedlock, and had my Eyes full of *Adultery* that could

not cease from Sin. The Devil had prepar'd for me a fatal Companion and Partner in my Debaucheries; one who was easily tempted by me, and was afterwards a constant Temptation to me, till she prov'd the great Occasion of this dismal Conclusion of my wretched Course of Life. Open your Eyes, therefore, O Adulterers and Adulteresses! contemplate this woful and tragick Instance; be not ensnared with a Whore's Charms; trust not to her Kindness, tho' confirm'd with Oaths, Execrations, and Tears: They lead on to all manner of Sin, they will waste your Estate, divide your Family, ruin your Health, destroy your Soul, and, if ever you need her Friendship, she will most perfidiously betray you.

I thought my Sin well secured under the Protection of seeming Religion, and vainly fancy'd it was done in secret, and that it should never be brought to Light: but I was deceiv'd: a Suspicion of my Guilt was whisper'd about, and came to the Ears of my Right Reverend Diocesan, the Lord Bishop of *Hereford*, who reprov'd and admonish'd me for it. This made me more constant and positive in my Denials, which I confirm'd in the most solemn Manner I could, using such Expressions for my Purgation as I tremble to think of, when I consider how justly I was accus'd. As for my Neighbours, I threaten'd such of them with Prosecutions as should defame my Character, and was mighty exact with them upon Points of Law, which I thought would have borne me out. But all this while I was a very Slave to my Lust, though I briskly receiv'd the Assaults of all my Accusers, and promis'd my self as compleat a Victory over them as I had obtain'd over my own Conscience, whose Warnings I had almost perfectly stifled.

I was now arriv'd at the very Height of Impiety, to which I had ascended by a long Course of Adulteries, Falshoods, and Hypocrisy. When there was no other Way of hiding my Shame from my injur'd dear Wife, and from all the World, I found my Conscience so fear'd, and so past feeling, that I was not afraid to commit the horrid Murder for which the Law has so justly adjudg'd me to die: A Crime that not only bids Defiance to God and all Religion, but to the very Dictates and Principles of Nature and Humanity! To destroy an innocent Babe had Cruelty enough in the Act itself, but to offer Violence to the Fruit of one's own Body was a great Aggravation of the Crime, and makes it, in Truth, a monstrous Piece of Barbarity. God grant my Repentance may bear some Proportion to my Sin, and be acceptable to him whom I have offended!

Now I have made this full Confession, he pleas'd, Sir, to hear my short Apology against the several Calumnies, which my Partner in Guilt, though not in Condemnation, has been pleas'd to load me with.

First, it was alledg'd, that she was committed to my Charge and Government by her Father, in her Minority, which has been thought a great heightening of my Sin: To this I declare, that her Father was a Gentleman I never saw, or had the least Intercourse with; she being put into my Hands only as a Boarder by her Guardians.

Secondly, It was said, that I attempted to vitiate her at nine Years of Age, and had for that Purpose corrupted her Judgment, by informing her that Polygamy was lawful: This I also declare to be a Falshood, and protest that I never prostituted the sacred Word of God to serve the Turn of any Lust, nor ever had such a Thought in my Soul.

Again, she has said, she knew nothing of the Fact for which we were jointly question'd, and I condemn'd: In Answer to this I call God to witness, that she both saw, and acted in, all that was done.

I have now done with the World, and have no more Part to act therein; I pray God therefore, who has suffer'd me to be taken out of it in this ignominious Way, that if he has not already open'd my Eyes by this severe Course of Providence, and alarm'd

alarm'd me sufficiently to repent, he would now be pleas'd to do it, e're all will be too late! I thank God for giving me Time considerable, and great Assistances, to turn to him withal! I might have been surpriz'd with some sudden Death, and infallibly sent into Hell headlong; from which I have now some Hope to be preserv'd, thro' the Mercy of God, and the Merits of my Blessed Saviour and Redeemer, to whom be Glory for ever.

The preceding Speech and Paper, though somewhat long, were thought proper to be inserted, as they give more Light into the Case than any other Help we could obtain. 'Tis difficult to account for the severe Reflections he has thrown on the young Lady, who could hardly be more than Second in the Crime at worst; and doubtless the Influence of such a Man wrought much on her in all their criminal Acquaintance. We can say no more at this Distance of Time, than that we hope he obtain'd the Mercy he seem'd so confident of.

The LIFE of EDWARD HINTON.

EDWARD HINTON was born in *London* in the Year 1673 of very reputable Parents. In his younger Years he discover'd a strong Bent to Learning, which his Father cherish'd by putting him to *St. Paul's-School*, that celebrated Seminary for Youth. This good Turn of Mind was however soon overcome by a vicious one, which seem'd also to be innate, and grew stronger as he grew older. Even at nine Years of Age, 'tis said, he robb'd one of his Sisters of Sixpences and other small Pieces to the Value of Thirty Shillings, and kept abroad in Company with Boys like himself till he had spent and lost it all. This was a very indifferent Proof of what the old People were so proud of, his Integrity, and Inclination to Virtue.

Indulgent Parents are more forward to attribute the Faults of their Children to the want of knowing better, than to any Propensity which they have to be wicked. This was the Case here: After a little Correction, young *Hinton* was sent to School again, upon his promising to be a better Boy for the future. But in vain, alas! were his Promises; Thieving soon grew into a Habit with him, and there was no Opportunity of getting Money or any Thing else clandestinely that ever escap'd him. He went so far at last as to rob his Father's Counting-House of a considerable Sum of Money, which he carry'd to a lewd Woman, with whom he was soon after taken on *Cambridge-Heath*.

Old Mr. *Hinton* perceiv'd by this Time, that there was no Good to be expected from his Son if he let him stay any longer in *London*, so he thought it the best Way to send him where he might have no Room to practise his Villainies, and accordingly he procured the King's Letter to make him a Reformed on board a Man of War. In this Station he fail'd to the *Streights*, and behav'd himself handsomely in several Engagements. At *Cadiz* he fought with a *Spaniard*, who attack'd him one Day when he went ashore, left the Don dead on the Place, and made his Escape aboard the Ship again undiscover'd. But as soon as the Ship return'd to *England*, he quitted her, on a Pretence that a younger Reformed was preferr'd before him on the Death of a Lieutenant. Whether or no this was the real Cause is uncertain; but from this Time he became a professed Thief.

The first Action which he perform'd in Conjunction with others, was the robbing Admiral *Carter's* Country-House. Soon after this he and his Comrades broke open the Lady *Dartmouth's* House on *Black Heath*, and stole Plate to a great Value, which they sold to a Refiner near *Cripplegate*. We

mention this last Circumstance, because the Refiner gave a signal Proof of his Exactness in Trade, and Caution of buying stolen Goods; for the Day after the Plate was sold, a Golden Cup and Cover were advertised among other Things, whereas the Thieves had valued it all together as Silver, believing the Cup to be only gilt. When *Hinton* saw this Advertisement, he said smartly to his Companions; *What a Rogue was this to cheat us so! You see, there's no trusting any Body, nor any such Thing as a fair Dealer in the World.* This Reflection from him, without Doubt, was very entertaining.

Hinton was some Time after apprehended for this Robbery, and condemn'd at *Maidstone* Assizes; but his Youth, and the Intercession of his Friends, procured him a Pardon. He was again taken up for breaking open and robbing the House of Sir *John Friend* at *Hackney*, for which he also receiv'd Sentence of *Death*; but was a second Time so far indulged as to have a Halter transmuted into *Transportation*, in order to which he was soon after put aboard with other Convicts. One would have thought he had now been safe enough; however those who thought so were mistaken; for he drew the rest of the Convicts into a Conspiracy, to get the Ship's Company under the Hatches, and make their Escape in the Long Boat; which they effected near the *Isle of Wight*, *Hinton* having first beat the Captain with a Rope's End, as a Return for being serv'd so himself.

He was no sooner ashore than he left his Company, and travell'd alone through the Woods and By-Ways, being in a very torn and rusty Habit. This Distress oblig'd him to sink from stealing to begging, which he practis'd all the Way to *Hounslow-Heath*, telling the People a lamentable Story of his having been shipwreck'd. But he soon alter'd his Tone when he saw a convenient Opportunity; for on *Hounslow-Heath* he unhors'd a Country Farmer, and mounted in his Place: Nor was it long after before he changed this Horse for a better, and his own ragged Suit for a very genteel one, with a Gentleman he met.

Being now got among some of his old Gang, they continued some Months to rob on the Highway almost every Day that pass'd. The *Buckinghamshire* Lace-men, and Stage-Coaches, in particular, were afraid to travel for them. *Hinton* by himself, at two several Times, robb'd a *Dutch* Colonel of his Money, Horse, Arms, and Cloak; and another Gentleman, who had Courage enough to exchange a Pistol with him. This Gentleman was wounded in the Leg by *Hinton's* Fire, and our young Highwayman

wayman perceiving it, was so generous as to lend him his Assistance, and accompany him as far as within a little Way of *Epsom*; when he left him, in order to take Care of himself; for he very much question'd whether the Gentleman would act the same generous Part, if he once had his Enemy in his Power.

One Day, after robbing the Passengers in the *Southampton* Coach, they were so closely pursued, that some of the Gang were taken; and though *Hinton* had the good Fortune this Time to escape, yet the Society being broken, he did not care to venture any more on the Highway alone; whereupon he return'd to his old Vocation of House-breaking, picking of Pockets, &c. till after the following Accident.

An old *French* Gentlewoman had her House broke open one Night, and she was found the next Morning dead on the Floor, with her Mouth gagged, and her Chair upon her. No Body could guess at the Villains; but they found on Examination that her Money was all gone, and they imagin'd her Death might be occasioned by her falling down in that Posture: She was ty'd in the Chair, and therefore might easily be stifled. A Night was appointed for the Funeral, and Providence was left to discover the Authors of this Tragedy. When the Company were got together, who were to attend the Corpse, it was observ'd by some Body that one *Dexter*, a Grandson of the old Woman's, changed his Colour, and trembled, as they try'd his Gloves on. This created such a Suspicion, that he was charged with the Fact; which he confess'd, and impeach'd his Accomplices, among whom his own Brother, and one *Butler*, were found guilty of the Murder and Robbery, and hang'd in Chains for the same.

Hinton was nam'd as a Party concern'd, and talk'd of publickly as such, yet he remain'd unapprehended till after the Execution of those above-mention'd. At last he was taken and committed for some other Fact; of which being acquitted, a Bill was brought in against him for this. *Dexter*, upon whose Evidence the two former were convicted, was not now to be found; nevertheless, the circumstantial Proofs against him were very strong; for it was sworn, that he was lurking about the old Woman's House, and that he was seen to go in, and come out, at her Door the Night before she was found dead. But the Time that *Hinton* avoided being apprehended, had given him Opportunity to prepare against all this; for he had secured so many Evidences, and their Depositions were so positive, and so agreeable one to another, that the Court were induced to believe him innocent, and discharged him accordingly. As this was so extraordinary a Case, it may not be displeasing to our Readers, if we give some Account of the Witnesses, and the Substance of what they deposed.

The first that appeared on his Behalf was a well dress'd young Man, who declared, That he and another Gentleman going through *Somerſet-Houſe-Yard*, on the Day set forth in the Indictment, they met Mr. *Hinton*, who had been his School-Fellow, and whom he was surpris'd to find there, having been inform'd that he was transported for Crimes; which he was very sorry for: That Mr. *Hinton* confess'd his having been order'd for *Transportation*, expressing at the same Time a great Concern for his Guilt; but that he had made his Escape, because he was put aboard as a common Felon, and was now waiting to see what his Friends would do for him, in order to his transporting himself, which he was resolv'd to do the first Opportunity: That finding Mr. *Hinton* so sensible of his Offences, he desired his Company to *Chelsea*, intending to make use of the Time they were together to exhort him to a more regular Course of Life for the future: That Mr. *Hinton* accepting the Offer, they took Water at *Somerſet-Stairs*, and went up to the *Strand* at *Chelsea*, where they staid till Seven o'Clock at

Night, and then came down to a Publick House on the *Bank-Side*, sup'd on a Dish of Fowls and Bacon, staid there till almost eleven; then cross'd the Water to *Somerſet-Stairs*, went together into the *Strand*, and there parted.

All this he deliver'd with a very good Grace; and being ask'd how he came to remember the Day of the Month so exactly? He reply'd, That a few Days after he heard a Paper of the Murder cry'd about the Street, and buying it, found Mr. *Hinton*'s Name among the Murderers, whereupon he made a *Memorandum* in his Pocket-Book. Here he shew'd his Pocket-Book to the Court, and then went on, telling them, That he made all the Speed he could to his Friend that was with them, and to the Waterman who carry'd them, shew'd them both the Paper, and desired them also to take Notice of the Day; because Mr. *Hinton* being a Man of a bad Character, if any Rogue should swear against him, he might be hang'd for what, as they were both sensible, he was entirely innocent of.

The next of honest Mr. *Hinton*'s Evidences was the pretended Friend of the former, who said, That he saw the Prisoner and his Friend the last Deponent, talk together in *Somerſet-House-Yard*; but knew not on what Subject: That then they went to *Chelsea*, where the former Evidence was very earnest with the Prisoner to reform some ill Practices he had been guilty of: That a few Days after, his Friend the former Evidence came to him, desired him to take Notice of the Day they went to *Chelsea*, and bear in Mind the Person that accompany'd them; which he did, and was certain the Prisoner at the Bar was the very Man. This Evidence was also very positive on the other Circumstances, of their supping at the *Bank-Side*, coming over the Water together, and parting in the *Strand* at Eleven o'Clock at Night.

Then the Waterman stood up, and affirmed, That he carry'd the two Gentlemen who spoke last to *Chelsea*, and a third Person with them. Being ask'd, if the Prisoner at the Bar was that third Person? He said his Eyes were bad; but then going close to *Hinton*, he turn'd again to the Court, and answer'd, Yes, my Lord, this is the Gentleman. This Waterman then confirm'd all the Particulars concerning their Supper, and crossing the Water at Eleven o'Clock; adding, that he had mark'd down the Day of the Month in Chalk, at the Desire of the first Witness.

The pretended Landlord of the House where they sup'd, gave in his Deposition in the fourth Place; the Substance of it was a Repetition of what had been before said, concerning the Supper of Bacon and Fowls, and the staying at his House till almost Eleven o'Clock. The Means of his remembring the Day of the Month, was his having started Beer that Day, and being very dirty when our three Gentlemen came. And look here, my Lord, said he, and took his Book from under his Arm, you may see all the Days of the Month when I started Beer for a long while past.

The last of all that appeared, was a Man, who told the Court, That he liv'd in *Burleigh Street* in the *Strand*, where Mr. *Hinton* was his Lodger: That Mr. *Hinton* came home at Eleven o'Clock on the Night mention'd in the Indictment, and that he not only staid within all that Night, but all the next Day, complaining that he was not very well. The Manner how this Witness remember'd the Day, was by his Landlord's Receipt; for he was very sure that he paid his Rent that Afternoon.

It must be acknowledg'd, that such a Sett of Witnesses as this was enough to dash Truth out of Countenance, nor is it at all to be wonder'd at that *Hinton* was easily discharged by the Court. The Truth of the Story might have still been unknown, if he had not himself been so impudent as to boast in *Notegate* of this Master-piece of In-

vention, as he frequently call'd it, and as every one must confess it to be; though 'tis enough at the same Time to make any one weep, who considers what a Pity 'tis that so much Wit should be employ'd to so bad a Purpose.

But the Storm was not yet over; for several Bills were presented against him, for Robberies committed in the Counties of *Surrey* and *Hertford*, to answer which he was detain'd a Prisoner. One of his own Gang had made himself an Evidence against him, which made the Case look very doubtful; yet even here he had again Hopes of escaping, by stopping the Mouth of this Fellow. Some of *Hinton's* Friends undertook to manage the Matter, and they threaten'd to bring in several Indictments against their false Brother, if he did not retract in Court what he had before sworn; which for his own Safety he did, pretending that he had recollected himself, and that Mr. *Hinton* was never concern'd with him in any Robbery whatsoever.

This, and the other Assurances he receiv'd from his old Friends, brought him off with Honour at the *Surrey*-Assizes, and he did not at all doubt but he should escape as well at *Hertford*, there being no Evidence against him that he knew of; so that he went thither with abundance of Confidence. But when his Trial came on, in Spite of all that could be depos'd in his Favour, one of the Gentlemen whom he had robb'd, and whom he did not expect to appear, swore so positively, that he was the very Person who unhors'd him, and took away his Watch, that the Court saw Reason to believe him. 'Tis true, they began before to imagine that he really must be concern'd in some of those Things that he got off of, because 'tis unprecedented for a Man to be so often accus'd, and not be at all guilty: Besides, *Hinton* was known to be an old Offender, which gave Room both to suspect the Evidences he brought, and to believe that he had not perfectly left off his Trade, though he had Art enough to make himself seem innocent. In a Word, where *Hinton* fancy'd himself safest, he met with his deserved Fate, being convicted, condemn'd, and executed the same Day: A Thing seldom heard of, but at this Time occasion'd by the Judge's being inform'd what a dangerous Person he was,

on account of his Interest among the Thieves, and how proper it would be to take him out of the Way as soon as possibly they could; the Jailor protesting, that he was afraid he could not keep him a Week in Custody.

At his Death he behav'd in an unconcerned, but not an impudent Manner: He pray'd for Forgiveness of all he had wrong'd, and complain'd mightily of his being executed so suddenly as not to have Time to prepare himself for Eternity. He was but just turn'd of twenty one Years of Age, which made it the more surprising, that he could have run such a Length in Villainy, as to be the common Subject of Conversation at that Time. But he had a very ready Wit, was full of smart and lively Repartees, and arm'd with an undaunted Resolution, so that there never was Man who seem'd more capable of being a distinguish'd Rogue than he. *Mercury* among the Ancients was the God of Thieves as well as of Wit, and if we consider young *Hinton* in a physical Manner, it must be allow'd that in every Respect his Constitution was perfectly mercurial. 'Tis reported that he declared to a Person, who reprov'd him for his Practices, and put him in mind of an Estate that was to come to him on the Death of a near and aged Relation, That if he had Five hundred Pounds a Year, his Propensity to Thieving was such, that he believ'd he could never leave it off.

If we may be allow'd upon such a Subject to give a little Scope to Fancy, it look'd as if *Mercury* had not only inspir'd him all his Days, but that the same God even attended his dead Corpse to the Grave; for the Persons who brought his Body in a Coach from *Hertford* to *Mary-bone*, where he was bury'd, were robb'd a little before they came to the End of their Journey; one Woman losing her Gold Chain, and another a pretty deal of Money. Thus have we pursued from the Cradle to the Grave, a Man whose Person and Fate were lamented by those who detested his Crimes; a Man who, with a Stock of Virtue equal to his natural Endowments, might have been as remarkable for his Services to the Publick, as he was render'd notorious for his Villainies.

The LIVES of EDWARD and JOAN BRACEY.

THESE two Criminals flourish'd from the Year 1680 to 1684, during which Time they committed a great Number of Robberies and Frauds. Their natural Inclinations to such a Manner of Living first brought them together, and kept up the Union between them till they were separated by Justice, though we cannot learn that they were ever marry'd, *Joan* only assuming the Name of her Companion, as is common in such Cases, the better to colour their living together, and impose on the World.

Edward Bracey had been a Highwayman before he fell into Company with his pretended Wife, who was the Daughter of a wealthy Farmer in *Northamptonshire*, named *John Phillips*. The

Beginning of their Acquaintance was *Bracey's* making Love to her, in Hopes to get a large Sum of Money out of the Old Man for a Marriage-Portion, and then to have left both Wife and Father-in-law. But he was very agreeably deceiv'd; for *Joan* was as good as he: She suffer'd her self to be first debauched by him, and then consented to rob her Father, and go along with him on the Pad: all which she accordingly accomplish'd. They now pass'd for Husband and Wife wheresoever they went, frequently robb'd together on the Highway, and as often united in picking of Pockets and Shop-lifting at all the Country Fairs and Markets round about.

"Two

'Twas next to impossible that they should continue this Course of Life long together, without coming into Trouble: One or t'other of them was often in Danger of the Gallows, but they had both the good Fortune to escape till they had got a large Quantity of Money. The Dread of Justice more than a Desire to live honestly now prevail'd upon them to quit their Vocation, and take to some creditable Business, in which they might spend the Remainder of their Days in Quiet, and live comfortably upon what they had acquir'd by their Industry. In order to this, they took an Inn in the Suburbs of *Bristol*, where they met with Success; having a large Trade in particular for Wine; which was occasion'd by the Beauty of our Landlady. 'Tis no uncommon Thing for a Husband to get Money by his having a handsome Wife; especially if they have both Art enough to manage an Intrigue; which was the present Case. All the gay young Fellows of the Place came to drink with Madam *Bracey*, purely for the Sake of having an Opportunity to discover their Love: She gave them all Encouragement so long as they could spend a great deal of Money, and then took Care not only to turn them out of Doors, but to expose them sufficiently.

It may not be amiss to give an Instance of this her Manner of using her Suitors. One Mr. *Day*, an eminent Citizen of *Bristol*, was among the Number of her humble Servants. He made her a great many fine Proposals, and she receiv'd 'em all with abundance of Complaisance, consenting at last that he should make use of the first Opportunity that offer'd to take a Night's Lodging with her. In a little Time Mr. *Day* was inform'd that his Landlord *Bracey* was to be abroad such a Night, and that nothing could happen more favourably to his Wishes. He went at the Time appointed with all the Ardor of a Lover, and was receiv'd by a Maid-Servant, who told him her Mistress was gone to Bed, and waited impatiently for him; but desiring him however to pull off his Clothes, and leave them in another Room, where he might be conceal'd, and have Time to dress himself again, in Case any Surprise should happen. The innocent Mr. *Day* thanked her for the Contrivance, and hugg'd himself in the Thought of the Mistress's sincere Affection, because the Maid was so careful for his Safety.

Mrs. *Abigail* led him to the Room appointed, put out the Candle on Account of mere Modesty, and staid at the Door while Mr. *Day* undress'd himself; which he did in two Minutes. Now the best of the Comedy was to be play'd; our tractable Maid conducted the Gallant to a Door, which she told him open'd into her Mistress's Chamber, bid him enter softly, and immediately turn'd the Key upon him. Here Mr. *Day* wander'd about to find the Bed, and pronounc'd the Name of Mrs. *Bracey* as loud as he dar'd, that she might give him Directions; but no Mrs. *Bracey* answer'd. He was sufficiently amaz'd at the Odness of the Scene, but was yet more surpriz'd when he tumbled down a Pair of Stairs against the Back Door of the House. The Contrivance was now plain; he saw that Mistress and Maid were agreed not only to baulk his Passion, but to strip him of his Clothes also. 'Twas in vain to call, and make Protestations; he receiv'd no other Answer, than that the Back-Door was only bolted, and he might open if he pleas'd, and go about his Business.

This Door open'd into a narrow dirty Lane, down which the Common Sewer ran; and there was no going out at it, unless you got into a Coach, or upon a Horse, directly off the Steps, which was the only Use made of it, and that not often, especially in the Winter-Time, as it was at present. Mr. *Day* knew all these Inconveniences; but the terrible pinching Cold, and the Shame of being discover'd, if he staid till broad Day-light, made him

go out, wade through the Mud, and make the best of his Way home, where he was heartily laugh'd at by those Friends to whom he told the Story; which were only such as he could not conceal it from, and even upon these he laid the severest Injunctions imaginable never to divulge a Word of it. They kept the Secret from every Body else, but diverted themselves privately with poor Mr. *Day* all his Life afterwards.

Every one whom our honest Inn-keepers impos'd on were not however so easy as Mr. *Day*; so that in less than a Twelvemonth's Time their House became so scandalous that they were obliged to leave it; and then they had nothing to do but to take to their old Courses again, being by this Time pretty well got over the Apprehensions they were under of a Halter. At their first setting out again, they play'd such a Trick as was hardly ever match'd, which was the Woman's Contrivance as well as the former. We shall relate this also in a few Words as we can conveniently.

A young Gentleman, who had spent his Fortune, had us'd their House all the Time they had been at *Bristol*, and got a pretty deal into their Debt. They knew he was Heir to an Estate of about an Hundred Pounds a Year, which was kept from him only by the Life of an old dilemper'd Uncle, and they had a mighty Itching to get this Reversion into their Hands. In order to this *Joan* threaten'd him grievously with a Prison for what he ow'd them, till she perceiv'd he was heartily frighten'd, and would do any Thing to keep his Liberty: She knew besides that he was viciously inclin'd, and only wanted a little Introduction to be made any Thing of that they could wish. Upon this she told him what she and her Husband were going upon, and prevail'd with him to join them. In a Day or two after, she inform'd him that a rich Tradesman was coming to *Bristol* with a large Quantity of Money, and that he must accompany her Husband To-morrow to take it from him. Accordingly *Bracey* and the young Man set out, stopp'd a Person on the Road, and took from him above an Hundred Pounds, with which they return'd home together. The Man that was robb'd had been sent out with the Money in his Pocket for that very Purpose.

As soon as the Fact was over, and they had got their Dupe safe, Madam told him plainly, that he must make over the Reversion of his Estate to them, or her Husband should immediately swear the Robbery upon him, and get him hang'd for it. The Terror he was under, and the Promise of Liberty upon complying, made him do all they desir'd. After which they still kept him in their House till they had sold it again, obliging him to assure the Purchaser, that he had receiv'd a valuable Consideration of Mr. *Bracey*, which was readily enough believ'd, because every Body knew the young Gentleman's Extravagancy. They got Fourteen Hundred Pounds by this Bargain, with which they immediately made off, leaving the unfortunate Spark to lament his Folly. The Name of this young Man was *Rumball*.

Joan after this usually dress'd herself in Men's Apparel, and she and her Fellow Adventurer committed a great many Robberies together on the Highway. At last, however, Fortune put an End to their Progress in Iniquity; for as they were robbing a Person of Quality's Coach together in *Nottinghamshire*, Madam was apprehended, and carry'd to *Nottingham-Jail*. At the next Assizes she was condemn'd by the Name of *Joan Bracey*, and in *April*, 1685, she was executed, aged twenty nine Years.

Her pretended Husband got off at the Time when she was taken, and conceal'd himself for some Time after by skulking about the Country. One Day being at a publick Inn he was seen by some Body whom he had robb'd, who immediately got

After

Assistance, and came to take him, being at the Stair-foot with armed Men before *Bracey* knew any thing of the Matter. It happen'd that in the Room where he was one of the Drawers had left his Cap and Apron, which *Bracey* in a Moment snatch'd up, and put on, running down Stairs ready to break his Neck, and crying out as he run, *Coming, Gentlemen, coming*; as if he was waiting upon Company above. This Stratagem preserv'd his Life a little longer; for the Gentleman, who came to secure him, not apprehending any thing, let him pass as a Drawer, though he had taken so much Notice of his Face before; so that he got his Horse out of the Stable and rode off, while they were searching the House after him. Two or three of his Companions, who were with him in the Inn, and knew nothing of the Occasion of his running down so, were apprehended and brought to Justice.

This Escape however did him but little Service; for about three or four Days after, stopping at a little House to drink, and leaving his white Mare, on which he usually robb'd, at the Door, another Gentleman who had suffer'd by him came by, alarmed

the Neighbourhood upon his Knowledge of the Beast, and beset the House, before he had the least Notice. As soon as he heard a Noise of Men at the Door, he ran out, and attempted to mount; but two or three Pieces were instantly discharged at him, one of them killing his Mare, and another taking off several of his Fingers. He then endeavoured to leap over some Pales, and get off by the Backside of the House, when another Discharge was made at him from a Fowling-Piece, which lodg'd several great Goose-Shot in his Guts, and wounded him so that he dropp'd down on the Place, and dy'd in three Days afterwards.

We should have mention'd before, that *Bracey's* pretended Wife was handsomely bury'd by her Friends, and that a reputed Witch told him about the Time of her Execution, that he should not survive her many Days, which happen'd to be verif'd. This, at least, is what was reported in the Country, and those who give any Credit to the Stories of Witches, may believe as much of it as they please: Those who laugh at these Things can't blame us for relating what we have been informed of.

The LIFE of WILLIAM BEW.

WE have little more to say of this Fellow, than that he was the Brother of Captain *Bewe*, the notorious Highwayman, who was kill'd some Years ago at *Knightsbridge*, by one *Figg*, and some Thief-Takers; and that he was himself as great an Offender in that Way as his said Brother for most of his Time; only his Reign was shorter than that of some Others, he being apprehended at *Brainford* before he had pursued the Course many Years, brought from thence to *Newgate*, and at the next Execution tuck'd up at *Tyburn*. This fatal Day to him was *Wednesday* the seventeenth of *April*, in the Year 1689.

It cannot be expected that we should give a particular Detail of all the Actions of every one whom we introduce into this Collection; nor is it at all material; since the Reader cannot but think as well as we, that the most remarkable Particulars have been transmitted to us, and consequently, that those Things which are pass'd over in Silence, would, if they had been recorded, have afforded him but very little Pleasure. Captain *Smith* indeed, in his Lives, has generally found something to relate of every one he mentions, but then most of his Stories are such barefac'd Inventions, that we are confident those who have ever seen his Books will pardon us for omitting them. It will not be long before we shall come down to more Certainty, and then a more particular Account of every Malefactor's Crimes may be procured; and we may be depended upon for taking Care on our Parts, that every Thing shall be related with the utmost Exactness. That this Life of *Bewe* may not, however, appear more barren than any other, we shall insert in it two short Stories, which he us'd, as we are inform'd, to tell himself in his Life-Time.

The first of them is, that being at *Bristol*, he took a Lodging in the House of one Mr. *Stone*, who kept the *Dolphin-Inn* in *Dolphin-lane*. This Landlord of his had never any Child, and was reputed to be a very covetous Fellow. *Bewe* lay in the next

Room to him, and heard his Wife tell him one Night, that she believ'd she was with Child. The old Gentleman upon this began to be terribly uneasy, and reckon'd up all the Charges that a Bawling would bring upon him, not forgetting the extraordinary Expences of a Lying-in. He then consider'd whether a Boy or a Girl would cost him most, and concluded, upon the whole, that a Son was likely to be soonest got off his Hands, and put into a Capacity to maintain himself. Hereupon he told his Spouse very abruptly, *That he must have her bring him a Boy*. Madam reply'd, *That it was not in the Power of her, or of any Woman living, to be deliver'd of which Sex she pleas'd*. To this the old Man answer'd with a severe Snub, *That it was in vain for her to talk, for a Boy he must have, if he had any Child at all; and that if Nature sent a Girl into the World, he would metamorphose it into the Sex he liked; for he would put only Boy's Clothes upon it, and oblige her never to let any Body into the Secret, at least till she was able to shift for herself*. This Dialogue, doubtless, was pleasant enough to *Bewe*, who did not stay to see the Event of his Landlady's great Belly. But making himself merry was not the only Advantage he found in this Apartment; for he overheard the miserable old Wretch tell his Wife, every Night, whither he was to go the next Day, and upon what Business. By this Means he got Intelligence of his being to go one Day a pretty Way out of Town, to receive One Hundred and thirty Pounds, and he took Care to lighten him of his Burden before he came home again, and rode off with it into another Part of the Kingdom; it being worth while, as he often merrily us'd to say, *to change his Quarters for such a Lump as this*.

The other Story is of an Adventure of *Bewe's* with a young Lady, whom he overtook on the Road, with her Footman behind her. He made bold to keep them Company a pretty Way, talking all along of the Lady's extraordinary Beauty, and carrying his

Compliments to her to an unreasonable Height. Madam was not at all displeased with what he said; for she look'd upon herself to be every bit as handsome as he made her: However, she seem'd to contradict all he told her, and profess'd with a mighty formal Air, *That she had none of the Perfections he mention'd, and was therefore highly oblig'd to him for his good Opinion of a Woman who deserv'd it so little.* They went on in this Manner; *Bete* still protesting, that she was the most agreeable Lady he ever saw, and she declaring, that he was the most complaisant Gentleman she ever met with: This was the Discourse till they came to a convenient Place; when *Bete* took an Opportunity to knock the Footman off his Horse; and then addressing himself to the Lady, *Madam*, says he, *I have been a great while disputing with you about*

the Beauty of your Person; but you insist so strongly on my being mistaken, that I cannot in good Manners contradict you any longer: However, I am not satisfy'd yet, that you have nothing but flattery about you, and therefore I must beg Leave to examine your Pocket, and see what Charms are contain'd there. Having deliver'd his Speech, he made no more Ceremony, but thrust his Hand into her Pocket, and pull'd out a Purse with fifty Guineas in it. *These are the Charms I mean*, says he; and away he rode, leaving her to meditate a little upon the Nature of Flattery, which commonly picks the Pocket of the Person 'tis most busy about.

These two Relations, and what we have said at the Beginning concerning the Time of his Execution, are all the Particulars we know of *Will and Bete*.

The LIFE of PATRICK O-BRYAN.

THE Parents of *Patrick O-Bryan* were very poor; they liv'd at *Loughrea*, a Market-Town in the County of *Galway* and Province of *Connaught* in *Ireland*. *Patrick* came over into *England* in the Reign of King *Charles the Second*, and list'd himself into his Majesty's *Coldstream* Regiment of Guards, so called from their being first raised at a Place in *Scotland* which bears that Name. How good a Soldier he made is little to our Purpose; only we may observe, that 'twas not possible he should be more expert in the Use of his Arms than he was in the Practice of all manner of Vices. The small Allowance of a private Centinel was far too little for him; and he was not like a great many poor Men, who make the same Complaint, yet sit down honestly to live on it, and only endeavour to make up the Scantiness of their Salary by their good Husbandry. No; *Patrick's* Maxims were widely different from those; he was resolv'd to have Money if there were any in the Land, and not to starve in the midst of Plenty, from a foolish Principle of Justice and Honour. The first Thing he did was to run in Debt at all the Publick Houses and Shops that would trust him; and when his Credit would maintain him no longer, he had Recourse to borrowing of all he knew, being pretty well furnish'd with the common Defence of his Countrymen, a Front that would brazen out any Thing, and even laugh at the Persons whom he had impos'd on, to their very Faces. By such Means as these he subsisted for some Time.

At last, when he found Fraud would no longer support him, he went out upon the Foot-pad. Dr. *Clewer*, the Parson of *Croydon*, was one of those whom he stopp'd. This Man had in his Youth been try'd at the *Old-Baily*, and burnt in the Hand, for stealing a Silver Cup. *Patrick* knew him very well, and greeted him upon their lucky Meeting; telling him, *That he could not refuse lending a little Assistance to one of his old Profession.* The Doctor assured him, *That he had not made a Word, if he had had any Money about him; but he had not so much as a single Farthing.* Then, says *Patrick*, *I must have your Gown, Sir. If you can win it, quoth the Doctor, so you shall; but let me have the Chance of a Game at Cards.* To this *O-Bryan* consented,

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and the Reverend Gentleman paid out a Pack of the Devil's Books; with which they fairly play'd at *All-Fours*, to decide, who should have the black Robe. *Patrick* had the Fortune to win, and the other went home very contentedly, as he had lost his Divinity in such an equitable manner. Indeed, according to the Idea which this Story seems to give of the Doctor, our Highwayman might become a Canonical Habit as well as he, and be no more a Scandal to the Sacred Cloth.

There was in *Patrick's* Time a famous Posture Master in *Pall-Mall*; his Name was *Clark*. Our Adventurer met him one Day on *Primrose-Hill*, and saluted him with *Stann and deliver*. But he was mightily disappointed; for the nimble *Heavenly* jump'd over his Head, and, instead of reviving his Heart with a few Guineas, made it sink into his Breeches for Fear; he imagining the Devil was come to be merry with him before his Time, for no human Creature, he thought, could do the like. This Belief was a little Mortification to him at first; but he soon saw the Truth of the Story in the publick Prints, where Mr. *Clark's* Friends took Care to put it, and then our *Zeague's* Qualm of Conscience was changed into a Vow of Revenge, if ever he met with his Tumbler'ship again; which however he never did.

Another Time *Patrick O-Bryan* was got behind a Hedge in the Way to *Hackney*, late in the Evening, in order to wait for a Booty. He had not been here long before he heard a very merry Dialogue between one of the Sons of *Apollo*, and an old Bawd, whom he had employ'd to get him into the Company of a young Lady at a Boarding-School just by. The Conversation ended so much to our Poet's Satisfaction, that he pronounc'd the following Lines in a kind of Rapture.

*Oh! thou art wondrous in thy Art! thy Head
Was form'd for mighty Things; like those who rule
The Fates of Empires: But our kinder Stars
Have sent thee to direct the Realm of Love.*

Just as his Transport was over, out stepp'd *O-Bryan*, and presented a Pistol to the Head that conceiv'd those fine Imaginations. It must be al-

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low'd,

low'd, that such a Surprize as this was enough to make the poor Bard a little cooler; but lest it should not cool him enough, *O-Bryan* order'd him to strip himself to the Skin; which he did with abundance of Reluctance; for the fine Embroider'd Sute of Clothes he had on was only hired as an additional Charm to his Verses, that he might the more effectually win the young Lady's Heart. Madam the Procuress was also dress'd in her richest Brocade, that her Visit might be perform'd with the better Grace: She suffer'd the same Fate, and was reduc'd to the Condition of our first Parents before the Fall; *Patrick* telling them both, *That as he perceived neither of them had any Religion before, 'twas proper they should begin to have some; and therefore out of Charity to their Souls he had converted them to Adamitism.* We may suppose they did not very well like their new Religion: But *Patrick* was a downright Pope; if they had not hearkened to his Arguments he would have made use of his Arms, and fairly have sent them out of the World, because they would not be implicitly obedient to their Superiors in it. This they both consider'd, and so thought it their best Way to receive his *Ipse Dixit*.

O-Bryan at last intirely deserted from his Regiment, and got a Horse, on which he robb'd on the Highway a long Time. One Day in particular he met *Nell Grey* in her Coach on the Road to *Winchester*, and address'd himself to her in the following Manner. *Madam, I am a Gentleman, and, as you may see, a very able one: I have done a great many signal Services to the Fair Sex, and have in Return been all my Life long maintain'd by them. Now, as I know you are a charitable W—e, and have a great Value for Men of my Abilities, I make bold to ask you for a little Money, though I never have had the Honour of serving you in particular. However, if an Opportunity should ever fall in my Way, you may depend upon it I will exert myself to the uttermost; for I scorn to be ungrateful.* *Nell* seem'd very well pleas'd with what he had said, and made him a Present of ten Guineas: However, whether she wish'd for the Opportunity he spoke of, or no, cannot be determin'd, because she did not explain herself; but if a Person may guess from her general Character, she never was afraid of a Man in her Life.

While *Patrick* robb'd on the Highway, he perverted several young Men to the same bad Course of Life. One *Claudius Wilt* in particular was hang'd at *Worcester* for a Robbery committed in his Company, though 'twas the first he was ever concern'd in. Several others came to the same End through his Seducements; and he himself was at last executed at *Gloucester*, for a Fact committed within two Miles of that City. When he had hung the usual Time, his Body was cut down and deliver'd to his Acquaintance, that they might bury him as they pleas'd: But being carry'd home to one of their Houses, some Body imagin'd they perceiv'd Life in him; whereupon an able Surgeon was privately procured to bleed him, who by that and other Means which he used brought him again to his Senses. The Thing was kept an entire Secret from the World, and 'twas hop'd by his Friends that he would spend the Remainder of his forfeited Life, which he had to surprizingly retriev'd, to a much better Purpose than he had employ'd the former Part of it.

These Friends offer'd to contribute in any manner he should desire towards his living privately and

honestly: He promis'd them very fairly, and for some Time kept within due Bounds, while the Sense of what he had escap'd remain'd fresh in his Mind; but the Time was not long before, in Spite of all the Admonitions and Assurances he receiv'd, he return'd again to his Villainies like a Dog to his Vomit; leaving his kind Benefactors, stealing a fresh Horse, and taking once more to the Highway, where he grew as audacious as ever.

It was not above a Year after his former Execution, before he met with the Gentleman again who had convicted him before, and attack'd him in the same Manner. The poor Gentleman was not so much surprized at being stopp'd on the Road as he was at seeing the Person who did it, being certain 'twas the very Man whom he had seen executed. This Consternation was so great, that he could not help discovering it; by saying, *How comes this to pass? I thought you had been hanged a Twelvemonth ago. So I was,* says *Patrick*, *and therefore you ought to imagine that what you see now is only my Ghost: However, lest you should be so uncivil as to hang my Ghost too, I think it my best Way to secure you.* Upon this he discharg'd a Pistol thro' the Gentleman's Head; and, not content with that, dismounting his Horse, he drew out a sharp Hanger from his Side, and cut the dead Carcass into several Pieces.

This piece of Barbarity was followed by another, which was rather more horrible yet. *Patrick* with four more as bad as himself, having Intelligence that *Lancelot Wilmot*, Esq; of *Wiltshire*, had a great deal of Money and Plate in his House, which stood in a lonely Place, at about a Mile and a half from *Tru-bridge*; they beset it one Night, and got in. When they were entered, they ty'd and gagg'd the 3 Servants, and then proceeded to the old Gentleman's Room, where he was in Bed with his Lady. They served both these in the same Manner, and then went in the Daughter's Chamber. This young Lady they severally forced after one another to their brutal Pleasure, and when they had done, most inhumanly stabb'd her, because she endeavour'd to get from their Arms. They next acted the same Tragedy on the Father and Mother, which they told them, was because they did not breed up their Daughter to better Manners. Then they rifled the House of every Thing valuable which they could find in it, that was fit to be carried off, to the Value in all of 2500 *l.* After which they set the Building on fire, and let it to consume with the unhappy Servants that was in it.

Patrick continued above two Years after this before he was apprehended, and possibly might never have been suspected of this Fact, if one of his bloody Accomplices had not been hang'd for another Crime at *Belford*. This Wretch at the Gallows confess'd all the Particulars, and discovered the Persons concerned with him; a little while after which, *O-Bryan* was seized at his Lodging in *Little Suffolk-Street*, near the *Hay-Market*, and committed to *Newgate*; from whence before the next Assizes he was convey'd to *Salisbury*, where he own'd the Fact himself, and all the other Particulars of his wicked Actions that have been here related. He was now a second Time executed, and great Care was taken to do it effectually. There was not, indeed, much Danger of his recovering any more, because his Body was immediately hung in Chains, near the Place where the barbarous Deed was perpetrated. He was in the 31st Year of his Age at the Time of his Execution, which was on *Tuesday* the 30th of *April*, in the Year 1689.

The LIFE of TOM KELSEY.

THOMAS Kelsey was born in *Leather Lane*, in the Parish of *St. Andrew's Holborn*; but his Mother being a Welch Woman, and she having an Estate of about 40 *l. per Annum*, left her by an Uncle at *Wrexham* in *Denbighshire*, the whole Family went down thither to live upon it, which consisted only of the two old People, and this their Son.

Tom was from his Infancy a stubborn untoward Brat, and this Temper increased as he grew up; so that at 14 Years of Age he was prevail'd on by one *Jones*, who has since been a Victualler in *London*, to leave his Father and come up to Town, in order to seek his Fortune. Having neither of them any Money, they were oblig'd to beg their Way along in the best English they were Masters of. Going one Day to a Gentleman's House with their Complaint, he took a liking to the Boys, and receiv'd them both into his House; *Kelsey* in the Quality of a Horse-keeper, and *Jones* as a Falconer. It may be supposed they were both awkward enough in their Callings, but Tom's Place was the least difficult, so that he kept it the longest, the Gentleman being soon weary of his Falconer, and glad to send him about his Business again.

Kelsey used to tell the following Story, as the Reason of *Jones's* Discharge; whether it were exactly true or no, there is something pleasant in it. One Day the Master and Man went out a Hawking together, and as soon as the Master discovered the Game, he gave the appointed Sign, and *Jones*, who had the Hawk on his Fist, let her fly. The poor Falcon, without pursuing the Game, mounted directly upwards; upon which the Gentleman began to be in a terrible Passion, not suspecting the Cause of her so doing. At last, when he saw no sign of her coming down again, *I believe*, says he, *the Hawk intends to lodge in the Sky To-night. I believe so too*, quoth *Jones*, *for she took her Night-Cap along with her*. The Gentleman was not long finding out what this Night-Cap was; for in a few Minutes the Bird dropp'd down dead by them with her Hood on, having flown upwards till she was quite spent. This not only got *Jones* a Discharge, but procured him a handsome Caning into the Bargain, which he would have been very willing to have gone without.

Jones's being turned away, while *Kelsey* was retain'd, was the Occasion of breaking off their Acquaintance, which probably might have saved *Jones* from the Gallows; it being very likely that if they had continued together, they would both have shared the same Fate; whereas *Jones* now got a Tapster's Place in *London*, and continued ever after in the same Business either as a Servant or a Master. It was not a great while after, before Tom *Kelsey* was detected in some little pilfering Tricks, and turned out of Doors after his Companion, whom he could not find when he came to *London*. His being out of Place till he could subsist no longer, and his natural Inclination to Dishonesty, soon brought him forwards in the course of Life for which he was afterwards so infamous. He fell into Company with Thieves,

and was as bold and as dextrous in a little Time as the best of them, if not even beyond them all.

Going one Day by the House of Mr. Norton, a Silver-smith in *Burleigh-Street*, near *Exeter-Change*, a couple of his Companions came by him like Strangers, and one of them snatch'd off his Hat, and flung it into the Goldsmiths Chamber Window, which stood open, running away as fast as they could. Tom, who had a Look innocent enough to deceive any Body, made a sad Complaint to Mr. Norton, who stood at his Door, and saw all that pass. It happened that at that Time there was no Body at Home but himself, of which Tom had got Intelligence before. Poor *Lad!* says Mr. Norton, *you shall not lose your Hat; go up Stairs and fetch it yourself, for I cannot leave the Shop*. This was just what Tom wanted; he went up and took his Hat, and with it a Dozen of Silver Spoons that lay in his Way; coming down in a Minute, and making a very submissive Bow to Mr. Norton for his Civility, who let him go without Suspicion. This Prize was divided between him and his two Associates, as is common in such like Cafes.

Tom was not, however, so successful in his Villanies, but that he was condemn'd to be hang'd before he was 16 Years of Age. The Fact was breaking open the House of one Mr. Johnson, a Grocer in the Strand, and stealing from thence two silver Tankards, a silver Cup, six silver Spoons, a silver Porringer, and 40 *l.* in Money. But he got off this Time on account of his Youth, and the Interest his Father made at Court; for hearing of his Son's Condemnation, the old Gentleman came directly up to Town, and arrived before the Day appointed for his Execution, procuring a full Pardon by the Mediation of some powerful Friends.

To prevent his following the same Courses again, and exposing himself afresh to the Sentence of the Law, the old Gentleman put his Son Apprentice to a *Werper*, but before he had served half a Year of his Time, he ran away from his Master, and took to his old Courses again. It was his Pride, to make all whom he conversed with as bad as himself, an Instance of which appeared in what he did by one David Hughes, a Cousin of his by the Mother's Side. This Youth going to *Kingston* Assizes along with Tom, a few Days after he came to Town, he was prevail'd upon by him to pick a Pocket in the Court; in which Action being apprehended, he was immediately try'd, and condemn'd to be hang'd upon a Gibbet within Sight of the Bench, as a Terror to others. This Week was fatal enough to young Hughes; for he came to *London* on the Monday, on Tuesday and Wednesday spent and lost 10 *l.* which was all the Money he had, along with Whores and Sharpers, on Thursday in the Evening pick'd a Pocket, was condemn'd on Friday Morning, and hang'd on Saturday. This was the End of one of *Kelsey's* hopeful Pupils, who had the Impudence to boast of it.

Another of the Actions of this Extravagant, was, his robbing the Earl of *Perthshire's* Lodgings. This Nobleman was General of the Forces in the Reign of King James the Second, and consequently had a

Captain

Centinel always at his Door. *Tom* dress'd himself in a Foot Soldier's Habit one Evening, and went up to the Fellow who was then on Duty, asking him a great many Questions, and offering, at last, to make him drink, if he knew where to get a couple of Pots of good Beer. The Soldier told him there was very good a little beyond *Catherine-Street*, but he durst not leave his Post so long as to fetch it. *Can't I take your Place, brother Soldier?* quoth *Tom*, *I am sure if some Body be at the Post there can be no Danger.* The Soldier thank'd him, took the Sixpence, and went his Way; mean while *Tom's* Associates got into the House, and were rifling it as fast as they could. They had not quite done when the Soldier came back; whereupon *Tom* gave him Twopence more, and desired him to get a little Tobacco also. While the poor Fellow was gone for this, the Villains came out, and *Tom* went with them, carrying off not only above 200*l.* worth of Plate, but even the Soldier's Musquet. The next Day the Centinel was call'd to Account, and committed to Prison. At the ensuing Court Martial he was ordered to run the Gantloop for losing his Piece, and then was sent to *Newgate*, and loaded with Irons, on Suspicion of being privy to the Robbery, where, after nine Months Confinement, he miserably perished.

Kelsey, after this, broke open the House of the Lady *Grace Pierpoint*, at *Thistleworth*, and stole from thence a great many valuable Things. But

soon after one of his Companions impeached him for this Fact; whereupon, being informed that the Officers were in search after him, he fled to the Camp of King *William* in *Flanders*. Here he got a considerable Booty out of his Majesty's Tent, and from other general Officers, with which he got to *Amsterdam*, and sold it to a *Jew*; whom he afterwards robb'd, and sold what he had gotten to another *Jew* at *Rotterdam*, from whence he re-embark'd for *England*.

He had not been long returned to his native Country, before he was detected in breaking open the House of a *Linnen-Draper* in *Cheapside*, which put a final End to his Liberty, tho' not to his Villainy: For being sent to *Newgate*, and having no Hopes of ever getting out any more, unless to go to *Tyburn*, he grew desperate, and resolved to do all the Mischief he could there. Mr. *Goodman*, one of the Turnkeys of that Jail, being one Day drinking in the Common Side Cellar, *Kelsey* privately stabb'd him into the Belly with a Knife, of which Wound he instantly died. For this Murder he received Sentence of Death at the next Sessions in the *Old-Bailey*, and a Gibbet being erected in *Newgate-Street*, near the Prison, he was thereon executed on Friday the 13th of June, 1690, being then no more than 20 Years of Age. As a Terror to the other Prisoners who were then in Confinement, his Body was suffered to hang on the Gibbet the Space of three Hours;

The LIFE of FRANK OSBORN.

FRANCIS Osborn was born of very good Parents, at *Colchester* in *Essex*, who bound him to a Goldsmith in *Lombard-Street*, *London*, with whom he very faithfully and honestly served out the Time of his Apprenticeship, and then set up Trade for himself in *Cannon-Street*, in the same City, where he followed it for 7 Years. The first two Years of these he had Success, but the other 5 were a continued Scene of Shifting, and robbing on the Highway. The Occasion of his falling into these Courses, was his getting drunk in Company with some Whores, who kept him out of his Business till they had drained from him all his ready Money he had, and obliged him to contract several Debts. His Creditors now multiplied upon him, and as he was both to lose his Reputation in Trade, when he found he could keep them off no longer with Honour, he took to the Highway, by which Means he made good his Payments from Time to Time, without ever being suspected of doing any Thing that was dishonest.

We shall mention two Robberies of his, that are recorded out of the many he committed. The first was upon the Earl of *Albermarle*, in a Coach and six Horses, between *Manningtree* and *Harwich*, in the County of *Essex*. Osborn had no more than one Assistant in this, to make Head against the Earl, 4 Footmen, and two Gentlemen on Horseback. The Nobleman's Attendants immediately engaged them, when they heard Osborn bid the Coachman stand: They had all Pistols in their Pockets, which they discharged as fast as they were able, the Earl himself

firing a Blunderbuss out of the Coach. *Frank* and his Partner kept their Ground all this while, without receiving any Wound worth Notice, discharging their Pistols at the Servants with different Success. Two of the Horses they shot dead, and wounded two of the Footmen and the Postillion in a desperate Manner. When all the Arms on the other Side were discharg'd, Osborn rode up to the Earl again, and threatened to shoot him thro' the Head, unless he presently delivered what he had? *Albermarle* now saw there was no Remedy, and delivered a Purse with one hundred and thirty Guineas in it, a gold Watch, a diamond Ring, a Pair of diamond Buckles, and a Gold Snuff-Box. This Loss was by so much the less grievous to this Nobleman, as he was at that Time the Minion of King *William*, and loaded by him with all the Marks of Favour that could lay on him. However, tho' His Lordship could as well afford to lose such a Sum as any Man in *England*, and our Highwayman got it with as much Difficulty as ever any Booty was got, yet this Adventure was fatal to one of them, and exposed the other to a great deal of Danger. They had no sooner left his Honour, than six or seven Officers of the Army came up, who, upon Information of the Fact, rode after the Offenders, and pursu'd them so closely, that they were forced to ride into *Manningtree River*. *Frank's* Horse swam over with him, and brought him safely up to *London*; but his Companion and his Horse, perished together in the middle of the Current.

The

The other most remarkable Robbery that he was ever known to commit was upon the late Duke of Newcastle, at that Time Earl of Clare only, from whom he took four Hundred Pounds, and rode off with it by himself. This Action was on the Road to Nottingham, and was by so much the more worth Notice, as this Gentleman was so great an Admirer of his Gold. Osborn robb'd him with a Jest upon his Covetousness; for, going up to the Coach, he told his Grace, *That he had been inform'd he was a Nobleman of most extensive Charity, and therefore he hop'd would please to give him Something to make up a great Loss which he had sustain'd in Trade.* All this was done in a submissive Tone, Cap in Hand, and without pulling out a Pistol. The Duke deny'd him at first, but Osborn continuing his Importunity, his Grace fell into a Passion, told him he was troublesome, and bid him be gone about his Business. Nay, says Osborn, and pull'd out a Pistol, *if you will oblige me to use Force, I can't help it; for when People refuse to give, I always take, because Money I must have, or else I should have no Business here: So present Death, my Lord, or present Delivery; these are the two only Chances you have.* His Grace prefer'd his Life to his Money, and deliver'd the Sum above-mention'd.

He reign'd, as we have before observ'd, about five Years, without being mistrusted; but as there are few who continue so long undiscover'd, so there are still fewer, who are not at last punish'd according to their Deserts. Frank, and three other Highwaymen, one Day set upon a Nobleman's Coach on

Hounslow-Heath with a large Retinue, who made a resolute Resistance. The Highwaymen were soon overpower'd, and the three Accomplices got off; but Osborn, being a little Fool-hardy, stay'd 'till he was taken. In Newgate he absolutely refused to discover the Persons concerned with him to the last. Whilst he was under Sentence of Death, he seem'd very penitent, declared he was sorry for the Disgrace he had brought both on his Family and Trade, and desired every Body to be warned by his Fate. As to his Trade there was not much in the Disgrace, because there are good and bad of all Trades, even of Goldsmiths; but the Scandal such a Man brings upon a reputable Family is not soon worn off. He was executed on Friday the twelfth of September, in the Year 1690, aged twenty nine Years.

On the same Day were executed William Goff, a Trooper, for a Robbery on the Highway; Thomas Tarrell, an Husbandman, born at Ampthill-Town in Bedfordshire, for stealing a Gelding; John Daynter, a Shoe-maker, for breaking open the House of one Mr. Tate, and stealing a Silver Tankard, twelve Silver Spoons, and Twenty four Pounds in Money; James Smith, for robbing a Gentleman on the Highway of Twenty eight Guineas, and two Gold Rings. This latter behaved himself very indecently in the Court, when he receiv'd Sentence, calling the Judges, the Ld. Mayor, and the Recorder, most opprobrious Names, and continuing in this obstinate and wicked Temper till he was hang'd.

The LIFE of NAN HEREFORD.

WHETHER it be that we entertain a greater Regard for the Female Sex than for the other; or whether the Instances of their falling into those Sorts of Vices that expose them to the Cognizance of the Law are less frequent, or whatever else may be the Cause of it, 'tis certain, that a Female Offender excites our Curiosity more than a Male, if she has any Way distinguish'd her self in the Course of her Actions. Some indeed will say, that we need not be at a loss to find the Reason of this; because a Woman always discovers more Art and Cunning than a Man, when she applies her self to the Practice of Fraud. We will not dispute any Point of Honour with the subtil soft fair Sex, since 'tis our Duty to yield to them, as we are taught by the Example of our common Father Adam: Let it be their finer Genius, or whatever else they, or their greatest Admirers will call it, that gives 'em this Advantage, we must still acknowledge it, and confess that an Anne Bonny, or a Mary Read, are greater Names than a Blackbeard, an Avery, or a Roberts; and that the Tricks of a German Princess leave stronger Impressions than the open Robberies of Hind and Du Vall, or the Cheats of Morrell.

But not to amuse the Reader with a long Preface to a short Life, we would only observe, that Anne Hereford, the Person of whom we are now to write, was one of those Women who, in her Time, was more famous than almost any one of the Male Robbers, whose Actions have adorn'd, as well as fill'd,

this Work; which extraordinary Reputation (if we may use a Word here that is commonly taken in a good Sense) was, we believe, chiefly owing to her Sex, and the Manner in which she impos'd on Mankind. One Instance, out of many, shall suffice to give an Idea of her Cunning; and one Instance of this Kind is as good as one thousand, since, however they may be diversify'd by Circumstances, all these Sort of Stratagems tend to one Thing, and 'tis easy at the Beginning of a Story to know where it will end. But first take this short Account of her Original. She was born at Ipswich in Suffolk, of very honest Parents, who both died when she was about seventeen Years of Age. No sooner was she an Orphan than she came up to London, where she got a Service, and lived in it above half a Year: It was then her Misfortune to fall into bad Company, who seduced her from her Place, and brought her to be a Partner with them in their evil Courses, which she pursu'd afterwards all the Days of her Life; taking Care still to keep herself genteely, and not to be seen among her Associates; by which Means she long escap'd unsuspected, and during which Time she executed the following Piece of Invention.

She took very good Lodgings in King-street, Westminster, where she entertain'd an experienced old Beldam as her Assistant, knowing very well, that she could not pursue her Enterprizes without Help. It was the Business of this old Woman to enquire about for a rich young Novice in that Neighbourhood, who

might be a proper Subject to work on. Upon a diligent Search, she found there was a young Shop-keeper, by Trade an Apothecary, who was both rich and covetous. These two Qualities were look'd upon as a sufficient Excuse for their taking him in; for first, as he was so very wealthy, he might spare a few Hundred Pounds without hurting himself; and then, secondly, his being covetous made it a Sort of Duty, in their Opinion, to take from him what they could use, though he had not the Heart to do it. There is a Sort of natural Antipathy between those Free-baters and an avaritious Person; whereas, in Reality, a Robber should at least speak well of a Miser, because 'tis through his Means that the other often gets so much Money at a Time. But Nan did not reason in this Manner; she used to say 'Twas a just Judgment upon them for their grievous Sins, when any such Person was stripp'd of his Gold, or, in other Words, of his God.

Nan kept herself up close at home, and the old Woman was sent of many an idle Errand to the Apothecary's Shop; one Time for *Pomatum*, another Time for *Mithridate*, another for *Discordium*, and so continually for such Things as the Use of was well known. This frequent coming induced the Apothecary to take Notice of her, and talk to her in a more free and pleasant Manner than at first. She took Care to improve those Opportunities, which were all she came for, and to run from indifferent Things to his domestick Affairs; asking him, in particular, *Why he did not marry?* His Answer was such as might be expected from a Miser, *That the Times were hard, Trading dead, and Housekeeping expensive.* *That's true,* said she, *but a rich Wife, Man, would make Amends for all this.* *A good one, and a rich one too,* quoth he, *would be a brave Thing indeed: I must confess, I should be glad to embrace such an Opportunity of altering my Condition.* The old Woman had now nothing to do, but to insinuate, that she was certain such Fortunes might be had, and raise a Curiosity in him of knowing farther what she meant. This Part she acted to Admiration, till she made the young Fellow stark mad to draw the Secret from her; and he was almost ready to throw himself at her Feet when she told him, *That there was a young Gentlewoman of her Acquaintance, who was Niece to a very eminent Citizen of London, and had Two Thousand Pounds to her Portion, lodg'd in her Uncle's Hands, which must be paid her upon the Day of Marriage, if demanded.* The next Question was, *How he should get into the young Lady's Company.* To this 'twas as readily reply'd, *That her Uncle kept a very strict Hand over her, and permitted her to go abroad but very seldom; but that she had now and then the Liberty of making our old Lady a Visit, she having been formerly a Nurse in her Father's Family: And every Time the poor Thing is at my House,* says the crafty old Baggage, *she complains of her Uncle's Severity, and wishes she could meet with a good Opportunity of altering her Condition with a Man who would use her well, and take her entirely out of the old Man's Tutelage.* The Apothecary was charm'd, and engaged the old Dame to do all she could for him.

Having taken down the Names both of the Uncle and the Damsel, he goes the next Day into the City, and makes Inquiry concerning them, with as much Care as an old Usurer would examine his Security before he put out his Money. He soon found that there was such a Man as had been describ'd, and that he had a Niece with Two Thousand Pounds. The old Woman had been very exact in these Particulars, for Fear he should give himself this Trouble; which she afterwards wish'd he might, the better to confirm his good Opinion of her Sincerity. He had no Business to enquire any further, than whether or no there were such Persons, and such a Sum of Money; because he had been before caution'd against letting the Uncle see him, or know any

thing of his Design. To be sure he was now very earnest to see his good Angel again, as he afterwards call'd her, that they might concert further Measures, and that he might engage her more strongly to his Interest by a Promissory Note, to be paid as soon as ever he got the young Lady. Our Go-between was not long absent from his Shop; but when he made his Proposal to her, she seem'd more cold than before, and told him, that she would not for the World be concern'd in the Match, if he had nothing in View but getting the Money: *However,* said she, *since I have promised you, I'll bring you together; and if you like her Person, and she likes yours, then we will talk further of Conditions; for as I am but a poor Woman my self, a small Gratitude would not be unacceptable, if I do you any Service.*

In a few Days our Apothecary was introduced to the Company of Nan Hereford; who receiv'd him like a Girl that had never seen a Man in her Life before; such Modesty, such Silence, so many Blushes, were enough to deceive almost the Devil himself: The Interview was but very short; for the Lady was afraid of staying long abroad, lest her Uncle should be angry. Her Coldness made Galen the warmer, till the old Woman whisper'd him not to say too much at first, for Fear he should spoil all. In a Word, Miss went home, without so much as promising him positively that she would endeavour to come again; however, she gave him Room to hope a little. The next Time the old Woman saw our Gallant, he renew'd his Proposal to her, and effect-ed, he liked her Choice beyond any Woman he had ever seen in his Life, and begg'd of her to proceed as vigorously for him as she was able. After a few Compliments, a Bond was drawn up for an Hundred Pounds, payable to the old Woman on the Day of Marriage, in Case she effected what she had undertaken. He seem'd to give this Bond more willingly than she receiv'd it, and would almost have doubled it, when, a few Days after his Angel told him, *That she had seen Miss, and perceiv'd she entertain'd a good Opinion of him; for she had promis'd to come to her House again.*

The next Meeting was something longer, and even long enough to finish the whole Affair. He told her plainly that he lov'd her, could maintain her handsomely, and would make her his Wife, if she pleas'd, without any further Ceremony. The Counterfeit Fortune seem'd to consent, but withal intimated, that she left her Uncle only because he did not use her well, and allow her any Money; and that therefore she hop'd he would not serve her in the same Manner. *I have been hitherto,* says she, *kept so short, as not to be allow'd Apparel suitable to my Condition, and I shall think it hard to be used so by you too: My Uncle will suspect some Design of leaving him, if I should now press him more than ordinary for a Supply, and as I am, I am unfit to appear as your Wife. My Fortune may be demanded when we are marry'd, and 'tis best not to trouble the old Man till all be secure.* Thus she ran on, talking at a Distance, but plain enough for him to see what she meant; and it was now proper to try his Mettle. If she found him bleed well, as the Phrase among these People is, 'twould be worth while to tickle him a little longer, and even marry him, if it were necessary; but otherwise Madam had nothing else to do, but to give him the Bag, and look out for fresh Sport. The Stratagem succeeded beyond her most extravagant Expectations; for he fetch'd Two Hundred and fifty Guineas, to give the more signal Proofs of his Sincerity, and leave her no Room to suspect his loving her. All this he threw into her Lap, told her he had three times as much more at home, and she should enjoy whatever was in his Power to procure.

In a Word, they were soon after marry'd, and bedded the same Day, because Madam durst not be

be absent from her Uncle's House all Night. When he had enjoy'd the Darling of his Soul, as she now began to be in Earnest, he sent her home with a thousand Sighs and Expressions of Fondness; promising to come in a few Days, and demand both her and her Fortune of her Uncle. In the mean while he continued very impatient, till Time would allow him in good Manners to make his Claim; and Madam and her old Procurefs made off the Ground to fresh Lodgings, far enough from him, and where he was never like to see her, or hear of her any more.

When three Days were over, our Apothecary dress'd himself up in his best Clothes (which were entirely new on the Wedding-Day, to answer what his Spouse had bought with his Money) took a Coach, and drove into the City, up to the Door of the supposed Uncle. He expected a warm Reception, and had fortify'd his Mind to bear it; so that, when he had knock'd, and was admitted to the old Gentleman's Presence, he peremptorily said, *He was come to demand his Wife. I know nothing of your Wife, nor you neither*, quoth the old Man, *and desire therefore that you'd explain your Meaning.* Taken smartly reply'd, *I mean your Niece, Sir, who is my lawful Wife.* *Your Wife, Man!* said the other; *since how long, pray?* The Apothecary here named the Day and the Circumstances, to convince him of the Truth of what he said; but the old Man told him his Niece was not out on the Day specify'd, and that he could not comprehend his Drift. In short, they came at last to high Words; and the Apothecary seemed so positive and sincere all the while, that the Uncle began to think he had been impos'd on; whereupon he ask'd him, *If he knew his Wife when he saw her? I should be glad*, reply'd Mr. Gallipot, *if you would try me.* The old Man agreed to send for his Niece, and she came accordingly. *This is none of my Wife*, said the disappointed young Man. *But this is my Niece though*, quoth the other; *and all the Nieces I have in the World too.* They both stand aghast, and the young Lady is as much surprized as they, to hear her self

talk'd of by the Name of *Wife*, when she was certain she had never had the Pleasure of being one. The old Man having fully weigh'd the Case, *Went*, says he, *be convinced that some Trick has been play'd you, and be so kind as to relate the Particulars of your Courtship, and every Thing that has pass'd between you.* This was no sooner demanded than consented to; and one Particular clear'd up another through the whole Course of the Affair, till the Apothecary was as fully convinc'd as any Body that he had met with a Couple of Sharpers. All he had now to do, was to think of *Job*, go peaceably home, tell over the Money he had left, and advance one Penny for Shilling on his Medicines.

This Relation has been somewhat long; but as 'tis the only Story in this Life 'twill be the most excusable. We shall now conclude what we have to say of this Criminal in as few Words as possible. After this Adventure *Ned* grew enamour'd of one *Kirkham* a Player, who consented to live with her. To maintain their just Extravagancies, she went a Shop-lifting, and he on the Highway. He had the Fortune to be taken on his first Progress, and hang'd for what he had done in good Time; but *Ned* continued her Occupation for six Years longer, stealing from Mercers, Linnen Drapers, and Lace-men, as much Goods as were suppos'd to be worth above Four Thousand Pounds. However, at last, she also was detected, at a Linnen Draper's Shop in *Cornhill*, as she was endeavouring to secure a Piece of Mullin, after she had come to the Shop in a Chair, with two or three Footmen at her Heels. Before the Sessions, 'tis said, she offer'd an Hundred Guineas to prevent her Adversary's appearing against her; but in vain, for he was resolv'd to prosecute her to the utmost. She also attempted to set *Ned* on Fire, for which she was very heavily fetter'd and Hand-cuff'd. Being condemn'd at the *Old-Baily*, she was executed before the Prison she had endeavour'd to destroy, on *Monday*, the twenty second Day of *December*, in the Year 1693, aged twenty eight Years. Her Body was given to the Surgeons for a Skeleton.

The LIFE of BOB CONGDEN.

THIS great Malefactor was the Son of a Gentleman, who lived on a patrimonial Estate at *Mithurst* in *Suffex*, where our Adventurer was born. After a proper Initiation in a Grammar-School, he was put to *King's College* in the University of *Cambridge*, to pursue his Studies. Though he made but a slow Advancement, on Account of his Extravagancy, yet he discover'd a Genius capable of Improvement under a proper Regulation; the Want of which is the Ruin of many a Youth. The good old Gentleman too liberally supply'd, what he thoughtlessly wasted, till Prodigality had utterly spoil'd him, and he could not brook any Restraint.

A fatal and melancholy Instance of this violent Temper, as we may with Propriety call it, appear'd in what we shall now relate. His quarterly Allowance not coming to him once so soon as usual, and as he expected it, and several Duns coming after

him for small Debts, he immediately thought of going on the Highway, that he might answer his own Necessities without depending on his Father. Accordingly he took his Horse one Morning early, and rode out on *Newmarket-Heath*, where he met a Man, whom he stopp'd, and demanded his Money. The Man not readily obeying, *Bob* made no more to do, than to take out a Pistol, and shoot him thro' the Heart. As soon as he had done this, he went to rifling his Pockets, where he found a Bag of Money, which he put into his own Pocket, and rode back speedily to the College, no Body having miss'd him while he was gone. When he came into his Chamber, he open'd the Bag, and found the Sum which his Father usually sent him, and a Letter to himself. Nothing can equal the Grief, Shame, and Surprize, that at once seiz'd our young Murderer, when he saw that the Person whom he had robb'd and kill'd was one of his Father's Servants, who was sent to him

him with the Sum he so much wanted. This Man may be suppos'd to have been a new Comer to old Mr. Cogden, otherwise the young one would have known him.

Having now very good Reason to believe that the Hand of Justice would fall on him, he resolv'd to intrust his Father with the whole Secret, and depend on his Generosity and paternal Indulgence for a Pardon. But first he thought best to secure his Person by flying over into *Holland*; from whence he sent the following Letter to the old Gentleman, who before the Reception of it little suspected who was his Servant's Murderer.

Honoured SIR,

I AM asham'd and confus'd when I offer to put Pen to Paper, in order to acquaint you that you are the Father of the very wickedest of Sons; of a Thief, an ungrateful, inhuman Assassin and Murderer, the most barbarous of Monsters among Mankind, and one who is unworthy to behold the Light of God's Sun any more.

Not to keep you long in Suspence, by amusing you with these general Accusations, be informed, Sir, that it was I my self who kill'd your Servant on the Road, whither I went with full Design of robbing any one I could meet with. My Debts began to make me uneasy, and I could no longer wait for your Bounty, but resolv'd to procure Money by any Means whatsoever. The poor Man was resolute in defending his Trust; and I, unhappy Wretch that I am, took away that Life, which he so bravely ventured for my Sake. Never was such aggravating Circumstances to any Murder before.

If the Tendernefs of a Father can after this prevail over your just Horror and Resentment, if such an unheard of Piece of Villainy should not entirely erase all the Sentiments of Compassion and Kindness, I would yet intreat you to forgive me this which sits so heavily on my Mind, and will otherwise be my utter Destruction. I cannot tell how to ask any more; but only that you would beg of God for his Pardon also, which with yours can alone make me willing to live, and behold again the Place of my Nativity. I need not intreat a Father to keep this a Secret.

I am Your Unhappy, Unworthy Son,

Robert Congden.

This penitential Letter, which we ought in Charity to believe came at that Time from his Heart, so wrought upon the old Gentleman, that he was resolv'd not to reproach him with the Action, but immediately to relieve his Necessities, lest they should drive him to the Commission of more Crimes, and expose him to Justice in a foreign Country. Under this Apprehension the good Man sent over to his Son as soon as possible, promis'd immediately to allow him an Hundred Pounds a Year so long as he staid abroad, and assur'd him of Forgiveness on his Part, and that no Creature suspected his being concern'd in the Murder, or ever should from him. This Epistle put new Life into young Robert, and made him again begin to pursue his old Course of Living, and take Care not to save a Farthing out of his annual Allowance. The old Gentleman could not see any of his Oeconomy at such a Distance, and was willing to believe that he was still heartily sorry for his Crime, and that he now lived a regular Life; whereas he never was more extravagant in *England* than here. Women were his chief Delight, and it must be confess'd, that he was not got into the best Nation of the World for Gallantry; so that, though his Amours were successful, when he had Money plenty, yet they were far from pleasing him so well as if they had been accompany'd with a little more Softness and Beauty.

We have an Instance of his Hatred towards the Dutch Women, in a Letter which he sent to one of his Confidants in *England*, who was entertain'd with his Gallantry, while his old Father receiv'd nothing but his Repentance.

Dear Sam,

I Know not whether I may attribute it to the Temperature of the Climate, or to the Form of this Commonwealth, that the Dutch are far behind the English in Point of Politeness; but this I am sure of, that a Dutch Woman has not the same Sentiments of Love as our English Ladies. They seem to know no other Pleasure in the Marriage-Bed than that of fulfilling their Duty, by raising up Children to the Lord, and Members to the State; and as for those who are mercenary they are entirely so, and seem to prostitute themselves in the Manner they would do any indifferent Action in the World, without using any Endearments to engage the Continuance of our Favours. My Landlord's Daughter is as buxom and as juicy a Lass as any I have seen in this Country; but she seems insensible to Love, and has a Taste very different from mine.

T'other Day I look'd on her with a wanton languishing Eye, just in the Manner we express a Passion in *England*, where the Women know this Sort of Speech as well as they do Words: But the poor Girl was frighted, and told her Father she believ'd I was not well; so that I had a Physician standing by me in a few Minutes, and desiring to feel my Pulse. I took another Opportunity, and us'd all the Art I was Master of, to make her as warm as my self: but all in vain; for, instead of kindling a Fire in her, her Coldness put out mine; and yet this Girl is turn'd of Twenty, has all the visible Properties of her Sex, and to Appearance is capable of making a Man happy now and then.

'Tis a common Saying, that there is no Nation so barbarous, as not to have a Sense of Love and Religion: Our modern Travellers affirm, that even the Hottentots have their Gods and their Mistresses. If this be true, the Dutch are worse than the Hottentots; for I cannot find that they have any Notion of either. The Women are bred up to Labour like the Men, and they are far more anxious about getting a good deal of Money in the Day, than getting a good deal of Love at Night. In a Word, if Religion consists at all in the Appearance of it, and if Love be a Deity among the rest, as well as the noblest Passion of the human Mind, it must be allow'd, that there are no such damn'd Atheists in the World as the Dutch, nor any People who have so few Signs of their Humanity.

I confess, the Votaries of Love in other Places are frequently too profuse in their Offerings; but then Divines rightly observe, that Superstition is better than Profaneness. Oblations here are paid with as much Ill-will as Taxes of the Government, and therefore cannot be acceptable, as their only Motive is a Compliance with the Laws. There is no generous Principle within; the Heart has no Share in the Sacrifice; and the Soul, which in other Countries accompanies the Body on these Occasions, is as unconcerned here as a City-Apprentice at a Quaker's Meeting. The best of the Whores, in *Fine*, who live only by being Priestesses to Cupid, are so rampant and boisterous, and so little acquainted with what is the main Secret of their Trade in other Countries, that for my Part, I had almost as willingly be attack'd by a great She-Bear, as bugg'd in their Arms. If you love Women, Sam, never come to *Holland*; and if you have any Regard to your Friend, pray heartily for his Restoration to the Embraces of the British Fair.

I am, &c.

Bob Congden

Thus

Thus did *Congden* at the same Time write of Religion to his Father, and of Gallantry to his Friend. The old Man believed him to be mightily reform'd, and so humbled with a Sense of his Sin, that he would live regularly all his Days; but *Sam* knew he was the same Companion as when at *Cambridge*, and that his Reformation was only occasioned by a little present Terror, which his Father's Pardon and Money together had worn off. *Bob* staid in *Holland* till he was quite weary of the Country: There was not Variety enough for him; all the Women were so much alike, and all the Towns were so uniform, that when he had seen one of either, he professed, he had seen them all. At the End of fourteen Months he came to *England* again, and was not capable of keeping himself here neither in due Bounds, tho' under the Eye of the old Gentleman; which if he had done, it might have set him so far above Necessity, that with all his Extravagancy he would scarce have been able to spend what his Father would have left him. But the old Man liv'd long enough to see that all his Hopes were disappointed: So that when he died, he cut him off of the Inheritance, and left him only six hundred Pounds. This he spent on lewd Women in so little Time, that in half a Year he was reduced to the last Extremity, and saw himself abandoned by them all. Now his whole Dependence was over, and he saw nothing further to do, but to curse all the Female Sex, and then turn either Highwayman or House-breaker. He soon became one of the greatest in *England* of both Denomination, his Necessity having made him desperate, and a Reflection on his Folly having determined him never to look back any more, but pursue his Vices till he was overtaken by Justice.

The most remarkable of all his Burglaries, was his breaking open the House of the late Earl of *Dorset*, and stealing from thence Plate and Money to the Value of several thousand Pounds. On the Highway he stopp'd the Countess of *Marlborough's* Chamber-Maid, as she was going in the Country in her Mistress's Coach. She was a little tender con-scienced upon the Point of losing her Money, and disputed the Matter with him for some Time, insisting on the Unlawfulness of what he was about, and assuring him that she was but a poor Servant. *Bob* told her, *That her Place gave her an Opportunity of making up the Loss out of her Mistress's Cash, and therefore all she could say would be to no Purpose.* So taking twenty five Guineas from her, he rode off, with only telling her further, *That he was as sorry as she could be, that 'twas her Fate to fall in his Way; for he imagined when he saw the Coach, it might have been the Lady, and then he should have had a better Prize: However, as it was, she must acknowledge it an unreasonable Thing to make him lose his Labour, since he run the Hazard of his Neck in only stopping the Coach.*

Riding one Time between *Rochester* and *Grave-sent*, he met with one Mr. *Sharp*, whom he knew to have been formerly a Captain of the *Buccaniers* in *America*. The Captain had forty Pounds about him, and was very loth to submit to the Terms of *Congden*; he who had been used to make whole Ship's Crews glad to compound with him for their Lives. However, *Bob* insisted upon his Conditions, and obliged him to strike. Still Captain *Sharp* exclaim'd against the Action, and parted with his Money very reluctantly. *Dost thou talk against honourable Highwaymen,* says *Bob*, *who hast been guilty of all the Outrages that can be thought off, in a Place where you were much more out of the*

reach of Justice than I am here? Is the stopping a Passenger on the Road, taking from him what he put in his Pocket for necessary Expences, and then letting him go honourably, so bad as seizing on the Fortunes of a great many Men, using Violence with the Persons entrusted with them, and sometimes torturing them to Death for your Pastime? Forbear to tax me with what I now do, for fear I should take Revenge on you for what you have so often done, and sacrifice you to the Manes of those innocent Wretches, whose Blood you have inhumanly spilt. When the Captain found he was known, he thought it his best Way to be silent on the Topic of Honesty; and so, after mutual Compliments they parted.

Bob used to be very full of his Repartees with the Persons he robb'd, especially if he knew them, and remembered any Thing in their particular Calling or Characters that would bear a good Jest. To Lawyers and Parsons he would talk *Latin*, and throw out some Piece of Satire on their Profession. To Quakers he appeared as stiff and primitive as they; and, in short, took care to rob every Body in such a Manner, that they might be merry with losing their Money. By this Means he was often told he was welcome to what he had got, and 'twas but very seldom that he left his Contributors in a bad Humour.

But, notwithstanding this, the last Fact he ever committed, discovers him to have been of as bloody and merciless a Disposition, as any Wretch that ever liv'd; and proves that this Gaiety of Temper was only affected, to prevent his being so severely pursued, and make the Persons that suffered by him, unwilling to have him hang'd, because he was so merry a Fellow. When he was in *London*, he lodg'd at the House of one Captain *Githings*, who liv'd in *Brook-Street, Ranelagh*. The Captain was reputed rich, and was gone a short Voyage, when *Congden* came home once very necessitous, having but very little Success in his Adventures. As soon as he came in, he sent the Maid to buy him some Tobacco, and while she was gone, with an iron Bar knock'd out the Brains of his Landlady, and of a young Child that was by, and cry'd at the bloody Spectacle. As soon as the Maid returned, he fastened the Street Door, and dispatch'd her in the same Manner, and then proceeded to rattle the House, in which he found one Hundred eighty five Pounds in Money and Plate.

It was not long after the Commission of this Tragedy, that he was apprehended, in offering the Plate to Sale, and committed to *Newgate*. At his Trial the Fact appeared so plain upon him, that he was soon condemned, and ordered to be hang'd on a Gibbet erected before Captain *Githings's* Door. On *Friday February* the 27th 1691, he was carried in a Cart to the appointed Place, where being ty'd up, his Foot slipp'd, so that he sunk down, and was almost strangled before they had turn'd him off. However, the Rope not being well fastened, it gave Way, and they permitted him to recover his Senses again, that they might ask him further concerning the Murder, which he had hitherto either deny'd, or refus'd to give any Account of. Now he confessed the whole Affair, and declared that no Body was at all concerned with him. He was turned off immediately after this; and when he was dead, his Body was convey'd to a Gibbet erected for that Purpose, between *Mile End* and *Bore*, where it was hung up in Irons. He liv'd only twenty nine Years.

The LIFE of WILL. MACQUEER.

THIS notorious Offender, was the bastard Son of an *Irish* Priest, and born at *Athenrea*, in the County of *Galway*, and Province of *Connaught* in *Ireland*. Coming young to *England*, and not readily falling into any Business, was the Occasion of his first taking to ill Courses, he being exposed, as most idle Fellows are, to bad Company; which, as we have often remark'd in this Work, is the most common Introduction to Thieving, and as it were the first towards *Tyburn*. Every one who reads the Sessions-Papers and dying-Speeches of Malefactors, must have observed this as well as we. Probably our *Irishman* might have had Industry enough to have got himself hang'd, without the Assistance of any Body; because that Nation have a peculiar Knack of getting themselves advanced in that Manner. This does not, however, hinder the Justness of our Observation in the general, since there is no Rule without Exceptions: No, not even in the Case of *Irishmen*, there being some few of that Nation whom we verily believe to be honest Men, which makes them still the more valuable, as they can be so among such bad Examples.

To turn from a Reflection of this Nature, to one that may be more useful, and that cannot offend any Body: These Instances of the bad Effects of ill Company, ought to have their due Weight on every one that reads them? How cautious should a young Man be in the Choice of those Persons, whose Morals are likely to influence him all his Days, and by the Model of whose Mind his own is likely to be form'd. 'Tis impossible we should help taking Tincture from the Company we frequent, especially in our Youth, when our Souls are justly compared to Wax, which takes any Impression that is put on it. Men are often surprized into Vice, who had before no vicious Inclinations, and who wonder at themselves afterwards, how it was possible for them to run such Lengths in Wickedness; which perhaps, by that Time they begin to reflect, is become too habitual to them, that they cannot reclaim themselves without more Pains than People are willing to take for their own Reformation, and so they run headlong on to Destruction, tho' they see it before their Eyes.

*For Vice, which first deludes, at length controuls;
So strong, so desp'rate, is the Fate of Souls:
An acted Sin too late, Alas! we view:
To fly from Shame, our Follies we pursue;
Till native Innocence and Freedom lost,
From Crime to Crime we dreadfully are tost.*

There is no need to insist any longer on these Things; they are obvious Truths, and every thinking Person must be convinced of them, That our first Conversation in the World generally forms our Lives, and that he who once perceives himself in the pursuit of Vice before he was aware, seldom has Strength or Resolution to turn back into the Path of Virtue which he has left. Such serious Thoughts as these, ought always to mix themselves with the Pleasure that may be found in reading the Adventures of Villains; who, in spite of all the Gaity

they may assume, cannot but be the most unhappy People in the Universe.

The first of *William Macqueer's* Offences was a Burglary, committed at *Brentwood* in *Essex*, in Company with three more. They entered a Gentleman's House there, stole four diamond Rings, a very large Quantity of Plate, and six hundred Pound in Money. Not long after this, he and one more broke open the Lord Chancellor *Jefferies's* House, in *Duke-Street Westminster*, whence they carried off the Purse and Mace belonging to his Office. *Macqueer* has been often heard to boast how he made his Companion carry the two Prizes before him thro' the Park, in the same Manner as they were carried before the Chancellor, while he walk'd in State behind them, and swell'd as much as any Country Cocker could do, when he arises to the Dignity of Mayor of his Borough. The next Morning early there was a terrible Hue and Cry, after these Ensigns of Dignity, which *Macqueer* had secured in his Closet at his Lodging, going out all Day to hear what would be the Event of the Enquiry. The Maid going up that Day to clean his Chamber, found a small Jewel on the Floor, which had been dropp'd from the Purse. This she instantly carried down to her Master, who having heard the News that Day, and not liking his Lodger very well before, beg to suspect what afterwards appeared to be the Truth. For sending for a Constable, and breaking open the Door, they found both the Mace and the Purse, which were the same Day restor'd to the Chancellor. *Macqueer* inform'd himself abroad of all that had happened, and never came near his Landlord and House again, till he broke it open about a quarter of a Year after, and stole away as many Goods as were valued at eighty Pounds, by way of Revenge for what was done.

Teague, at last, began to be ambitious, as most of his Profession are, when they have had Success. Nothing would serve him now, but the Highway, and he was resolv'd to be furnished with Accoutrements at the Expence of the Publick. He stole a good Horse and Saddle out of the Stable of one Counsellor *Thursby*, in *Burleigh-Street* in the Strand; and a Pair of Pistols he got from Mr. *Robert Williams*, a Gunsmith in *George-Yard, Westminster*. Thus equipp'd he set out.

There was at that Time a Poet, whose Name was *Alexander Oldys*, a Man as deform'd as *Æsop*, and so small that there was hardly such another to be seen: He was, notwithstanding, a little inclin'd to the Flesh, and often went to a Bawdy-House, to avoid bad Company. He was, besides, a bon Companion, and was reeling home on the first Day of *Macqueer's* falling forth from *Sion House*, whither he had been to present a Novel, call'd, *The Extravagant, or, the witty fair one*, to which he had prefix'd a new Dedication admirably finish'd, and wrought with all the good Qualities of the best of Men, in order to bedaub his Patron; who, in return, had inspir'd him with a little of his stoutest Nectar. One need not wonder that the Friends of *Phœbus* often run heedlessly into Danger, since the Freedom

and

and Fire they possess, in both which they resemble the Deity whom they invoke when he shines in full Lustre, prevent their suspecting any Body, and make them imagine the whole World is as free from Fraud as themselves, or as the golden Age which they sing.

But tho' we are describing a Poet, 'tis not our Business to run into a poetical Description; let us, therefore, return to the Narrative. It was the Fate of our Bard to meet *Macqueer* between *Hammer-smith* and *Brentford*, when he was accosted with the customary Salutation. Mr. *Oldys* had been all the Way repeating his Dedication to himself, and was even wrapt above the Clouds, so that he reply'd in a mighty magniloquent Tone, *Who art thou that presumest to stop a Son of the Muses? Such an Affront was never offered before to any Person that ever wore the Bays; an Affront not to me only; but to all the sacred nine, who dwell on Parnassus. Oh grant me, great Apollo, Strength equal to that which you exerted when you slew the dreadful Python, that I may crush this audacious Highwayman to Atoms. Methinks I feel fresh Force and Vigour stealing on me; therefore descend from thy Seat, thou proud Invader of Man's Rights and Properties, and let us here by dint of Sword, try whom the Gods will deign to assist.*

This romantic Speech, was delivered with so much Vehemence, and accompany'd with a great many Flourishes of an aged Sword, which made poor *Teague* stare almost as wildly as the Poet. So many hard Names, that he had never heard before, were enough to astonish him; however, he endeavour'd to return them again in the best of his boggish Eloquence. *A Shon of the Muses! be you? By my Shalvasson, I thought you wass the Shon of no Man, you be sho damned Ugly. By Shaint Patrick, I dont care for you, nor Parnash, nor Pollo, nor Python, nor any Rague alive. Tish your Money I want, and that I must have be wassh Shon you will; or elsh my Pisthol shall spend you to the Devil.*

Little *Oldys* now found he was got into other Company than that of the Muses, and began to apprehend that his Sword would do him small Service against a Pistol; upon which he gave *Teague* all the Money he had, amounting in whole, as 'tis reported, to no more than three Pence Farthing: The more shame for his Patron, if it were so, to let him go home so naked, after he had exhausted all his Stock of Hyperboles to make him great. Be that as it will, we are certain the Sum did not satisfy *Macqueer*, who deprived him of his Sword also, in a most ungentlemanly Manner; which Loss was the Cause of greater Grief to our Bard than any other Affliction he could have suffered; except that of being obliged never to write any more Verses.

The Reader will observe that this Story differs very much from the poetical Robbery in the Life of *Patrick O-Bryan*, which was committed upon *Tom Dufsey*, the celebrated Lyric Bard, tho' we did not there mention his Name. This Observation is necessary here, to prevent our being accused of telling the same Story twice, when any two Circumstances are alike, a Thing which, in spite of our Care, will now and then unavoidably happen.

Not long after the foregoing Action, *Macqueer* met the Lady *Auverquerque*, coming from the Bath in a Coach and six, stopp'd her, and desired her to lend him what Money she had about her, because he had at that Time great Occasion; promising her to pay the whole again very honestly at their next encounter, and offering to give his Bond if she demanded it. The Lady perceived what he was about, and so was willing to carry on the Jest. *Here is never a Scrivener, says she, to make a Bond. Madam,* reply'd *Teague, I will make one my self, tho' I can neither write nor read, that shall be as good as any one in England. I believe,* says the Lady, *you had as good tell me at once you are come to rob me, for*

this is an odd Way of borrowing. I am a Stranger in this Country, the Irishman said, *and sho if I dont know the differensh between robbing and borrowing, you must excuse me; for all I mean ish, give me your Money.* The Lady told him, 'twas well he had explain'd himself at last, and so gave him her Gold Watch, two Diamond-Rings, and what Money she had. He then shot two of the Coach-Horses, and the Horses of two Footmen that attended, and so rode off with his Booty as fast as he could.

Maqueer took a particular Delight in robbing the Officers of the Army, because he imagin'd that in so doing he gave a greater Proof of his Valour than he could by any other Means. We shall give two Instances of Robberies of this Kind.

The first was committed on one Mr. *Adams*, a Lieutenant of the Second Regiment of Foot-Guards, whom he met between *Uxbridge* and *Beconsfield*. The Lieutenant being stopp'd before he was aware, gave our Highwayman very good Words, telling him, *That he never knew one of his Profession meddle with Gentlemen of the Army, whom every Man ought to respect, because they hazard their Lives in their Country's Service. Teague* told him, *That as to their Service, he believed there was more of it rendered to the Ladies than to their Country; but be that as it would, he chose to stop such Persons as could not reproach him with Cowardice as well as Dishonesty, which he apprehended was the Case when he attack'd a Soldier, who, by his Profession, ought to be braver than other Men.* The Lieutenant perceiv'd *Teague* was not to be talk'd out of his Booty, and so deliver'd Six Pounds to him, out of which *Maqueer* gave him back Ten Shillings to bear his Charges.

The other Officer whom he robb'd was Captain *Shooter*, a Man of Bravery and Resolution, who would not tamely part with what he had, and had like to have made our Highwayman pay dearly for his affected Courage. Their Meeting was on *Hampstead-Heath*, where they fired several Pistols one at another, without doing any Damage on either Side. They then rode up together, with their Swords drawn, and made a great many Pushes. *Macqueer* had certainly been worsted at this Exercise, if he had not bethought himself of another Pistol in his Breeches-Pocket, which he pull'd out, and discharged suddenly through the Captain's Head, when he apprehended nothing but the Sword. He got at least fifty Guineas, and a Silver Watch, by this Murder.

The last Robbery he was concern'd in was in Company with *William Selwood*, alias *Jenkins*, another old Offender. They took two Hundred and fifty Guineas from one Mr. *Benjamin Watts* on *Hounslow Heath*. For this Fact they were both taken, condemn'd, and on Friday the first of May, 1691, executed together at *Tyburn*, *Macqueer* being in the 28th Year of his Age.

As we bring down this History nearer to the present Time, we shall frequently be able to give our Readers some Account of other Malefactors, who were executed with those whose Lives we write. We have done this once already, and shall now rehearse the Names and Crimes of those who suffer'd at the same Time with *Macqueer* and *Selwood*.

1. *Elizabeth Dale*, for the Murder of her Bastard-Child, which was begotten in the Meeting-House in *Stepney Fields*, by a Joiner.
2. *Hannah Allen*, a Girl of seventeen Years of Age, for breaking open the House of one Mr. *Web* in *White-Chapel*, and stealing thence Linnen and Plate to the Value of an Hundred and twenty Pounds.
3. *John Phipps*, an Husbandman, aged forty Years, for stealing a Gelding.
4. *William Riggs*, for breaking open the House of the Lord *Branton Gerrard*, and taking thence as much Plate as was worth Two Hundred and forty Pounds, besides other Goods to a considerable Value.
5. *Henry Win*, alias *Wing*, for Felony

lony and Burglary, in breaking open the House of Mr. Cook, an Upholsterer, near St. Martin's Church in the Strand. 6, 7, and 8. Charles Smith, John Crimes, and Henry Powel, alias Howel, for a notorious Robbery on the Highway, committed near

Acton, upon one Mr. Allom, his Wife and Daughter, from whom they took a Gold Watch, two Diamond Rings, and a Purse, with twenty nine Guineas and a Broad Piece in it.

The LIFE of JACK COLLET, alias COLE.

THIS unfortunate Person was the Son of a Grocer in the Borough of *Southwark*, where he was born, and from whence at fifteen Years of Age he was put out Apprentice to an Upholsterer in *Cheapside*. He did not serve above four Years of his Time before he ran away from his Master, and took to the Highway. We have not an Account of abundance of his Robberies, tho' 'tis said he committed a great many; but there is this remarkable Particular recorded of him, That he frequently robb'd in the Habit of a Bishop, with four or five of his Companions at his Heels in the Quality of Servants, who were ready to assist him on Occasion. Some, who love to make themselves merry with the Reverend and the Right Reverend the Clergy, would be apt to insinuate, that 'tis no very uncommon Thing to see a Thief in the Habit of a Clergyman. For our Parts, we are so far from making any such prophane Observation, that we think the sacred Order give daily Proofs, that *England* has but very few Wolves in Sheep's Clothing. Give us Leave to add however, concerning our Adventurer, that he generally got much larger Booties on the Road than most of our Lay Highwaymen.

Collet had once the ill Fortune to lose his Canonical Habit at Dice, so that he was forced to take a Turn or two on the Road to supply his present Necessities, in unsanctify'd Garments: But it was not long before he met with a good Opportunity of taking Orders again, and becoming as holy as ever. Riding from *London* down into *Surrey*, a little on this Side *Farnham*, he met with Dr. *Mew*, Bishop of *Winchester*, and commanded his Coachman to stop. The Bishop was not at all surpriz'd at being ask'd for his Money, because when he saw his Coach stopp'd he expected that would follow: But when *Collet* told him he must have his Robes too, his Lordship thought him a Madman. There was no

resisting however; the old Doctor was obliged to strip into his Waistcoat, besides giving him about fifty Guineas; which *Collet* told him he had now a Right to demand, by having the Sacerdotal Habit in his Possession: For that, you know, Doctor, quoth he, is a Proof of my indelible Character, and the Property I have in the Revenues of the Church; and as good a Proof, I believe, as many Others can shew, who have just as much Learning and Honesty as I have, and yet are acknowledg'd to be good Clergymen, and some of the Receivers General of Heaven.

Collet follow'd this Trade till he was about thirty two Years of Age, and, as if he had been determin'd to live by the Church, he was at last apprehended for Sacrilege and Burglary, in breaking open the Vestry of *Great St. Bartholomew's* in *London*, in Company with one *Christopher Ashley*, alias *Brown*, and stealing from thence the Pulpit-Cloth, and all the Communion-Plate. For this Fact he receiv'd Sentence of Death, and was executed at *Tyburn*, on Friday the fifth of July, in the Year 1691. This *Brown* and *Collet* had before robb'd *St. Saviour's Church* in *Southwark* in Conjunction.

At the same Time and Place were executed, 1. *Robert Trumbal*, once a Soldier in the *Lord Lisbon's Regiment* in *Ireland*, for Felony and Burglary. 2. *Robert Anderton*, for robbing a Gentleman in *Stepney Fields*, of a Silver Watch, a Diamond Ring, a Silver-hilted Sword, and four Guineas. 3. *Jane Williams*, for privately stealing Thirty Pounds Worth of Gold and Silver Lace from a Lace-Woman in the Strand; and 4. *John Grayn*, a Writing Master, who once kept a School in *Bedford Bury*; for stealing a Piece of Silk, Value Nine Pounds, from one Mr. *Rigby*, a Mercer, at the Sign of the *Seven Stars*, in the *Little Piazza*, *Covent-Garden*.





I. Nicholls delin.

J. Atkins sculp.

Tho: Waters Robbing a Company of Gypsies.

The LIFE of TOM WATERS.

THOMAS WATERS was born of very reputable Parents at Henley upon Thames in Oxfordshire. His Father and Mother both dy'd when he was very young, and left him to the Care of an Uncle, who put him Apprentice to a Notary Publick behind the Royal Exchange. But Business was what his Mind was not turn'd for, and the Servitude of seven Years appear'd to him a grievous Thing; whereupon he gave himself a Discharge without the Leave of his Master, before he had serv'd half the Term. What little Money he had was soon expended, and he was expos'd to the wide World, without any visible Way of getting a Living in it: These Circumstances soon inclin'd him to apply himself to the Highway, as the only Method he could see of supporting himself; there being this peculiar Advantage in the Life of an Highwayman, that he need not want a Livelihood so long as he has Occasion for it, if he will but be industrious in his Vocation: He may rob till he is taken, then the County must maintain him till the Sessions or Assizes; and if he has the Luck to be hang'd, there's an End at once of all his Wants. This was Tom's Way of thinking, and his whole Life afterwards was a Series of Actions agreeable thereto.

'Tis true he enter'd himself at first into the Earl of Dover's Troop of Guards, but the Pay of this Service was not at all proportionable to his Expences; so that he was a Soldier rather to conceal himself than for the Profit of his Place. The Highway was much more advantageous, and he soon entirely neglected his Duty, and deserted, for the sake of living more at Freedom upon the Stock of his good Fortune.

His first Exploit was on about twenty or thirty Gypsies, whom he saw near Bromley in Kent, as they were coming one Morning early out of a Barn, where they had lain all Night. He rid up to them, and commanded them to stand, with threatening to shoot half a Score of them through the Head, if they did not obey his Command instantly. These Strollers were pretty patient thus far; but when he order'd them to draw their Purse-Strings, they set up an Outcry as terrible, as the Holo-loo of the Will Irish, when they lose a Cock or a Hen. The being robb'd on the Highway was something new to them, who had all their Lives long been us'd to defraud every one they met with. Some of them intreated his Pity and Compassion in a miserable Tone: Others began to tell his Fortune; promising him abundance of Riches, and every Thing else they could think of that was desirable, and bestowing on him more Blessings than the Pope would have sold for all the Wealth they had to lose, tho' perhaps his Benedictions have not a Halfpenny more intrinsic Value in them than theirs. Tom was not so superstitious at this Time as to take Notice either of their Predictions or their Blessings; he wanted the ready Rhino; for the old Proverb, *That one Bird in the Hand is worth two in the Bush*, was one of his darling Maxims. *A Plague take you*, says he, *for a Company of canting Whores and Rogues, I know what my Fortune is well enough: I shall be hang'd, if I don't mend my Manners, and so 'tis possible some of you may be too: However, neither this*

Similitude in our Fortunes, nor all the Fargon you can muster, will do you any Service; so deliver, or I'll send half of you to your old Friend the Devil.

When our Tribe of Jugglers found he was resolutely bent upon taking what they had, they began to empty their Pockets of a large Quantity of Silver Spoons, Fasters, Gold Rings, &c. which they either stole, or persuaded some of the silly Country People to give them, for having their Fortunes told. These Moveables, together with what Monty they produc'd, amounted in all to Sixty Pounds. By that Time Tom had got his Booty, several Country Fellows in the Neighbourhood, who were alarmed at the first Outcry, came running to see what was the Matter, with Clubs, Flails, and Pitchforks in their Hands. Tom saw them coming, and rode to meet them, crying out, *That while one of the Gypsies was telling his Fortune, she pick'd his Pocket to a considerable Value, and would not return him any Thing again; for which Reason he had been lashing some of them with his Whip. You did very well, Master, said the Boors; for there are not such Thieves in Hell as these Gypsies are.* This turn'd the Rage of the Countrymen upon the Tawny Tribe, so that they drove them all out of Sight with their Sticks, and throwing Stones at them, while Tom rode laughing off, to think how he had impos'd on them.

One Time he met with an Hostler, on the Road from Yorkshire to London, who had once lik'd to have betray'd him at an Inn in Doncaster. This Fellow had sav'd together Forty Pounds, and was coming to Town in order to improve it, either by jockeying, or keeping an Alehouse; the two Ways his Countrymen commonly apply themselves to. Tom knew him again, and the Remembrance of such a gross Affront was enough to make him a little rough; however, he promis'd to spare his Life, tho' he did not deserve such a Favour, if he deliver'd what he had without Words. The Hostler was conscious of what he had done, and so he surrender'd; but at the same Time begg'd that Waters would return him Part of it, because otherwise he was utterly undone. But instead of hearkening to his Request, Tom shot his Horse, and advis'd him to tramp down into Yorkshire again on Foot, and take to his old Vocation, at which he would soon find Ways and Means to make up his Loss. If Travellers say true, our Adventurer might not be much mistaken; for the Honesty of an Hostler is a Proverb on the Road.

Another of Waters's Adventures was with Sir Ralph Delaval, at that Time Vice Admiral of the English Fleet, whom he knew very well. The Meeting was on the Road between Portsmouth and Petersfield. Well overtaken, Brother Tar, quoth Tom, pray what Religion are you of? Sir Ralph stared at him, and seem'd astonish'd at his Impudence. *What Business have you*, says he, *to enquire about my Religion? Nay, Sir Ralph, Waters reply'd, I had only a Mind to ask a civil Question, because I have been inform'd that you Sailors have no Religion at all: But since you are so crusty upon this Head, give me Leave to ask you another Thing. Pray do you apprehend you shall be robb'd before you*

you come to the End of your Journey? Not at all, quoth the Admiral, I have my Footman behind me. Now there you and I are of two Opinions, says Tom; for I believe you will be robb'd very quickly. While he was speaking his Pistols were out, and Master and Man were threaten'd with Death, if they offer'd to stir Hand or Foot. In this Condition the Knight thought it his best Way to save his Life by delivering his Money; which he did, to the Tune of ninety Guineas, besides a Gold Watch. Tom thank'd him very heartily, bid him not be so positive another Time of escaping a Robbery, and so took his Leave to go in quest of other Adventures, and spend the Profit of this.

On the same Day, between Guildford and Godalming, he met with the famous Hermaphrodite, who liv'd formerly in Lamb's Conduit Fields, and afterwards at Gosport. A mere Frolick excited him to rob this Person, that he might have such an Adventure to talk of afterwards. He stopp'd her (for she was dress'd in Woman's Apparel) with a Volley of Oaths and hard Names; calling her Masculo-Feminine Monster; half Dog, half Bitch; and abundance to the same Purpose; telling her, That he did not at all fear Prosecution: For, as thou art neither Man nor Woman, says he, 'twill be impossible for thee to lodge a Bill against me. He got from this Person about Twenty Pounds, which pleas'd him more than any other Booty he ever got in his Life, as he frequently us'd to declare.

For the Space of five Years and upwards he continued his Robberies, during which Time he committed almost an incredible Number: But as few of these Fellows escape the Demerit of their Crimes, though they may elude it for some Time, so Tom fell at last into the Hands of the Law. His last Robbery was on Hounslow Heath, a Place where almost all of them at one Time or another try their Fortunes. He took from one John Hosey, a Bristol Carrier, above Fourteen Hundred Pounds in Money and Plate; some of which latter was found on him when he was apprehended. For this Fact he receiv'd Sentence of Death; and being convey'd to Tyburn in a Coach, on Friday the seventeenth Day of July, in the Year 1691, he was there executed, in the Twenty sixth Year of his Age; going off the Stage in a very resolute Manner.

Before he was carry'd from Newgate, he deliver'd a Paper to some of his Friends, the Substance of which was as follows.

It must be confess'd, that at first Thought a Person in my Condition seems to have the least Cause to be merry of any one in the World: I am just going to leave all my Companions, all my Pleasures, and, in a Word, all that at present seems

most engaging; either in a literal Sense, To be no more, or to take a Leap in the Dark the Lord knows whither.

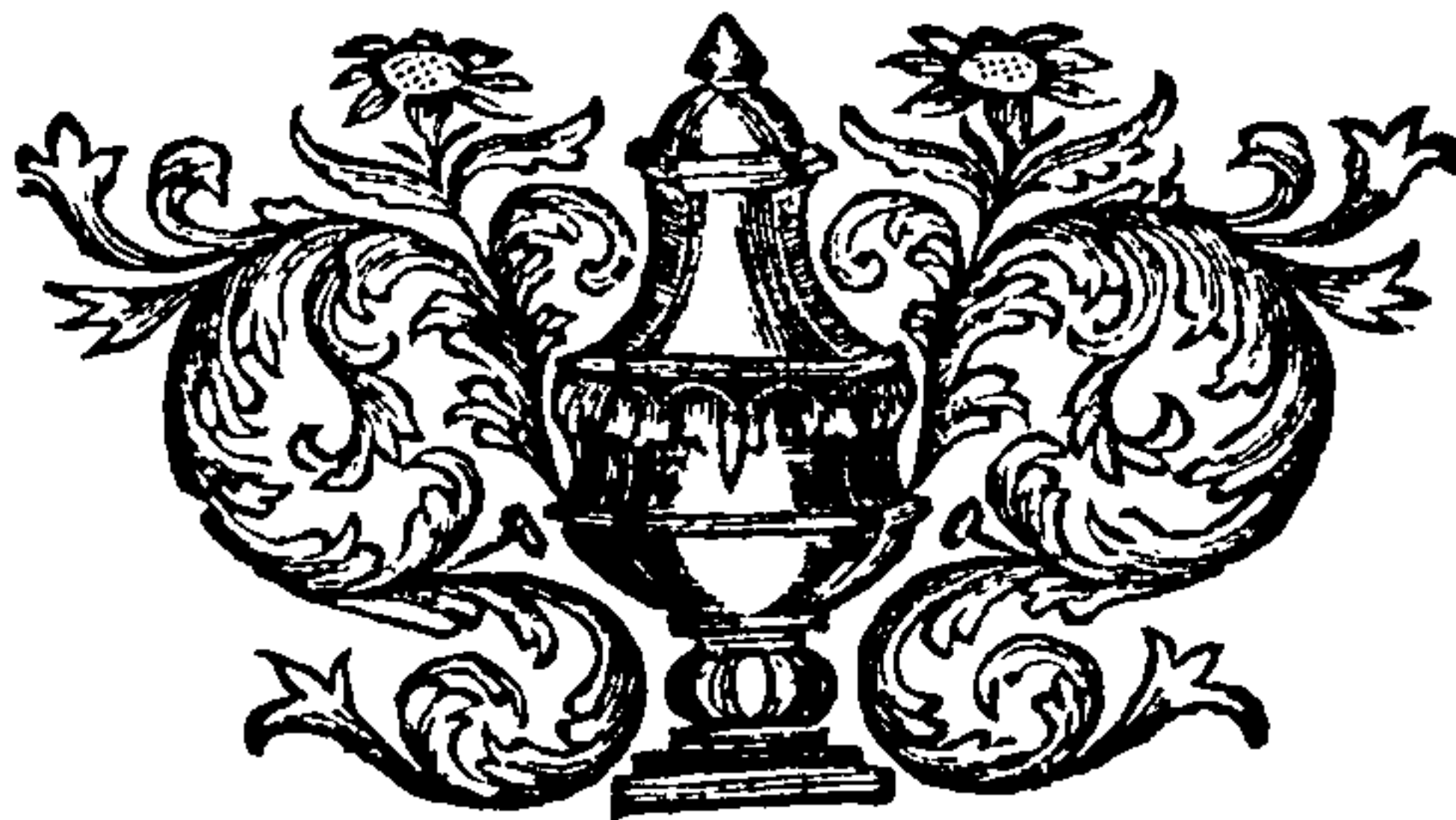
If the first of these were certain, I should have nothing more to do than to bid all my Friends Good b' w' ye, and take the finishing Swing with the same Pleasure that I go to sleep at Night; or if, on the other Hand, I were sure of taking a Supper this Evening, either in Paradise or Tartarus, and of keeping my Habitation there to Eternity, provided I were inform'd in which of these Places it was to be, I should have no Occasion to remain in this fluctuating, doubtful, State of Mind; but give Way either to Despair or Transport, according as my Entertainment would be pleasing or dreadful.

But none of these Things can be determin'd, and this very Uncertainty of Affairs is enough to make a Man thoughtful: We are apt always to fear the worst where two Extremes are before us, one of which cannot be avoided; especially if we are conscious of not having perform'd the Terms on which the best is promised.

Yet, after all, why should we fear the worst, where every Thing is equally doubtful? Does the Sailor always think of drowning when he is at Sea? No; he is as cheerful, as though the Element he was upon expos'd him to no Danger. Why then in Death only are our Fears so powerful? I can see no Reason for it, and therefore I will endeavour to think no more of it, but turn all my Thoughts to the Enjoyment of the few Moments I am to be here, in that Manner which has usually afforded me the most Pleasure; and as to Futurity ————— be as easy as an old Shoe.

You see, Gentlemen, I have reason'd my self quite out of Breath, and neither I nor you are the wiser for all I have said. Things still remain as they were, and will do so in spite of all our Enquiries. I am going the Way of all Flesh, and yet I know not a step of the Road beyond Tyburn; nor am I like to know till I come thither, and then I must take it as it runs. I am to be hang'd; that's all you'll ever know of me, and all I would ever have you desire to know. When the Job's over, go home and be merry, and let Tom Waters never more give you an uneasy Thought.

We should not have given the Reader a Paper that contains such Notions as these, if we had not been satisfy'd, that the Reasonings in it were too weak to do any Hurt. The Idea of an humble penitent Christian affords a secret Pleasure, while the Picture that this gives must fill the Soul with Horror.



The LIFE of MOLL JONES.

MARY Jones was born in *Chancery-Lane*, where her Parents lived in a great deal of Credit. She was brought up to the making Hoods and Scarves at the *New-Exchange* in the *Strand*. She married an Apprentice, whom she loved extremely, and whose Extravagancies were thought to be the first Occasion of her taking to a dishonest Course of Life; for as he was not in a Capacity to get any Money himself, she was willing to do any Thing in order to furnish him with whatever he wanted; being fond of having him always appear like a Gentleman. The first Species of thieving she took to, was picking of Pockets.

One Day meeting, near *Rosamond's-Pond*, in *St. James's Park*, with one Mr. Price, a Milliner, keeping Shop in the same Exchange in which she was bred, Moll pretended to ask him some Questions about Mrs. Zouch, a Servant of his, who had murder'd her Bastard-Child; whereupon he pull'd out a Tin Trumpet, which he usually carry'd in his Pocket to hold to his Ear, being so very deaf that he could not hear otherwise. Whilst he was earnestly hearkening to what Moll said to him thro' this Vehicle, she pick'd a Purse out of his Breeches, in which were fifteen Guineas and a Broad Piece. Mr. Price never mis'd it, till he came home, and then where to find her he could not tell.

Shortly after this, she was apprehended for picking the Pocket of one Mr. Jacob Delafay, a Jew, who was Chocolate-maker to King James II. and King William III. and lived over-against *Tork-Buildings* in the *Strand*. For this Fact she was committed to *Newgate*, and burnt in the Hand; which Punishment making her out of conceit with the Trade of *Diving* or *Filing*, she turn'd Shop-lift, in which she was very successful for three or four Years; at the End of which, privately stealing half a dozen Pair of Silk Stockings from one Mr. Wanfel, a Hosiery in *Exeter-Change*, she was detected in her very committing the Theft, by one Smith a Victualler, at the *Rose and Crown Ale-house*, over against the little *Savoy-Gate* in the *Strand*, who was buying a Pair of Stockings there at the same time. This Smith being a Constable, seized her, and carrying her before Justice *Brytal*, he committed her to *Newgate*, after which she was burnt in the Hand again.

Once more Moll obtaining her Liberty, she was resolv'd to be reveng'd on Smith the Constable, at whose House she had spent a pretty deal of Money, for discovering her in thieving; therefore knowing this Victualler to be very vain-glorious, as well as covetous, usually boasting of his Friends in the Country, and his Wealth at home, she found thereby that he had some Relations about *Ludlow*, in the Confines of *Shropshire* and *Herefordshire*, which gave her Opportunity to put this Trick upon him.

In a Summer Evening, something late, a Rogue of her Acquaintance, booted and spurr'd, with a Horse in his Hand, and covered with Dust, came along the *Strand*, and very solicitously and hastily enquired out for Mr. Smith, and by his Neighbours was informed which was his House. The Fellow

follow'd their Direction; yet like an ignorant Countryman that dared not to go one Step without new Directions in the Wood of this great Town, he kept the same gaping Enquiry in his Country Tone, where Mr. Smith dwelt. The People thought the Fellow Mad; but it prepared Mr. Smith, with very great Solemnity, to receive this importunate Visitor. Being come to his Door, he with some earnestness and elevation of Voice, demands which is his House? Smith gravely answer'd beyond the Question, *I am the Master, for want of a better: What would you please to have with me?*

Our Impostor, upon this, tells him, *That if he be the Gentleman, he hath some News out of the Country, which most nearly concerns him, having come on purpose to be the first Messenger of such glad Tidings. Pray, Sir, come in, quoth Smith, you are very heartily welcome; pray how do all our Friends in the Country? Very well, quoth the Rogue, except your Uncle that is dead; who we hope is best of all. A little before his Death, he made his Will, and, Sir, hath made you his Heir, and left you all his personal Estate besides, save a few Legacies. To-Day he is to be bury'd by some of his Kindred; but before I came away, knowing my deceased Master your Uncle's Mind, I took an Inventory of all the Goods, and lock'd up all his Bonds and other Writings, and the Money and Plate, in one of the great Chests, and have brought the Key along with me, which I here present you with.*

To have seen the perplexed Looks of this Ale-Draper, which he labour'd to frame to a Countenance of Grief, (but could not for his more prevalent Joys which visibly appear'd) would have made a Man split his Sides with laughter. At length, after a deep Sigh, and a few Exclamations on the Certainty of Death, he unriddled his Face, and very heartily welcom'd the Fellow brought him into his Kitchen, and cramm'd his Guts with good Victuals and Drink, commanding his Wife to make him what Cheer she could, since there was no recalling the Dead, though he was a dear Uncle, and the very best of Friends.

During this Preparation, the Fellow stands at some Distance, plucks off his Hat, and so keeps it, and much ado there was to persuade him to be cover'd; then he desired his new Master's Favour, that he might continue the Bailiff and Steward of his Lands; to which Smith readily assented, forpraising his Honesty and Faithfulness. After Supper, they resum'd the Discourse, with which Smith was much delighted. Then they began to consider of their Journey, the Expedition whereof this Fellow very much urged, in Regard of those poor Kindred of his Uncle's, who, no doubt, would make Havock of those Goods which were left about the House, and perchance might venture upon the Locks, and seize the rest; whereupon all Haste was used to begin the Journey; but Smith would not disgrace himself among his Kindred, and therefore would stay till he had provided himself and his Wife with new Mourning Cloaths, and Things suitable to his new Fortunes, with a black Suit and Cloak for
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the Man, who was to attend them into the Country, and bring them to this Inheritance.

When these were ready, they set forward, the Victualler having discharged his Man's Horse-Hire, and other Expences, besides Diet and Lodging, during his Stay in *London*. Upon the Road he was very officiously waited upon by this new Servant the first four Days Journey, lodging the last Night, as this Impostor said, within ten Miles of the Place whither they were to go: But early in the Morning up gets the Spark, saddles his Horse with the Port-manteau and his Mourning in it, and away he gallops by another Road, leaving his Master to find out the *Utopia* of his great Windfall; who arising, and missing his Guide and Servant, that was lost beyond all Enquiry, began to suspect the Cheat; yet Covetousness prevailing against Reason, he resolv'd to pursue the Adventure; and having the Town in Mind, which he was inform'd was no farther than ten Miles off, he rode thither, where he could hear of no such Man, nor no such Matter.

Vex'd, and yet asham'd to enquire any farther, or to make a Discovery of his own Folly, poor *Nick* and *Froth* and his Doxy turn'd their Horses Heads, and sorrowfully departed, cursing the Hour they ever saw this cheating Rogue; and to add to their Misfortunes, their Money was drawn very low, so

that they were forced to make long Journeys and short Meals in their Way homewards; and at last, to keep themselves, were fain to part with their Horses at *St. Alban's*, whom their hard Travel and harder Feeding had brought down to a Third of the Price they cost them in *London*. After this on Foot, weary'd and wasted with Vexation, they at last arrived at *London*, and in the Evening crept into their House to avoid the Laughter of their Neighbours, among whom, before their setting out, they had nois'd their sudden Wealth; the Defeat whereof at length coming to their Knowledge, never was poor Man so flouted and jeer'd as he was for many Years after.

But *Moll* did not very long outlive this Piece of Revenge; for still following the Art and Mystery of Shoplifting, she was apprehended for privately stealing a Piece of Sattin out of a Mercer's Shop on *Ludgate-Hill*, whither she went in a very splendid Equipage, and personated the late Dutchess of *Norfolk*, to avoid Suspicion of her Dishonesty; but her graceless Grace being sent to *Newgate*, and condemn'd for her Life at the *Old Baily*, she was hang'd at *Tyburn* in the Twenty fifth Year of her Age, on *Friday* the Eighteenth Day of *December*, in the Year 1691.

The LIFE of TOM TAYLOR:

AT the same Time with *Moll Jones* was executed *Tom Taylor*, a Parson's Son, born at *Colchester* in *Essex*; who accustoming himself to Gaming from twelve Years of Age, was so addicted to Idleness, that he would not be brought up to any honest Employment. Farthermore, rejecting the good Counsel of his Parents, and joining himself to bad Company, he soon got into a Gang of Pick-pockets, with whom he often went out to learn their evil Profession, and find the ready Way to the Gallows. Going once, with three or four of these Diving Sparks, to *Guildford*, a Market Town in *Surrey*, where there was next Day a Fair to be kept, fearing to be discover'd in that Concourse of so many People, they resolv'd to do their Business that very Evening, when the People were very busy in fitting up their Stalls, and some little Trading was stirring besides. Their first Consultation was how to draw the Folks together to make one Jobb of it, which was agreed on in this Manner. *Tom Taylor* pretending to be an ignorant Clown, got his Head into the Pillory, which was elevated near the Market House, as if he had only a Mind to be laugh'd at. The Noise thereof causing the whole Town to run together to see this Spectacle, his Companions so ply'd their Work, while the People gaz'd, laugh'd, and star'd, that they left but few of them any Money in their Pockets. Nay, the very Keeper of the Pillory, who was as well pleas'd at this curious Sight as any Body, was serv'd in the same Manner with the rest.

Tom seeing the Work was done, and having the Sign given him that his Comrades were departing, came down from his Wooden Machine; whereupon the Company dispers'd themselves. A little While after, some of them clapping their Hands into their

Pockets, they cry'd out with one Voice, that their Pockets were pick'd, while in the Confusion *Tom* slunk away to his Companions, who were out of the Reach of Apprehension.

At last, *Taylor* being pretty expert at picking of Pockets, he set up for himself; and one Day going to the Playhouse in *Drury-Lane*, very well dress'd, he seated himself by a Gentleman in the Pit, whose Pocket he pick'd of about forty Guineas, and went clean off. This good Success tempted *Tom* to go thither the next Day, in a different Suit of Cloath, when perceiving the same Gentleman in the Pit, whose Pocket he had pick'd but the Day before, he takes his Seat by him again. The Gentleman was so sharp, as to know his Face again, for all his Change of Apparel, though he seem'd to take no Notice of him; whereupon putting a great Quantity of Guineas into the Pocket next *Tom*, it was not long before he fell to diving for them. The Gentleman had sew'd Fishing Hooks all round the Mouth of that Pocket, and our Gudgeon venturing too deep, by unconscionably plunging down to the very Bottom, his Hand was caught, and held so fast, that he could no manner of Way disentangle it.

Tom angled up and down in the Pocket for near a quarter of an Hour, the Gentleman all the While feeling his struggling to get his Hand out, took no Notice, till at last *Tom* very courteously pulling off his Hat, quoth he, *Sir, by a Mistake, I have somehow put my Hand into your Pocket, instead of my own.* The Gentleman, without making any Noise, arose and went to the *Rose-Tavern*, at the Corner of *Bridget-street*, and *Tom* along with him, with his Hand in his Pocket, where it remain'd till he had sent for some of his Cronies, who paid down Eighty Guineas to get the Gudgeon out of this dry Pond.

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However, the Gentleman being not altogether contented with this double Satisfaction for his Loss, he most unmercifully caned him; and then turning him over to the Mob, they as unmercifully pump'd him, and duck'd him in a Horse-Pond, and after that so cruelly us'd him, that they broke one of his Legs and an Arm.

Tom meeting with such bad Usage in his first setting up for himself, he was so much out of Conceit with the Trade of picking Pockets, that he left it quite off, and follow'd House-breaking; in which Kind of Villany he was so notorious, that he had committed above sixty Felonies and Burglaries only in the County of *Middlesex*, in less than fourteen Months. He reign'd eight Years in his Crimes; but at length setting a Barn on Fire betwixt *Brentford* and *Auslily*, a little Village lying about a Mile North from that Town, while the Servants came from the Dwelling House to quench it, he ran up into a Chamber, pretending to help to preserve the Goods, but ran away with a Trunk, in which was a great deal of Plate, and an Hundred and forty Pounds in Money. He was apprehended before he got to *Hammer-smith*, where being carry'd before a Magistrate, he was committed to *Newgate*; and receiving Sentence of Death at the *Old Bailey*, when about Twenty nine Years of Age: He was hang'd at *Tyburn* on *Friday* the eighteenth Day of *December*, in the Year 1691, as before mention'd. Where he said he had been addicted to Swearing, Drunkenness, Whoredom, and all other Sins whatever, excepting Murder.

On the same Day, besides these Two, suffer'd.
1. One *William Horsey*, for the horrid Murder of two Men, one of which was his particular Friend;
2. *William Smith*, a Vintner, for Felony;
3. *Mary Motte*, for the barbarous Murder of her Male Bastard Child, by putting it up in a Basket, and exposing it in a Gutter, till it was starv'd;
4. *John Barret*, a Furrier's Son, who was put Apprentice to a Clothier, but serving only four Years of his Time, and getting into bad Company, he committed a Burglary, which brought him to this shameful Death;
5. *William Good*, for robbing a Gentleman in *Hackney Fields* of a Silver-hilted Sword, a Gold Watch, and twenty eight Guineas;
6. *Richard Johnson*, for committing several most notorious Robberies in and about the Cities of *London* and *Westminster*, and other Places in the County of *Middlesex*;
7. *Anne Miller*, for Felony and Burglary;
8 and 9, *Elizabeth Booth*, and *Humphrey Malice*, the last of whom was a Gardener at *Westminster*, for robbing a Gentleman in *Chelfea Fields* of a Silver Snuff-box, a Gold Watch, a Periwig, a Beaver-Hat, a Pair of Stone Buckles set in Silver, and Twenty four Shillings in Money.
10. A Glazier living in *Exeter-Street*, for committing several notorious Robberies on the Highway, to the great Astonishment of all his Neighbours, among whom he seem'd to carry a very civil and honest Correspondence, and devoutly exclaim'd against all Manner of Vice; but as the old Proverb is, *The still Sow drinks all the Draught*.

The LIFE of JACK WITHRINGTON.

THIS Fellow was the youngest of five Brothers, who were all born at *Blanford* in *Dorsetshire*. The other four were all hang'd in the Country, for which Reason they must remain in Obscurity; but *Jack* had the good Fortune to be reserv'd for *Tyburn*, and by that Means to have his Name transmitted to Posterity. He was bound to a Tanner in *Shifsbury*, a Town in his native County, with whom he served about three Years: For being of an aspiring Mind, and thinking himself above any mechanical Drudgery, he scorn'd to be confined any longer, and, like many Others whom we have mentioned, chose rather to expose himself to the wide World, than receive a Maintenance for seven Years as the Reward of his Fidelity.

After his Elopement, he enter'd into the Earl of *Oxford's* Regiment of Horse, in which, when *Monmouth's* Rebellion was suppress'd in the West of *England*, he came up to *London*, where he soon met with Opportunities of discovering his Valour to the World. These Occasions were two Quarrels in which he was engaged: The first with a Man famous for Fighting, against whom he behav'd with so much Bravery and Skill, that it won him a vast Reputation: The second with a Person of great Estate, but a noted Coward, when he shew'd himself a Gentleman by his Adherence to the Point of Honour and good Breeding. It must be confess'd, that to a Thinking Man, a Character founded upon such Excellencies as these must appear ridiculous; but as 'tis quite otherwise with Respect to the fashionable Part of Mankind, we need not wonder that *With-*

rington by these Duels won abundance of Applause, so as thereby to contract a Familiarity with all the greatest Fighting Men of the Time, especially those in his own Regiment, and, what is the Consequence of the other, with all the noted Ladies of Pleasure, who, though in other Cases they are altogether mercenary, think themselves oblig'd to be kind to Men of Bravery, there still subsisting a Sort of *Quixotism* among those People.

Withrington however carry'd his Manhood so far, as to get himself turn'd out of the Regiment within a Year after, for challenging his Captain. He then became a perfect Bully and Gamster; and, being fortunate, in a little Time by these Means saw himself Master of a considerable Sum of Money. Notwithstanding all this good Luck at first, he found himself afterwards subject to the Fate of Gamblers, *viz.* to be frequently without Money in Spite of his large Winnings.

This brought him at last to consider the Uncertainty of Fortune, and endeavour to make himself Master of her, by supplying with Fraud, what he might want in plain open Skill. But this neither did not continue long; for every one began to be aware of him, as of a common Sharper, and none that knew him would venture to play with him.

In the common Scale of Knavery, the next Step above a Sharper is a downright Thief. *Withrington* made bold to ascend this Degree, and was resolv'd to take the most honourable Station thereon, that of a Highwayman. He had Money enough to buy him a good Horse, and Accoutrements, so that the Re-

olution and the real Attempt were not long asunder. His first Adventure was with a Farmer, from whom he took Forty Pounds, giving him in Return only the following Harangue, occasion'd by the Countryman's reproaching him with the Robbery.

And prithee Friend, says he, who is there now a-days that does not rob? The Taylor steals by cutting out the Cloth double for his Customer's Breeches; the Surgeon by prolonging a Cure; the Apothecary by his quid pro quo, without any Regard to the Constitution of his Patient; the Merchant by his 'Change-Alley Outcries, which enable him to raise and fall the Stocks at his Pleasure: The Notary Publick gets a whole Lordship at once once by an &c. The ——— robs us by imposing on our Credulity; the Lawyer by every thing he does. In a Word, the Grocer uses false Weights; the Vintner adulterates his Wine; the Butcher blows up his Meat; the Victualler draws in short Measures; the Cook roasts his Meat twice; and, to sum up all, the Bakers, and you Farmers, giving him a Stroke a cross the Shoulders with his Whip, you cheat us by mutually complaining against one another, and raising the Price of Bread in a Time of Plenty. Now I profess Travelling; and why should not I have the Liberty to do in my Way of Trade as all others do in theirs, by stopping now and then a Man on the Road, and taking what he has.

We may suppose the Farmer was not much edify'd by this Discourse, because he gave the Orator no Thanks, and seem'd willing to get away as soon as he could.

The next that fell in *Withrington's* Way, whom we have an Account of, was Mr. Edward Clark, Gentleman Usher to the Dutchess of Mazarine. They met in *Devonshire*, in the Road between *Chudleigh* and *Ashturton*. Mr. Clark made some Resistance, so that in the Scuffle *Withrington's* Matque fell off, and discover'd his Face, which Mr. Clark knowing, he called him by his Name, and said he hoped he would not rob an old Acquaintance. *Indeed I shall, Sir,* quoth *Withrington*, *for you get your Money much easier than I do, who am forced to venture my Life for a Maintenance; you have so much a Year for eating, drinking, and entertaining your Lady with Scandal and Nonsense. What I shall take from you will do you little Harm; 'tis only putting a higher Price upon half a score Reputations, which you know how to do as well as any Coxcomb in England. Ladies never let such faithful Servants go unrewarded, nor will yours suffer your Loss to fall on yourself.* He got about eight Guineas out of this Gentleman's Pocket, and for old Acquaintance sake bid him *Good-b'w' ye* very heartily.

Withrington's Robberies in less than a Year and a half were talk'd of almost all over the Kingdom. But alas! he met with a Diversion, common to Mankind, that draws even the most stupid into the Rank of polite Persons. The poor Man was in Love; and with whom but a rich Widow Innkeeper in *Bristol*? Farewel to the Highway; *Withrington* has another Scent to pursue. No more Robberies to be thought of from a Man who was himself robb'd of his Heart! He employ'd an old Bawd in the Affair, who was intimately acquainted with our Hostess, and by this Flesh Broker's Mediation Things had like to have come to an Issue, and Jack to have been Master of the *Steau Inn*. In short, there was nothing prevented it but the accidental coming of a certain Gentleman, who knew our Highwayman, and inform'd his Mistress what he was. The Effects of this Discovery were Jack's being kick'd out of Doors by the Hostler and Chamberlain, and the Commitment of Madam the Negociatress to *Bride-well*, in order to mill *Dolly*.

Withrington carry'd it off as well as he could, though all his Acquaintance perceiv'd he was actually in Love. He absolutely deny'd it. *Why then did you not rob your Landlady according to Custom?*

said they. *Because, said he, I chose rather to rob her of Herself and of all she had at once, than to do Things by Halves: Curse on my Stars, that I have not succeeded.* He would then pretend that when *Cupid* shot him,

—— He took his Stand
Upon the Widow's Jointure-Land;

and that 'twas not the Woman but her Wealth that he was in Love with. However for some Time there was as much Alteration in his Behaviour, as *Dryden* has described in that of *Cymon*, when he became enamour'd of *Iphigenia*; before which that excellent Poet gives us this Picture of him.

*A clownish Mien, a Voice with rustic Sound,
And stupid Eyes that ever lov'd the Ground.
His Corn and Cattle were his only Care,
And his supreme Delight a Country Fair.
His Quarter-Staff, which he could ne'er forsake,
Hung half before, and half behind his Back:
He trudg'd along, unknowing what he sought,
And whistled as he went for want of Thought.*

But when he had beheld the fair One that captivated his Soul, then

*Love, studious how to please, improv'd his Parts,
With polish'd Manners, and adorn'd with Arts;
Awak'd the sleepy Vigor of his Soul;
And brushing o'er, gave Motion to the Pool;
To liberal Arts inclin'd the narrow-soul'd,
Soft'n'd the fierce, and made the Coward bold.*

It was just the same Thing with *Withrington*, in Regard to his Morals; for he had even a Mind to turn honest, and never offend against the Laws of Hospitality and mutual Forbearance again while he liv'd: But pinching Want, and a Prospect of nothing but Misery, ruin'd these good Beginnings, and turn'd the whole Stream of his Mind back into the former Channel, from whence it never afterwards was diverted.

After his Return to the Highway, he, and one of his Companions, met with Mr. Thompson, a noted Taylor, in a Part of *Hertsfordshire* that was convenient for robbing. They took from him about Thirty Pounds in Silver, and then dismounting him, they order'd him to stay where he was till they brought him more Company. As soon as they were gone from him, he remounted his Horse, and attempted to ride off as fast as he could. But our Highwaymen perceiving what he was at, having the best Horses, they fetch'd him back, and mistrusting he had more Money, by his being in so much Haste, they search'd him afresh, he protesting all the while, that he had not so much as a Farthing left if it were to save his Soul. In a literal Sense he might be right; but they made a shift to find Forty Guineas, which they thought better than Farthings. *Withrington* upon this exclaim'd, *That 'twas a sad Thing that one Christian could not believe another!* They then shot his Horse, to put a Stop to his Speed, and so rode away and left him.

In Conjunction with the same Accomplice, he stopp'd a Gentleman and his Wife both on one Horse, betwixt *St. Alban's* and *Dunstable*. They very submissively crav'd Benevolence, which not being readily granted, they shot the Horse, and swore, *That if they could have no Money, they would have the Woman.* This they perform'd by taking Madam aside into an adjacent Coppice, and each of them acting his Pleasure with her, while the other stood Centinel over the Husband. When they had done, they rifled the Gentleman of eleven Guineas, telling him, *That was no more than their just Wages, for performing his Drudgery, and they would be paid for what they had done.*

The

The last Robbery *Withrington* committed was alone. He stopp'd a Nobleman on *Hounslow Heath* attended by two Footmen. There was a short Dispute; but *Withrington* having the best of it, he took a Portmanteau, in which was Two Hundred and Eighty Guineas, Sixty Pounds in Silver, and a Parcel of fine Linnen. A Hue and Cry was soon issued out after him, and he was apprehended by Means of it at *Malmsbury* in *Wiltshire*, from whence he was remov'd to *London*, where he was condemn'd for this Fact.

The Sentence of Death seem'd to have no Effect on his Temper, for he was as gay and humourous under that Circumstance as ever he had been before. When he was riding up *Holborn Hill*, he order'd the Cart to stop; and calling up the Sheriff's Deputy, Sir, said he, *I owe a small Matter at the Three Cups, a little further, for which I am afraid of being arrested as I go by the Door; therefore I shall be much obliged to you, if you will be pleased to carry me down Shoe-Lane, and bring me up Drury-Lane again into the Road by which I am to travel this devilish long Journey.* The Deputy inform'd him, that if such a Mischance should happen, he should come to no Damage; for, says he, *I'll be Bail for you myself, rather than you shall go back to Prison again.* Thank you heartily, Sir, quoth Jack, *I protest I could not have thought that I had a Friend in the World, who would have stood by me so in such a Time of Need.* After this he rode very contentedly to the Place of Execution, where he was tuck'd up with as little Ceremony as usual. This fatal Day was *Wednesday* the first of *April*, in the Year 1691.

The Night before his Execution, he writ the following short Letter to a Friend in *Dorsetshire*.

Dear Tom,

AS I very much question whether or no you may see any News-Papers in the Place where you live, I think it highly necessary to send you Word by Letter, that I am to be hang'd to-morrow; otherwise you may lose your old Correspondent, and never know the Reason of it. I don't believe you'll be much surpriz'd at these Tidings, because you have often told me 'twas what I must come to; as to my own Part, I have a thousand times confess'd, that I expected it.

But I send you this as a Secret, and as to my Friend and Confident; for though 'tis my Fate to be taken out of the World in good Health, there's no Need for all the Country to know it. No, no, Tom, prithee take Care of my Reputation when I am gone, and don't let me be abus'd by Slanderers; for as big a Rogue as I have been, I believe there are some bigger, who have nevertheless left good Names behind them; and what need a Man wish for more?

*I am apt to think they'll be so ill-natur'd in the other World, as never to let me send to thee from thence, because we have never had a Line from any one of my Brothers. But if a Body can't do a Thing, one can't. I don't know what to say more, unless it be, that I should be very glad if I was along with you in *Dorsetshire*.*

Yours, &c.

J. Withrington.

The LIFE of TOM COX.

THOMAS COX was born at *Blandford* in *Dorsetshire*. He was the youngest Son of a Gentleman, so that having but a small Patrimony, he soon consumed it in riotous Living. Upon the Decay of his Fortune he came up to *London*, where he fell in with a Gang of Highwaymen, and easily comply'd with their Measures, in order to support himself in his dissolute Course of Life. He was three Times try'd for his Life, before the last fatal Tryal; and had, after all these Imputations, a Prospect once more of making himself a Gentleman, so indulgent was Providence to him. A young Lady fell in Love with him at *Worcester*, he being a very handsome Man, and she went so far as to communicate her Passion, and almost make him a direct Offer of herself and Fifteen Hundred Pounds. Cox marry'd her; but, instead of settling himself in the World, and improving her Fortune, he spent it all in less than two Years, broke the poor Gentlewoman's Heart with his ill Usage, and then took to his old Courses again.

The Robberies he committed after this were almost innumerable: We shall briefly mention a few, without dwelling on Particulars that are not material. One Day he met with *Killigrew*, who had been Jester to King *Charles* the Second, and order'd him to deliver. *Are you in Earnest, Friend?* said the Buffoon. Tom reply'd, *Yes, by G—d am I!* for though you live by jesting, I can't. *Killigrew*

found he spoke Truth; for so well as he lov'd jesting, he could not conceive that to be a Jest which cost him Twenty five Guineas; for so much Tom took from him.

Another Time he robb'd Mr. *Hitchcock*, an Attorney of *New Inn*, of Three Hundred and fifty Guineas, on the Road between *Mildhurst* and *Tetworth* in the County of *Suffex*, giving him in Return a Lesson on the Corruption of his Practice, and throwing him a single Guinea to bear his Charges. Mr. *Hitchcock* was a little surprized at the Highwayman's Generosity, but more at his Morality, imagining the World must needs be near its End, when the Devil undertook to reform it.

Mrs. *Box*, an infamous Bawd, living in *Fountain-Court* in the *Strand*, was another that fell into his Hands. She had been at *Litchfield* to receive Fifty Pounds, which was left her as a Legacy by a Sister. Cox made bold to ease her of her Burden, and give her a great many hard Words into the Bargain. He told her of the Vileness of her Profession, and that 'twas pure Envy made a Bawd. For, says he, *when you have lost all your own Teeth, and are grown as ugly as Imagination can figure, you decoy young Women, and make them subservient to your Pleasure, that you may hurry them by Diseases into your own Condition.* The old Haradan, being used to Scurrility, return'd his Compliments with others of the same Kind, which provoked Cox so far, that he

he made her come out of the Coach, where she was alone, and pull off her Mourning-Clothes, telling her, *That when she came home, she would have much more Reason to buy Mourning than at the Death of her Sister; because by her Departure out of the World she had got something, but by this Adventure she had lost it all again.*

Tom Cox was as great a Libertine in his Sentiments as he was in his Practice, for he professed a Belief that the *Summum Bonum* of Man consisted in sensual Pleasures, as *Epicurus* is said to have thought formerly, whose Disciple he called himself. 'Tis a common Thing to call Persons *Epicureans* that fall into these Notions, and I don't know whether in a Work of this Nature it may be worth while to prove that the Word is falsely apply'd; since the Idea is all that we are to regard. However, 'tis Pity *Epicurus*, who was certainly a very good, as well as a very wise Man, should suffer in the Opinions of those who may not have Opportunity to inform themselves. Let *Epicurean* signify what it will, they are no Followers of *Epicurus* who are not Lovers of Virtue, and who do not place their supreme Happiness in the most exalted Pleasures of the Mind, as that great Philosopher certainly did.

Our Offender was at last apprehended for a Robbery on the Highway, committed near *Chard* in *Somersetshire*: But he had not been long confin'd in *Ilchester* Jail, before he found an Opportunity of escaping. He broke out of his Ward into the Keeper's Apartment, who, as good Luck would have it, had been drunk over Night, and was now in a profound Sleep. 'Twas a Moonlight Night, and Cox could see a Silver Tankard on a Table in the Room, which he secured, and then let himself out with Authority into the Street, by the Help of the Keys, leaving the Doors all unlock'd as he pass'd. The Tankard he had stole was worth Ten Pounds; and besides that he got into a Stable just by, and took a good Horse, with proper Furniture, to carry him off. This he look'd upon as one of his fortunate Nights, to get his Liberty, and a good Booty into the Bargain.

'Tis reported of Tom Cox, that he more than once robb'd Persons of his own Trade. Indeed there is an old Proverb, that *two of a Trade can't agree*; but it must certainly be a very dangerous Thing for Highwaymen to make so bold one with another; because every one of them is so much exposed to the Revenge of the rest; and as Cox sometimes robb'd in Company, it discovers that he was not an unfociable Thief.

One Time in particular he had Accomplices, when he formed a Project of robbing a Nobleman, well attended, who was travelling the Kingdom. Tom associated himself with this Nobleman on the Road, and talk'd to him as they pass'd along of the Adventures he had met with, in such an agreeable Manner as gave a great deal of Pleasure. They had not rid many Miles together, before two of Tom's Companions came up and bid them stand; but immediately fled upon Tom's pulling out a Pistol, and making a little Bluster. The Nobleman attributed his Delivery to the Generosity and Bravery of this new Companion, putting still more Confidence in him, and desiring his Company as long as possible. They were to stay a whole Day at the next great Town, in order to take a Ride round the Country, and see what was to be seen, according to the Custom which this noble Friend of Tom's had practis'd all

the Way. In the Morning the Saddle-Horses were got ready, and our two Fellow-Travellers set out for the Tour of the Day, the Person of Quality refusing to take a Footman with him as usual, that he might the more freely converse with his new Acquaintance.

We shall not trouble the Reader with what they saw on the Way, and how much they were pleas'd, because that is little to our Story. About Noon they came to a convenient Place, when Cox suddenly threw off the Masque, and commanded his Companion to deliver his Money. *Why ay, such a thing might be done here, for 'tis a devilish lonesome Country; but I can fear no Danger while you are with me; you, whose Courage I have so lately experienced,* says the Nobleman, not imagining but Cox had been all this Time mimicking the Adventure of the preceding Day, *Such a thing might be done? Why, in the Name of Satan, I hope you don't think I have kept you Company all this Time to play tricks on you at last; if you do, Sir, let me tell you, you are damnably mistaken.* With that he pull'd out a Pistol, and presented to his Breast, swearing and cursing like a Madman, till he had given sufficient Proof that he was in Earnest. Fill'd with Astonishment and Confusion, our Nobleman deliver'd a Diamond Ring, a Gold Watch, and near an Hundred Guineas in Money, staring all the while in Tom's Face with as much Stedfastness as a Picture. To prevent a sudden Pursuit, Tom then dismounted his Companion, bound him Hand and Foot, and kill'd his Horse, according to the Custom of experienced Highwaymen; taking his Leave with a Sneer and *Good b' w' ye, Fellow-Traveller, till I meet you again.*

After this Tom Cox committed two other Robberies that were known. One of them was on a Grafter, who had been at *Smithfield* and receiv'd about Three Hundred Pounds for Cattle, a great Part of which was in Silver, and consequently made it pretty bulky. When he had got the Money he fell to carrying the poor Sufferer in an unmerciful Manner, who desired to know the Reason of such Usage after he had taken all. *Sirrah,* says Tom, *'tis for loading my Horse at this Rate; that you may remember another time to get your Money changed into Gold before you come out of Town; for who the Plague must be your Porter!* We may reasonably suppose the Grafter chose rather to pay for the Return of his Money for the future, than carry so much about him.

Tom's last Robbery was on a Farmer, from whom he took about Twenty Pounds. It was not above a Week after the Fact before the said Farmer came to London in Business, and saw Tom come out of his Lodgings in *Essex-street* in the Strand; where upon crying out *stop Thief*, he was immediately apprehended in *St. Clement's Church-Yard*, and committed by a neighbouring Magistrate to *Newgate*, where he lived till the Sessions in an extravagant Manner, being very full of Money. Receiving Sentence of Death on the Farmer's Deposition at *Justice-Hall*, on *Wednesday* the third Day of *June*, 1691, he was hang'd at *Tyburn*, in the Twenty sixth Year of his Age. He was so resolute to the last, that when Mr. Smith the Ordinary ask'd him a few Moments before he was turn'd off, whether he would join with his Fellow Sufferers in Prayer? *D — n you, No;* says he, and kick'd both Ordinary and Executioner out of the Cart.

The LIFE of JONATHAN SIMPSON.

WHEN a Man who has had an Opportunity of living not only in Reputation but even in Splendor, all his Days, brings himself to the Gallows, we are apt to look on his Case as more deplorable than that of another Person, though in Reality he is much less to be pitied; because there must be violent Inclinations to Dishonesty where it seems to be prefer'd of Choice, and where a Person will be a Rogue in Spite of all that Providence can do to prevent it.

We can't indeed judge the Hearts of Men so far as to say this was positively the Case with *Jonathan Simpson*, because he certainly receiv'd high Provocations from his Wife while he was in Trade; but then we can find no other Reason for his turning Highwayman than the Bent of his Mind notwithstanding, forasmuch as he had still enough either to have lived moderately on all his Days, or to have gone into Trade again in another Place, after he had shut up his Shop on his Wife's Account.

But not to run into a Train of Reflections before we have given the Story on which they are built, we are to tell the Reader, that *Jonathan Simpson* was the Son of a very wealthy Inhabitant of *Launceston* in *Cornwall*, and that his Father put him Apprentice to a Linnen-Draper in *Bristol* when he was about fourteen Years of Age. When he had served out his Time, which he did with Reputation, the same indulgent Father gave him Fifteen Hundred Pounds to set up with in the City where he was free, and where he soon fell into great Business, and got Money apace.

In less than a Year after he had kept Shop, he marry'd a Merchant's Daughter of the same Place, who brought him a Fortune of Two Thousand Pounds. This was a great Addition to his Wealth, but the Union proved unhappy, because the young Lady was before engaged in Affection to a Gentleman of less Fortune in the Neighbourhood; whom her Father hinder'd her from having, and with whom she continued a Familiarity, that soon displeased her Husband.

Jealousy doubtless is the most tormenting Plague that can haunt either Man or Woman; and it frequently drives both to Extravagancies that before they could not have thought of. Possibly in Fact this Passion might be more than any thing the Occasion of *Simpson's* Ruin; but to Appearance it wrought on him in a merry Manner, for it was the Occasion of the following pleasant Adventure.

He formed a Pretence of going into *Cornwall* to see his Friends, and so took his Leave of his Wife for ten or twelve Days, who as soon as he was gone, gave her Gallant Notice, being unwilling to lye so long alone. He was to come in the Evening, and a Couple of Fowls and a Bottle of Wine were got ready for his Reception. *Simpson* staid abroad till he imagined the Woodcock was got into his Springe, and then he comes to the Door before the Maid, who was privy to her Mistress's Affairs, was gone to Bed. He ran immediately up into the Chamber, and Madam could not conceal her Lover in a great Chest, that stood in the Room, so suddenly but that her Cuckold heard the Lid of it move: However he took no Notice, but told her he was glad she had

got something for Supper, and made an Excuse for his returning so soon.

Mrs. *Simpson's* Spark was also marry'd since he had lost his Mistress, and he had made some Pretence of going abroad for some Days, to spend that Time in the Company of one he liked better than his Wife, designing when he was once enter'd to have continued in *Simpson's* House till near the Time of his Return. *Jonathan* found an Errand also to some Relations at the further End of *Bristol*, that must be done that Night, on which he dispatch'd his dear Rib, and sent immediately for the Spouse of her Gallant to come and sup with him in his Chamber on the two Fowls.

While they were at Supper he told his Guest that he had lost his Wife that Evening, and that she had been seen with her Husband. This immediately inflamed her with Jealousy, because she knew of their former Intimacy, so that there was no Difficulty to persuade her to revenge the Affront, which *Simpson* took Care to have done on the very Chest wherein poor *Pill-Garlick* was almost stifled. As soon as the Job was over, he lifted up the Lid of the Chest, and cry'd, *Come out Brother Cuckold*; which he did in Confusion enough. The poor Woman was ready to swoon for what she had done when she saw her Husband; but *Simpson* made him swear not only to forgive her, but never to mention the Thing, under Penalty of losing his Ears; and so he turn'd them both home together very well reconciled.

But though this was all he did to his Neighbour, his Revenge on his Wife went yet further; for when she came back from the Place he had sent her to, he refused her Admittance; and the next Day sold off his Stock, shut up Shop, and went off with all the Money he could raise, resolv'd never more to live in *Bristol*.

Such a Crisis as this must be a great Tryal for any Man; but there can be no Excuse sufficient to defend a Person that invades the Property of another. Almost any Man in such a Case would have run into Extravagancies; but none but a Man that was viciously inclined would have turned Highwayman, as *Simpson* now did. He had above Five Thousand Pounds of his own, but his Expences were of a Piece with the rest of his Actions; for at the End of eighteen Months he had not a Penny left of all this large Sum; and of all the Money he had during that Time taken on the Road.

While his Money lasted he play'd with the Law; for though he was once or twice discover'd, he made up the Matter, and prevented a Prosecution. The Law is chiefly for poor Rogues, who can neither daub a Plaintiff, hire an Evidence, or corrupt a — or a —. G—g was hang'd in Queen *Anne's* Time because he was not Principal in the Fact he suffer'd for, and consequently had less Money than they that escaped. When a Ministry of State is corrupted, there are commonly a great many of your little Officers, who are forced to make a wry Face, before their Masters can be touch'd: Nay, 'tis hardly once in an Age that a *Mazarine*, a *Mortimer*, or a *Blue-String* goes to Pot; and when such a One does come to Justice, 'tis commonly after he has spent all

his Money in his own Defence, unless a *Felton* undertakes to be the Executioner, and so the Job is finished without the Help of the Law. If *Charteris* had been pistol'd for a private Affront, he might have met with his Desert; but it was not for a Man to be hang'd with so much Money.

No sooner had *Simpson* wasted all his Substance but he was apprehended and condemn'd at the *Old Baily* for a Robbery on the Highway, and he must certainly have swung for it, if some of his rich Relations had not procured him a Reprieve from Above. It came when he was at *Tyburn*, with the Halter about his Neck, and just ready to be turn'd off in Company with several Others. As he was riding back to *Newgate* behind one of the Sheriff's Officers, the Officer ask'd him, if he thought any thing of a Reprieve, when he came to the Gallows. No more, said *Simpson*, than I thought of my Dying-Day. A very pretty Expression at that Time.

When he was brought to the Prison-Door, the Turnkey refused to receive him, telling the Officer, that as he was sent to be executed, they were discharged of him, and would not have any thing to do with him again, unless there was a fresh Warrant for his Commitment; whereupon *Simpson* made this Reflection: *What an unhappy cast-off Dog am I! that both Tyburn and Newgate should in one Day refuse to entertain me. Well, I'll mend my Manners for the future, and try whether I can't merit a Reception at them both the next time I am brought hither.* He was as good as his Word; for 'twas believed he committed above forty Robberies in the County of *Middlesex* within six Weeks after his Discharge.

He was a very good Skater, and made a Practice of robbing People on the Ice between *Fulham* and *Kingston-Bridge*, in the great Frost, 1689, which held thirteen Weeks. He used to kick up their Heels, and then search their Pockets.

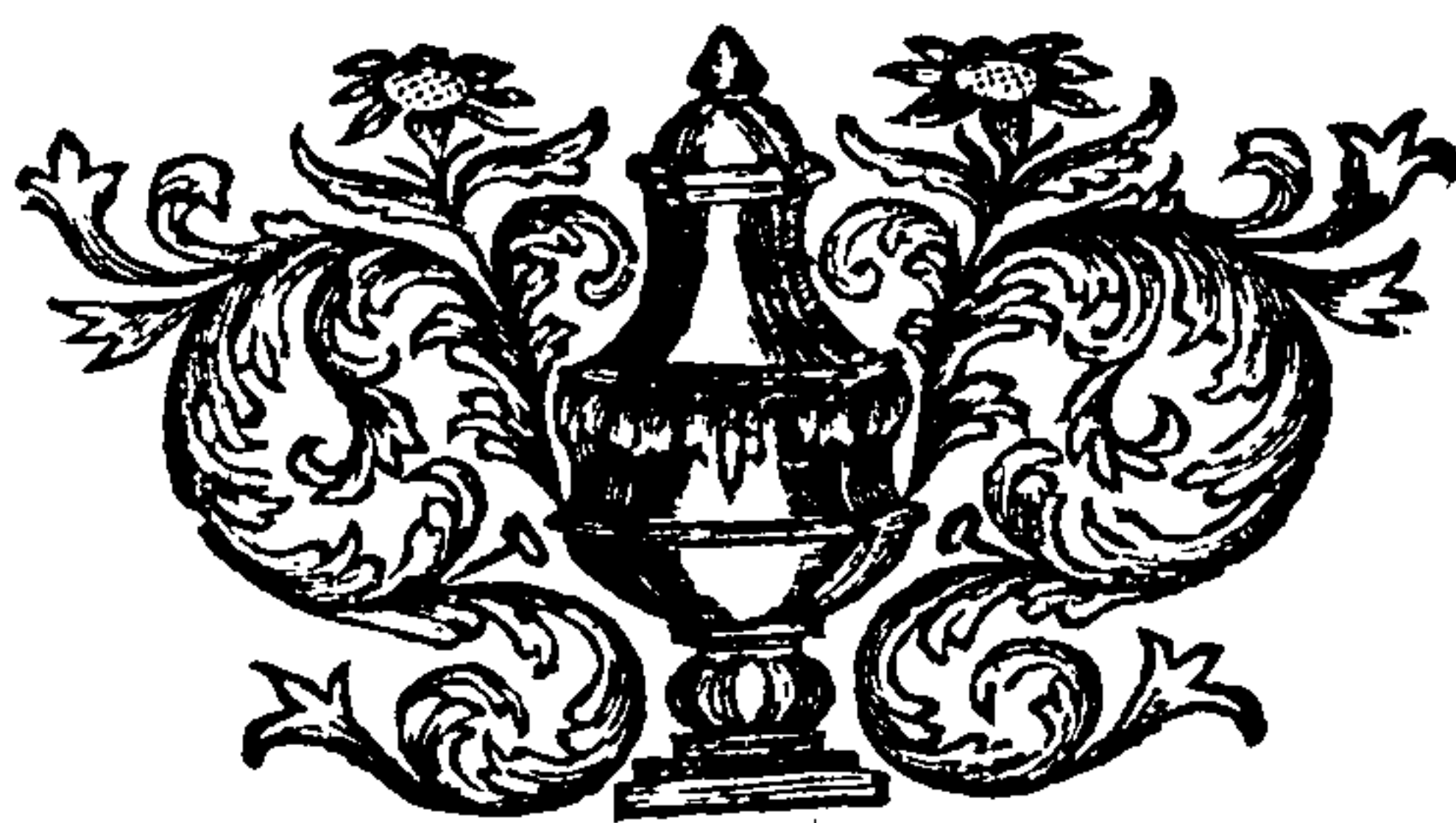
One Time a Gentleman whom he stopp'd gave him a fine Silk Purse full of Counters, which he took for Gold, and so did not examine them till he came to his Inn at Night. When he found himself outwitted, he made no Words of it, but kept the Brass Booty in his Pocket, looking out frequently for his Benefactor, whom he knew to be often on the Road. At the End of about four Months, he met

his Worship again on *Bagshot Heath*, when riding up to the Coach, Sir, says he, *I believe you make a Mistake the last Time I had the Happiness to see you, in giving me these Pieces; I have been troubled ever since for fear you should have wanted them at Cards, and am glad of this Opportunity to return them: Only for my Care I require you to come this Moment out of your Coach and give me your Breeches, that I may search them at Leisure, and not trust any more to your Generosity, lest you should mistake again.* The Gentleman was obliged to comply by a Pistol, and *Simpson* found at Night that the Freight of his Breeches, was a Gold Watch, a Gold Snuff-Box, and a Purse, containing ninety eight Guineas and five *Jacobus's*.

Another Time he robb'd the Lord *Delamere* on *Dunmoor-Heath* of three hundred and fifty Guineas, perswading his Lordship first to send away all his Attendants on a sham Pretence of two Highwaymen that were just before, and had robb'd him of forty Pounds. This Action made his Lordship swear never to do a good-natured Deed again to a Stranger.

The Robberies he committed on Drovers, Pedlars Market-People, &c. were almost innumerable. He stopp'd in one Day nineteen of those People between *London* and *Barnet*, and took from them above two hundred Pounds. He even ventured to attack the Duke of *Berwick*, natural Son to King *James* the Second, and take from him his Watch, Rings, and Money, amounting in all to a great Value.

This great Malefactor was at last apprehended near *Aston*, by Means of two Captains of the Foot-Guards, whom he attempted to rob both together. There was an obstinate Fight between them, and *Simpson* behaved himself with so much Bravery, that, in all Probability, he had not been taken, if one of the Officers had not shot his Horse under him, though he was before that wounded in both his Arms and one of his Legs. Nay even when he was dismounted he defended himself till other Passengers came up and secured him, which his Adversaries were scarce able to do, they being also both very much hurt. When he was sent to *Newgate* he now found the Keeper so much his Friend as to receive him, neither did *Tyburn* this Time refuse to bear his Burden. He was hang'd on *Wednesday* the eighth of *September*, 1686, aged thirty two Years.



The LIFE of JOCELIN HARWOOD.

EVERY Day's Experience may serve to confirm the old *English* Proverb, *That a good Father may have a bad Son*. Virtue is not convey'd in the Channels of Nature, and two Men may be of the same Blood, yet very different in respect of their Actions. It must be allow'd indeed, that the Son of a virtuous Father if he falls into Excesses, commits a much greater Crime than one who has never had the Advantage of good Instruction, and, what is still more powerful, good Example. But this is only a moral Reflection, and does not at all invalidate what we have said, the Truth of which is proved by continual Observation.

Jocelin Harwood was a degenerated Plant from a good Tree. His Father was honest, moderately rich, and of undoubted Reputation: And the greatest Misfortune of his Life was the having a Child so unworthy of him. *Jocelin* was born in the Year 1669, at *Watrinbury* in *Kent*, where he was educated with all the Caution necessary in such Cases: Nor did he at first seem to neglect the Care that was taken of him, but rendered himself deserving of it by his Improvements, promising a much better Manhood than he afterwards afforded. But no Body can account for these Changes.

When he grew towards seventeen Years of Age, he ran away from his Father, carrying off with him about sixty Pounds. Children often begin the Practice of Thieving upon their Parents; because the Crime there seems less to them; or at least, because they hope, if they are detected, to meet with more Mercy than from other Hands. But this is only an Artifice of the great Deceiver of Mankind, who knows the Temper of our Souls too well, and in what Manner to lead us on from Step to Step till we arrive at the very Height of Iniquity.

Thus *Harwood*, when he had wasted what he took from his Father in Luxury and Wantonness, made no Scruple of getting more in the same dishonest Way. Being now in *London* also, he had every Disadvantage that a young Man can have, who has given Way a little to the Allurements of Vice. His Money brought him into bad Company, and then that bad Company perswaded him to seek for more Money. He submitted at first only to pilfering and picking of Pockets, which he followed for about three Years, and then he resolved to move in a higher Sphere, make a greater Blaze in the World for a Time, and receive his Fate, when it came, with more Honour.

The ill Success of his first Adventure on the Highway was enough to have reform'd him, and deterr'd him from ever attempting the like again. He had stolen a Horse, Bridle, Saddle, Holsters, and Pistols, with which he set out on *Black Heath*, and was so hardy as to order two Men at once to stand and deliver. The Gentlemen engaged him, shot his new Horse, and had certainly taken him, if the Wounds they receiv'd in the Encounter had not disabled them from exerting themselves. *Harwood* was terribly frightened at the Bravery of his Antagonists, and was glad he could get off without a Horse.

The next Night he broke open a Stable at *Dartford* in *Kent*, and remounted himself, though but

indifferently. He had not been many Hours upon the Road before he overtook one Mr. *Payne*, a Lifeguard-man, with whom he fell into Discourse upon the Goodness of their two Horses. Mr. *Payne* laugh'd at *Harwood* for mentioning such a despicable Beast as he was mounted on at the same Time with such a noble Beast as the other. *Pray*, says *Harwood*, *what may be the extraordinary Qualities of your Horse, that you boast of him so?* *I confess* he has a better Appearance than mine, but I will undertake to leap with you for what you dare, or travel a Day's Journey.

The Lifeguard-man could not help admiring what *Harwood* said; though he did not believe but 'twas all Lies: He would not however tell him so, but thought to convince him genteely of his Mistake the first Opportunity that offer'd. They came at last to a Gate, that led into a By-Road, but was always fast except on particular Occasions. *Harwood* knew whither 'twould carry him, though the other did not. When Mr. *Payne* saw this Gate, he immediately gave his Horse a Kick, and over he went, coming back again with the same Ease. *Surprize me, Sir*, said *Harwood*, *I could never have believ'd such a Thing if I had not seen it. But pray would your Horse do the same with another Person on his Back?* Certainly, says the Soldier; *you shall try him if you please.* *Harwood* seem'd afraid of being thrown off, however he accepted the Offer for the Sake of saying he had rid such a Horse.

In a Word, *Harwood* got upon the Lifeguard-man's Horse, and leap'd the Gate, with the same Ease as it had been done just before. *And now pray Sir*, says he, *at what do you value this fine Beast?* At forty Guineas, said *Payne*. Well, *I confess* you are very reasonable, said *Jocelin*, but I have not so much about me: However the first time I see you after your Horse has earned so much, you shall have the Money. And so away he rode, the Soldier being able to pursue him only with his Eyes and his Oaths.

Jocelin continued to rob on the Highway for about two or three Years, during which Time he lived in all manner of Excess, passing from County to County as it suited either with his Pleasure or his Safety. If he had been any thing frugal, he might in this Time have amassed a prodigious Sum of Money; but he was too much of a Gentleman not to spend all as fast as he could after he had got a Booty.

The last and worst Action of his Life was committed at the House of Sir *Nehemiah Burroughs* in *Shropshire*; where he was informed of an immense Treasure, in Plate and Money. In Company with two more, he went one Night, and broke open this House; gagging and binding all the Servants as fast as they could get into their Chambers. When the rest of the Family was secure, he went to the Knight, and bound him and his Lady; and then going into his Daughters Room, one of the young Ladies said to *Harwood*, *Pray Sir, use us civilly; which if you do, we will use you in the same Manner, in Case you and your Companions should be taken; for I am sure we shall know you again. Shall you so?* said the inhuman Wretch, *I'll take Care then to prevent*

prevent your doing any Mischief. Upon this he cut them both in Pieces with his Hanger, and then running into the old People's Room again, *What*, says he, *and do you know me too?* They told him *No.* *D—n you*, said he, *you are only a little more artful than the B—s your Daughters, but I shan't trust you.* Then he run them both thorough, and left them wallowing in their Blood, seeming as well satisfy'd as if he had done a meritorious Deed.

His Companions were so astonished at the Barbarity of this Fellow, that they stood like Stocks, unable either to prevent him in his bloody Attempts, or to apprehend him for them on the Place, which latter they had most Mind to. But the Horror continued so strong on their Minds, that, tho' they were both old Offenders themselves, they could not help exposing him to Justice as soon as they had left the House of this unhappy Family. Being on the Road, one of them by Agreement shot his Horse, and then they joined to bind him Hand and Foot, and leave him on the Ground, with a Piece of the Knight's Plate by his Side; telling him 'twas but a just Requital for his Inhumanity.

The next Day, an Enquiry being made all over the Country, he was found in the Condition he had been left by his Companions. The Excuse he made to those who discover'd him, was, that he had been robb'd himself by some Rogues, who dropp'd that Piece of Plate by him in their Hurry. But this Pretence did him little Service; for upon searching his Pockets they found a great deal of Money there;

besides Cords, a dark Lanthorn, Watches, and a Tinder-Box; all which made his Case very suspicious. When he came into the Presence of the Servants of the Family, they all swore he was one of the Men who had bound and gagg'd them. What made the Proofs yet stronger was a Letter, which his Companions sent with an exact State of the Affair, and the Manner of their leaving him.

Upon all this Evidence he was sent under a strong Guard to *Shrewsbury-Jail*, where he behaved very audaciously. At his Trial he was even so impudent as to spit in the Faces of the Judge and Jury, and talk to them without any Regard to Decency. The Matter of Fact being plainly proved against him, he was condemn'd to be first hang'd on the Gallows till he was dead, and then to have his Body hang'd in Chains on a Gibbet, for a publick Spectacle. This Sentence made no Impression on him; so that he continued the same horrid Course of Oaths, Profaneness, and Blasphemies, till his Death. By these Methods, and his getting drunk the very Morning he was to die, he so exasperated every Body against him, that the common People of the Place would have executed Justice on him, if the Law had not, the first Time they could have laid Hold of him. When he was at the Gallows, with a steady Countenance, he said, *That he should act the same Murder again, in the same Case.* This was all he would say to any Body. 'Tis shocking to think that such a Wretch should be but twenty three Years of Age, at the Time of his Death, which was in the Year 1692.

The LIVES of WILL JONES, JACK BARBER, and Others.

THESE two Malefactors were executed at *Tyburn* on *Wednesday* the twenty sixth of *July*, 1693, for the same Fact, which was, robbing one Mr. *Salter* of *Stoke* in *Buckinghamshire*. They had both been great Offenders before, according to their Age; though abundance of their Robberies are not recorded. We shall say a little of each.

WILLIAM JONES, alias *GOODWIN*, (which latter was said to be his right Name) though he went by the former, was born in *Gloucestershire*, at a Village near *Camden*, called *Weston Subedge*. He was kept to School till sixteen Years of Age with one Mr. *Taylor*, whom he had like to have killed with a Pistol. At their breaking up at *Christmas*, the Boys had shut their Master out of the School in the midst of their Diversion, and refused him Entrance. Mr. *Taylor* upon this endeavouring to force open the Door upon them, *Jones* discharged a Bullet thorough the Key-hole, and narrowly miss'd his Breast.

Complaint being made to his Father of this Misdemeanour, he was severely corrected, and removed to another School, the Master of which was called *Bedford*, with whom he continued about two Years more. He now thought himself too old to be restrained, and requested his Parents to take him home; which was done according to his Desire. Some Time

after this he had a small Estate left him by his Grandfather, which made him still desirous of being more fully his own Master; to which also his indulgent Father consented, and promoted his Liberty (if Marriage may not rather be called a Slavery) by matching him to a Fortune as good as his own. The Woman however not proving so good as she should do, a Sense of his ill Usage made him extravagant: He now abandoned himself wholly to Whoring and Drinking, the two Rocks on which so many are cast away before their Time.

In the midst of these Excesses, he had one Night a small Quarrel in Company, when he made no more to do but pull out his Sword, and stab the Person who gave the Affront to the very Heart. A Dread of the Consequences of this Murder made him get off as fast as he could, and the Want he was in of a Maintenance, when he was from home, and durst not send to his Friends, made him take to the Highway, where he committed a great many Robberies.

In particular, he robb'd the *Worcester* and *Bridgnorth* Stage-Coaches several times over, and within the Compass of a few Days stopp'd a great Number of Passengers, Horse and Foot, upon *Sarney Down* near *Winchester*. His Reign was not very long, but no Man ever was more industrious to improve the little Time that his Fortune permitted him to go on in his Villainies.

JOHN

JOHN BARBER was born at *Chard* in *Somersetshire*, from whence coming up to *London* when he was very young, he got into a Gentleman's Service, and lived among Others with Dr. *Boorne*, at the *Two Twins* in *Moortields*, where he was detected in cheating his Master of small Sums of Money, and turned out of Doors for the Knavery.

When he was out of Place he took to Gaming, at which he soon lost all his unjust Gains, and whatever else he had saved. The same Persons that won his Money, put him into a Way to get more, by going out with him on the Footpad. He was concerned in all the Robberies that were committed by this Gang, from the Time of his entering among them till he joined himself with *Jones*, and had more than once been guilty of Murder; particularly at a Gardener's at *Fulham*, whose House he broke open.

Jones and *Barber* had not been long united before they came to the fatal Union at *Tyburn* already mentioned. The only Facts they had been concern'd in together, that we have heard of, were the breaking open the Houses of four or five Farmers about *Eversey*, and *Blackwater*, out of one of which they took an hundred and thirty Pounds in Gold and Silver, and in another took away the Life of One who attempted to resist them in their Enterprize.

When they were under Sentence of Death for Mr. *Salter's* Robbery, they both behaved in a very indecent, or rather impudent, Manner. At the Place of Execution they gave a great many ill Words to the Ordinary, who desired them to be serious in their last Moments, and consider that they were going to appear before God, to give an Account of their Actions. *Jones* answered this necessary Advice with nothing but Rallery, saying, *That every Tub must stand on its own Bottom, and he did not question but his Bottom was firm.* *Barber* pray'd that God would bless all his Friends, but that all his Enemies might be hang'd as he was, which, he said, was the only Harm he wish'd them.

Just as they were going to be turn'd off, *Jones* cry'd out, *What a sad, wicked, silly Dog have I been to bring myself into this devilish Scrape! Well, 'tis a dismal Thing, for all our jesting, to be hang'd up by the Neck, and not to know where we are to be the next quarter of an Hour! O Lord, O Lord,* says he, *what's the Fool afraid of? why you won't go to repenting at last, will ye? Come, come, God Almighty's merciful; let's have a few Prayers and a merry Psalm, and we shall do well enough. We have been Thieves, 'tis true; and so have a great many more besides us: If his Majesty should hang all of our Profession, and we should all go to the Devil, never fear, Man, but we shall be above his Match.* With such Expressions as these in their Mouths were these profligate Wretches turned off, *Jones* being twenty six, and *Barber* twenty four Years of Age.

The following Criminals were executed near about the same Time, or at most, within a few Months before or after.

1. *Mustapha Poccoatchlet*, a Turk, born at *Adrianople*, who had committed several Robberies on the Highway, though he could speak no *English*, and was at last hang'd for the unnatural Sin of Buggary, acted on the Body of *Anthony Brisra*, one of his Countrymen. He was thirty six Years of Age.

2. *James Leonard*, a Youth of no more than eighteen Years old, who had been at the Reduction of *Ireland*, and afterwards in *Flanders*, under the late King *William*, (we may suppose only in the Quality of a Wairing-Boy at first) and was but just returned to *England*, when he was apprehended, condemn'd and executed, for a Robbery on the Highway. He was so little concerned at the Gallows, that he smiled at his Misfortune, and pulling a Knife out of his Pocket, attempted to cut the Rope. When he was ask'd the Reason of his so doing, *Nothing more*, says he, *than that I should have given you the Trouble of buying a new Rope, if my Knife had been good.* Leaning his Back against his Coffin, as it stood on the Copse of the Cart, he laugh'd out heartily, and spoke as follows:

Good People,

I AM a Roman Catholick, and so I die. You see I am but very young, however I have made good Use of my Time; for I have been as great a Rogue as those that are older. Methinks, 'tis a plaguy cold Morning; they need not have brought One to be hang'd in such Weather as will freeze a Body before the Job's over.

3. *Luke Page*, who had been a notable Highwayman, and was once before condemn'd at *Kingston-Affizes*, for a Robbery near *Guildford*. 'Twas a Pity that he had not been hang'd this Time; for he afterwards swore away the Life of an innocent Person, upon a small Picque, according to his own Confession. He died at last for a Fact committed on *Hounslow Heath*, when he was twenty eight Years of Age. Under Sentence he pretended to dispute the Lawfulness of Robbing with the Reverend Mr. *Smith* the Ordinary, and brought the Example of the unjust Steward, who was approved for defrauding his Master, to vindicate his own Practice. As to making his Peace with Heaven, he said, *He had done that already, by giving Part of what he had taken from Others to the Poor.* In a Word, the Behaviour of this Fellow was such, that there was no judging whether he was really stupid, or whether he had a Mind to argue himself into a Love of his own Vices.



The LIFE of TOM AUSTIN.

NEVER was a more barbarous Villain than this of whom we are now to give some Account, nor is it possible there ever should be. 'Tis true, another may commit more Barbarities in Number than he did, but they cannot be more horrible in their Kind; and God knows to what a Number they would have increased, if he had not been so soon detected as he was. But to proceed to the Narrative:

Thomas Austin was born at *Columpton* in *Devonshire*, of very honest Parents, who at their Death left him a Farm of their own, worth about Eighty Pounds *per Annum*, which is a pretty Estate in that Country; and as his Land was without Incumbrances, and he had a good Character at that Time, he soon got a Wife with a suitable Fortune, she having no less than Eight Hundred Pounds to her Portion. But this Increase of his Riches, and the Thought of having so much Ready Money by him, made him neglect the Improvement of his Living, and take to an idle extravagant Course; by Means of which, in less than four Years Time he had consumed all that his Wife brought him, and mortgaged his own Estate.

Being now reduced to pinching Circumstances, and not knowing which Way to turn himself for a Livelihood, the Devil so far got the upper Hand of him, as to excite him to the Commission of all manner of unlawful Actions for the Support of himself and his Family. Several Frauds he was detected in, which his Neighbours were so good as to forgive, out of Respect to his Family, and to what he had once been. At last he was so desperate as to venture on the Highway, where assaulting Sir *Zachary Wilmer*, on the Road between *Wellington* and *Taunton Dean*, that unfortunate Gentleman was murder'd by him, for making some Attempts to save his Money.

The Booty he got from Sir *Zachary* was forty six Guineas, and a Silver-hilted Sword, with which he got home undiscover'd and unsuspected. This did not however last him long, for he follow'd his old riotous Course. When 'twas all spent he pretended a Visit to an Uncle of his, who lived at about the Distance of a Mile from his own Habitation, and it was one of the bloodiest Visits that ever was made.

When he came to the House he found no Body at home but his Aunt and five small Children, who informed him that his Uncle was gone out on Business, and would not be at home till Evening, de-

firing him to stay a little and keep them Company. He seemingly consented to stay; but had not fare many Minutes before he snatch'd up a Hatchet that was at Hand, and cleaved the Skull of his Aunt in two; after which he cut the Throats of all the Children, and laid the dead Bodies in a Heap all weltring in their Gore. Then he went up Stairs and robb'd the House of Sixty Pounds.

He made all the Haste he could home to his Wife, who perceiving some Drops of Blood on his Clothes, ask'd him how they came there? *You Bitch*, says he, *I'll soon shew you the Manner of it!* pulling at the same Time the bloody Razor which he had before used out of his Pocket, and cutting her Throat from Ear to Ear. When he had gone thus far, to complete the Tragedy, he ripp'd out the Bowels of his own two Children, the eldest of whom was not three Years of Age.

Scarcely had he finish'd all his Butcheries, before his Uncle, whom he had been to visit, came accidentally to pay him the same Compliment in his Way home; when entering the House, and beholding the horrid Spectacle, he was even Thunder-struck with the Sight, though as yet he little thought the same Tragedy had been acted on all his Family too, as he soon after fatally found. What he saw however was enough to point out the Offender, whom he immediately laid hold of, and carry'd him before a Magistrate, who sent him to *Exeter Jail*.

In the Month of *August*, 1694, this inhuman Wretch suffer'd the Punishment provided by the Law, which appears much too mild for such a black unnatural Monster! But the Laws of *England* aggravate nothing, and are content with barely taking away the Lives of the very worst of Criminals.

Austin's Behaviour both in Prison and at the Gallows was very fullen and dogged, yet he would now and then say something that discover'd he was very far from having a just Sense of his Crimes. An Instance of this was while the Halter was about his Neck, when he was ask'd by the Minister who attended him, what he had to say before he dy'd; *Only*, says he, *there's a Woman yonder with some Curds and Whey; and I wish I could have a Penny-worth of them before I am hang'd, because I don't know when I shall see any again.* This extravagant Request was not granted, and so he was turned off without offering to give a Reason for his committing the Murder for which he suffer'd; nor indeed can it be thought he had any other Reason than his own inhuman Temper.

The LIFE of GEORGE SEAGER.

The following Account was sent in a LETTER from a Gentleman in London to his Friend in the Country, in the Year 1697.

S I R,

I Have no great Inclination to tell Stories, which perhaps is nothing but the Effect of an ill-grounded Vanity, that makes me prefer the expressing of what I imagine, to the relating of what I have seen. The Profession of a Story-Teller sits but awkwardly upon young People, and is downright Weakness in old Men. When our Wit is not arrived to its due Vigor, or when it begins to decline, we then take a Pleasure in telling what does not put us to any great Expence of Thought. However, in Compliance with your Request I will for once renounce the Pleasure which I generally take in my own Imagination, to relate the unaccountable Actions of *George Seager*, who was lately executed here.

This notorious Fellow, aged twenty six Years at the Time of his Death, was born at *Portsmouth* in *Hampshire*, where his Father and Mother dying, his Sister took Care of him for a while; but she not being able to support herself, left him to the Parish to keep him, the Overseers whereof placed him out to spin Pack-Thread. After two Years he left that Employment, and went to a Silk-Throwster for a Year and half; when running away from his Master, he took bad Courses, as being addicted to Gaming, Swearing, Drunkenness, and Theft; but a Gang of the *Ruby Man* of War pressing him, he went on board that Ship to Sea, where robbing the Seamen's Chests, he was often whipp'd at the Cap Stern, put in the Bilboes, and once Keel-haul'd. Keel-hauling a Man is tying a Rope round his Middle, to which two other Ropes are so fasten'd, that carrying him to the End of the Main-Yard-Arm on the Starboard-side of the Ship, he is flung from thence into the Water, and hauled under the Ship by a Man standing on the Main-Yard-Arm on the Larboard-side, where a Gun is fired over the Criminal's Head as he is drawing up. However, as no Punishment would deter him from pilfering, the Captain of the Ship, rather than be plagued with him, put him ashore at *Plymouth*, from whence he begg'd his Way to *Portsmouth*, where he list'd himself into *Johnny Gibson's* Regiment, to whom he was a continual Plague.

The first Time he mounted the Guard, being put Centry on the Ramparts, and ordered by the Corporal not to let the grand Rounds pass without challenging, he said, he would take Care of them, imagining that if he challenged them he must fight them too. So the grand Rounds going about at Twelve at Night, with *Johnny Gibson* at the Head of them, *Seager*, who had got a whole Harful of Stones by him, because he chose to fight at a Distance cries out; *Who comes there?* Being told, they were the grand Rounds; *Oh! d—n ye*, quoth *George*, *the grand Rounds are ye? Have at you then; for I have waited for you this Hour and above.* So pelting them with Stones as fast as he could fling, the grand Rounds could not pass any farther, till

they called out to the Captain of *Import Guard*, who sent the Corporal to relieve him, in order to his being examin'd; but *Johnny Gibson* finding him to be a raw Soldier, who had never been upon Duty before, he escaped any Punishment inflicted on Offenders by Martial Law.

Another Time, some arch Soldier putting a Whisk of Hay into the Mouth of the Wooden Horse, which stands at the End of the Parade by the Main-Guard House, *Johnny Gibson* espying it, quoth he, *I'll warrant him an honest Fellow, who was so kind as to give my Horse some Hay; gin I ken who it was, I'll give him Sax-pence to drink.* *George* standing by the Governor when he said so, quoth he, *It was I, Sir, who gave your Horse that Hay.* Said *Johnny* then, *I'll warrant it was well done of thee, and there is Sax-pence for thy Pains; but as you was so civil as to feed my Horse, you ought to ride him to Water too.* So commanding him presently to be mounted on it, with a fifty Pounds Weight at his Feet, he there sat for an Hour, cursing *Johnny's* Civility to him to the very Pit of Hell.

But not long after this Riding-Bout, *George* standing Centry one Night at *Johnny's* Door, as he was coming homewards to his House, quoth he, *Who comes there?* *Johnny Gibson* the Governor reply'd, *A Friend, Lad.—What Friend? Stand, Sir.—* Quoth *Johnny*, *I am the Governor.* *George* reply'd, *I don't know that; therefore stand off, till I call the Corporal, or else I'll shoot you.* *Johnny* would fain have press'd upon his Post; but when he saw himself frustrated in his Design, quoth he, *I'll see, honest Friend, that ye know yer Duty, therefore ye need not call the Corporal, there's a Shilling for ye; and if ye'r hungry, ye may gang into my Kitchen and fill yer Belly, and in the mean Time I'll stand for ye.* *George* refused his Favour several Times; but when *Johnny* as often promised him upon his Word and Honour, that not the least Harm should come to him for leaving his Post, he gave him his Musquet, and went into his Kitchen. When he had fill'd his Belly, he went out by a backward Door to the Guard-House, where being several Soldiers playing at Cards, he put in among them. While he was here the Corporal espying him, *Ha, ha*, quoth he, *how a Pox came you here from your Post already?* *George* reply'd, *Don't you trouble yourself about that, I have got one there to stand for me.*

The Corporal said no more to him then; but about an Hour and a half afterwards going to relieve the Centries, when he came to *George's* Post, he was much surpriz'd to see *Johnny* walking there with a Musquet on his Shoulders, who cry'd out, *Come, make Haste Mon, and relieve me, for it is a verry cold Night; but, by my Sol, I'll never stand for any Knave agen, till he gang to fill his Belly; however, I'll ken that ill fad Loon another Time from a black Sheep.* Some Time after, *George* being in *Johnny's* own Company, and standing another Time Centry at his Door, wanting Shoes, he ask'd him for a Pair. Quoth *Johnny*, *Has thou ever a Piece of Chalk about thee?* *George* told him, *Yes*; and giving him a Piece, with which he drew

out

out a Pair of Shoes on the Centry-Box, quoth he, *There's a Pair for thee.* George could not well tell what to say to him; but as soon as *Johnny* went in a-doors, he draws out a Man standing Centry on the Centry-Box, and went off from his Post. Afterwards, the Governor coming out, and seeing what George, who was not there, had done, he presently went to the Guard-House to see for him; but finding none of the Gentleman, he sent a Corporal with a File of Musqueteers to look for him. After long searching about the Town, they found him playing at *All-Fours* in an Ale-House, and brought him Prisoner to *Johnny*, who demanding how his Impudence could be so great as to quit his Post before he was reliev'd, he said, *He had left a Man to do his Duty.* Yes, quoth *Johnny*, *a Man chalk'd out for me.* Why, replies George, *I thought a Centry chalk'd out for you, would do as well as a Pair of Shoes for me.* But, to be short, *Johnny* committed him to the Hole, where living only upon the Allowance of Bread and Water for fourteen Days, he was then brought forth, and ran the Gauntlet six Times thro' the whole Regiment.

After this George had also ran the Gauntlet several Times for robbing the Soldiers Barracks of Victuals, Linnen, or any Thing else that he could find; but no Punishment deterring him from his pilfering Tricks, he was in a Draught sent over to *Flanders*, where going one Day into a great Church in *Brussels*, he espy'd a *Capuchin-Fryar* confessing a young Woman in a very private Place; and as soon as the good old Father had given Absolution to his Penitentiary, he made up to him under Pretence of confessing his Sins; for, as it happen'd, the Fryar was an *Englissman*. But, instead of confessing his manifold Crimes, his Intention was to commit more; for, pulling a Pistol out of his Pocket, and clapping it to his Breast, quoth he, *Reverend Father, I perceived the young Gentlewoman, whom you just now confess'd, gave you something; but let it be more or less, unless you surrender it to me, who have most Need of it, I will shoot you thro' the Heart, altho' I was sure to be hang'd this very Moment for it.*

The Fryar being much surprized at these dangerous Words, and deeming Life sweet, he gave him what he had of his Female Penitentiary, which was two *Louis d'Ors*; then binding him Hand and Foot in a Corner adjacent to his Confession-Box, he went away; and that same Day, deserting his Regiment, made the best of his Way for *England*, where he committed several most notorious Burglaries in the Cities of *London* and *Westminster*,

and the Out-Parts thereof; but at last being apprehended, and sent to *Newgate*, for breaking open the House of the Lord *Cutts*, and taking thence Plate and fine Linnen valued at Two Hundred and forty Pounds, he was hang'd at *Tyburn*, on *Wednesday*, the Twenty seventh Day of *January*, in the Year 1695-97.

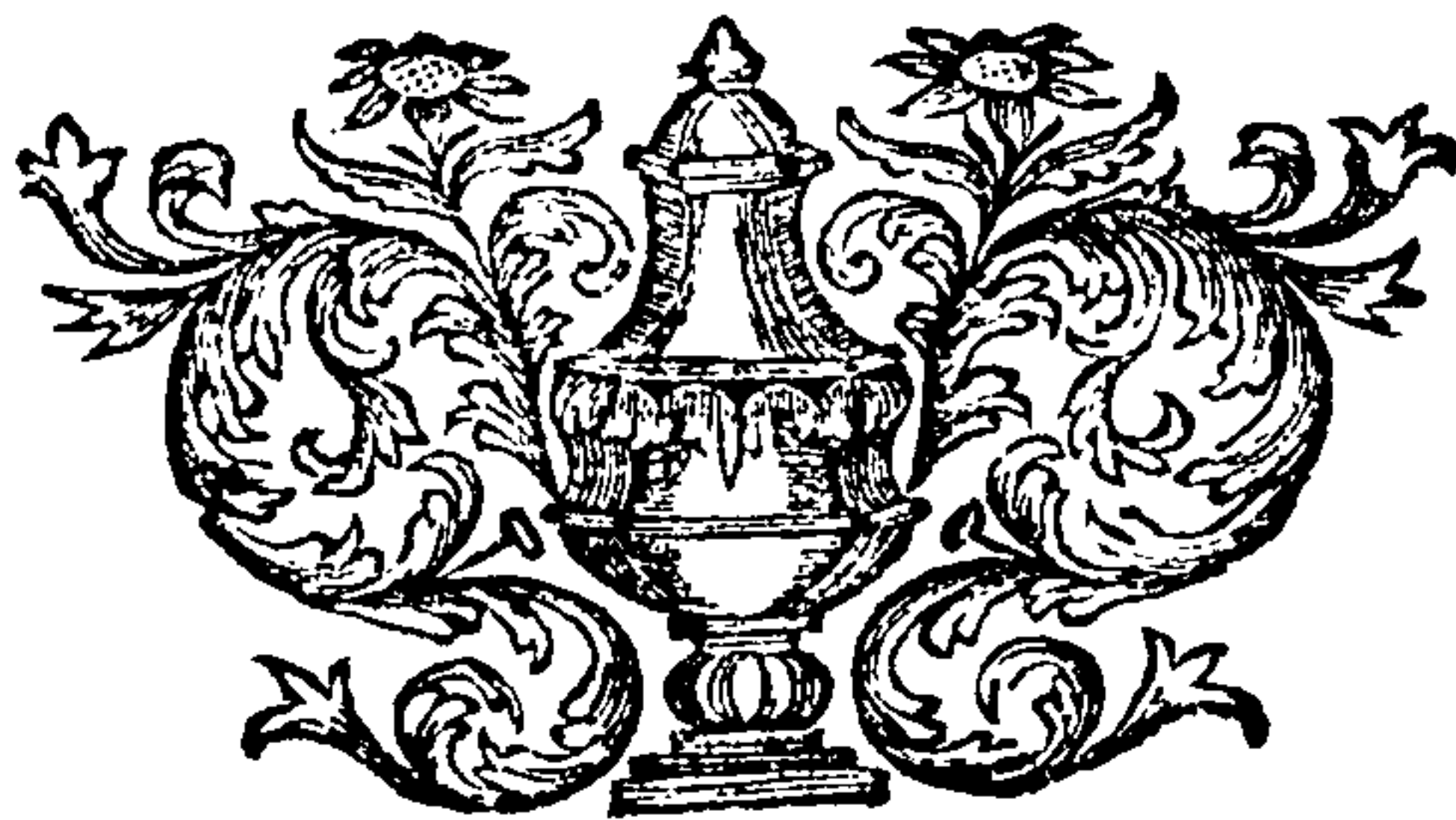
Thus have I given you all the Account I could collect, of a Man, whose Life you were so desirous to be acquainted with; there is nothing very remarkable in his Actions, but his being your Countryman is a sufficient Excuse for your Curiosity.

I am, SIR, Yours, &c.

We may add by way of *Postscript* to the foregoing Letter, that at the same Time and Place were executed the following Criminals, viz. 1. *Joseph Potter*, aged Twenty seven Years, and born in *Southwark*; who running away from King *William's* Service at Sea, broke open the Lady *Auverquerque's* House, and took from thence One Hundred and Thirty Pounds in Money, which he consumed in less than a Week; and when he came to the Tree, such was his Impudence as to say, *I must needs own that I have brought my Hogs to a fine Market: but what care I for hanging, since a short Life well spent is better than a long one!*

2. *Benjamin Ellison*, aged Twenty five Years, and born at *Wapping*, was condemn'd for breaking open the House of the Earl of *Albmarle*, and taking thence some Jewels, and a Gold Watch of great Value; but he was not much concerned at his untimely End; for, instead of repenting, he said, *If I now was to live my Life over again, I would be no other Trade but a Thief; because he has no sooner done his Work, but he is paid for his Labour.*

3. *James Ayres*, aged Thirty Years, and born in *Scotland*, was condemn'd for committing several most notorious Robberies on the Highway; and being come to the Place of Execution, and espying a Country Fellow gazing earnestly upon him, quoth he, pointing at the same Time towards him, *I have got one Half-Crown in my Breeches still; and believing you to be out of Business, I will give it you with all my Heart, to take but one Turn for me for half an Hour: And let me tell you, a Crown an Hour is good Pay for any Working Man in England.*



The LIFE of WILL HOLLYDAY, &c.

WILLIAM HOLLYDAY was born of very poor Parents in the Parish of St. Giles in the Fields, who dying when he was very young, he was forced to shift for himself. Entering himself upon this in the ragged Regiment of the *Black Guards*, which in the Reign of King Charles the Second was in as great Estimation as the *Janizaries* in the Ottoman Court, his acute Genius and prompt Wit, without the Advantage of any Education, soon made him be taken Notice of by the Superiors of his tatter'd Fraternity.

But that which gained *Hollyday* most Reputation, was his being chosen Lord High Steward in a Mock Tryal of the Viscount *Stafford*, held in the *Marese* at *Charing-Cross*; in which, though he had not consulted *Fortescue*, *Fleta*, *Ploeden*, *Cook* upon *Littleton*, or any other ancient Law Author, his natural Parts most floridly set forth the Heinousness of that Peer's Crime, whose Person was represented by one of their Tatterdemalions. But instead of executing the poor Boy in Jest, he was hang'd in Earnest, and in that pendent Posture left till next Morning; when one of the King's Grooms finding his Lordship hanging in the Stable, he cut him down, and deliver'd his dead Body to his Friends to be decently interr'd.

A little after this Piece of Mock-Justice was over, *Will's* Credit increasing more and more, by Reason his Ingenuity was attended with a great deal of Courage, he was by the unanimous Consent of the whole Regiment of the *Black Guards* chosen their Captain; in which Post he behaved himself with a great deal of Prudence and Circumspection, and by Virtue of the great Authority he bore among them, he brought them, *Nemine contradicente*, to be conformable to the following Orders.

I. *That none of the Black Guards should presume to wear a Shirt, upon Pain of being cashiered out of the Regiment for ever.*

II. *That none of them should reside either by Day or Night in any other Places than Stables, empty Houses, or under Bulks.*

III. *That they should eat no Victuals but what was given them; therefore what Money they got by cleaning Lifeguardsmens Boots or Shoes, and rubbing down Horses, should either be lost or increased by Gaming among their own Fraternity.*

IV. *That if any of them could read or write, they should, by not practising either, forget both; like the Czar of Muscovy, or, their Captain would not have any under his Command more learned than himself.*

V. *That they should daily appear every Morning by nine of the Clock, on the Parade in St. James's Park, provided they were not letted by Sickness, or upon any extraordinary Duty, to receive the necessary Orders which the present Exigency of Affairs then require.*

VI. *That none shall presume to follow the King and Court to Windsor, or upon any Royal Progress whatever, but such as were commanded to go on that Party.*

VII. *That if any charitable Person bestowed a Pair of old Shoes or Stockings upon any one of their ragged Society, he should presently convert the same into Money to play.*

VIII. *That they should not steal any Thing which lay out of their Reach, for fear of bringing a Scandal on their Regiment.*

IX. *That they should not endeavour to clear themselves of Vermin, by killing or eating them; nor for Profit dispose of them to any Apothecary, that might now and then want a Quill full or two, to cure some Lady's Gentlewoman or Chamber-Maid of the Yellow Jaundice.*

X. *That they should cant better than the best Proficients of that Language in Newgate; pick Pockets without bungling; out-lie a Quaker; out-swear a losing Lord at the Groom-Porters; and brazen out all their Villanies with the unparalleled Impudence of an Ill-man.*

In this Employment *Will Hollyday* remained till he was near Twenty Years of Age; when looking upon himself too old to continue longer in that Station, wherein he had behaved himself with a great deal of Bravery, Candor, and Justice, he surrender'd his Commission, and turn'd Highwayman; which Profession he followed till the Hangman provided for him, on *Wednesday* the Twenty second of *December*, 1697.

At the same Time was executed one *John S'orter*, another Highwayman, of about Thirty Years of Age. Whilst this Fellow was in *Newgate* about two Years before, he had contrived with some other Malefactors to have seized on the Waiters of *Newgate*, and to have burnt Mr. *Toswell's* Papers, the Notary then in the Lodge of that Prison; withal designing to wrest the Officers Arms from them, and to fire upon 'em if they opposed. They further design'd to have bound the Officers as they came one Day from the Chapel, and if they made the least Opposition, to have cut their Throats. And that after their Escape they would go on the Highways, take Travellers Horses, and mounting 'em would ride off. Moreover they had agreed, that if any one knock'd at the Lodge under the Gate they would let them in, and bind them also, and then lock them up with the Officers in the Dungeon or Condemn'd Hold. One of these Confederates being a Smith, he was to have been employ'd in knocking off the others Fetters; and if the Turnkeys had any Money in their Pockets, they would take it from them, to carry themselves off, and buy Provisions. And that if the Train'd Bands, or the Mob, should come to seize them, they would fire upon them with the Officers Blunderbusses, and would be Masters of the Prison till the King should send them a Pardon, or else they would be starv'd or shot to Death.

Sorter not only confess'd this Crime, but also own'd that he knew of the Murder of one *Lorimer* in *Newgate*, but was prevail'd upon by one *Tokesell* and *John Hunt* not to discover it; and further said, *That the latter of these Persons carry'd the bloody*

Knife three Days together in his Pocket : And he verily believed that the Day before he suffered Death himself at the Gallows, he saw Lorimer's Ghost as he was at Prayers in the Chapel of Newgate, which put him into a great Consternation, as was visibly observed by Mr. Smith the Ordinary.

Thomas Randol was one of the Persons concerned with *Shorter* in this Conspiracy. This Offender

was executed on *Wednesday* the 22d of *January*, 1695, for the Murder of *Robert Stevens*, a Quaker. He was convey'd in a Cart by the deceased's Door, in *White Chapel*, and from thence to *Stone Bridge*, by *King's Land*; where, after he was dead, his Body was hang'd in Chains, on the Gibbet he suffered on, and continued there till it was consumed by the Weather.

The LIFE of WILLIAM JOYCE.

THIS unhappy Criminal was the Son of an honest Farmer, born at *Nantwich* in *Cheeshire*, and brought up to his Father's Occupation; but at about 20 Years of Age being very desirous to see *London*, as having scarce ever been 10 Miles from Home, his Father who was a wealthy Man, put twenty five Guineas into his Pockets, and he set out to visit the Metropolis of the Nation. The Father and Son might have now taken their last Farewell of each other, for they never saw one another any more.

The very first Day he came into *London*, which was in the Forenoon, taking after Dinner a Walk into *Moorfields* to see the Lunatics in *Bedlam*, a couple of Women of the Town, perceiving by his Garb and Mien that he was no small Country Fool, pick'd him up, and carrying him to a *Vaulting-School*, they there had a very pretty Collation both of eating and drinking; after which, sweet *William*, as being a brisk young Fellow, had a Game at *Hey Gammar-Cook* with 'em both, in which he lost all the Money he had in his Breeches. He began to be uneasy at his Loss, but they coaxing him up with Promises of his having or finding his Money again, they drank him to a Pitch of being *non compos mentis*, when falling asleep, they left him to pay the Reckoning of four Pounds odd Money.

He was no sooner awake, and a little come to himself again, but he found he had jump'd out of the Frying-Pan into the Fire: Four Pounds and more is demanded for his reckoning with the Gentlewomen that had been in Company with him: He had not one Farthing to pay it, he said, whereupon he was threatened to be sent to Jail, which put him into a great deal of Dread and Terror. But the Cock-Bawd of the House and his Wife, understanding by the Strumpets, that he had good Friends in the Country, they were resolved to make a farther Prey of him. In order hereto, they pretended to have some Pity and Compassion on him, in consideration of his Youth, and supposing he might have Friends who would assist him in a Time of Need, they would lend him as much ready Money as should make up the Reckoning thirty Pounds, with the Proviso that he should not go out of their House, till he had sent a Letter to his Father; wherein he should signify, that he had, by some unknown Mischance, lost all his Money in *London*, but that he had lit on a Friend who had lent him thirty Pounds; which having also lost by being drawn into Gaming, his aforesaid Friend was so angry at his Folly, that he had arrested him, and would throw him into Jail, if the Sum was not return'd by the next Post.

The Proposition was accepted of, and thirty Pounds was lent him; and he as soon lost it, with a couple of Sharpers, whom his kind Landlord had brought him acquainted with, to bear him Company under his voluntary Confinement. Next Day a Letter was sent to his Father, who being then Sick, could not come up to *London*: Nevertheless, taking Compassion on his Sons Misfortunes, by the Return of the next Post, he sent an Answer to the Letter, in which was enclos'd a Note for *Will.* to receive forty Pounds upon Sight, of a certain *Goldsmith* in Town, with Orders also to return Home as soon as he had discharg'd what he ow'd.

The Money was received, and the Landlord paid; but instead of returning Home, he was so captivated with Wine, Women, and good Company, (as he took the Sharpers to be) that in three Days more, he had not one Farthing more to bless himself with. Being now come to a *ne plus ultra*, and no farther Credit allowed, he bids adieu to his Landlord, and walks about the Town to seek his Fortune.

At last he rov'd down to the Water-side, where seeing a Waterman taking a good heavy Trunk into his Boat, to carry to *Fulham*, without any Company, he told the Waterman, whose Name was *William Bennet*, that he had Business at *Fulham* too, and asked what he must have to carry him thither. The Waterman demanded a Shilling, to which he consented; so into the Boat he steps. It being Night before they arrived within a Mile of the Place, what does *Joyce* do, but, with a good oaken Plant he had in his Hand, gave the Waterman such a shrew'd Blow under the Ear, that being stunn'd, he fell all along backwards. *Joyce* followed it with another sharp Blow on the Head, then presently tild his Hands and Feet with his Garters, cramm'd a Handkerchief into his Mouth, and rowing the Boat to *Barn-Elms*, there breaks open the Trunk. He found a great deal of good Cloaths which he would not meddle with; but searching to the Bottom, he found a hundred Pounds in Silver in a Bag, forty Guineas in a green Purse, a gold Watch, and a silver Box, in which were four rich diamond Rings.

With this Booty he went ashore, and liv'd riotously up and down the Countries till it was almost consumed; and being then at *Chatham*, he there happened into the Company of one *James Corbet*, a young Reformed, just come ashore from on board the *Royal Oak*. Now understanding that he had about fifty or sixty Guineas about him, and that he was to ride Post to *London* next Morning, he was resolv'd to make himself Master of his Money that Night.

Night. In order thereto, pretending that he was invited to one Captain Mosely's House about a Mile off to Supper, where they should have also a most noble bowl of Punch, he told the poor Sailor that he should be very glad of his good Company, and would undertake for his being as welcome as himself. Corbet, knowing there was such a Captain, and Joyce seeming a Man of Fashion, (for he was well cloath'd, had a good Watch in his Pock, a diamond Ring on his Finger, and five or six Guineas in his Pockets, out of which he paid his own and Corbet's Reckoning too,) he condescended to go along with him. Over the Fields they went, but were not got above half a Mile out of Chatham, ere a convenient Place offered for Joyce to execute his Design, so pulling out a couple of Pistols, he demanded Corbet's Money, who, knowing it was impossible to parry Bullets with a Sword, (which he also lost as being a silver hilted one) comply'd with his Demands, and also suffered himself to be ty'd Neck and Heels.

Not long after this Exploit, Joyce meets with one William Webster, an Attorney, walking over Black-Heath afoot, and commands him to stand and deliver. Webster, tho' he had a Sword on, was frightened out of his Wits, and begg'd and pray'd heartily that he would not rob a poor Lawyer, especially now it was vacation Time. Quoth Joyce, what the Plague is that for a Time? Ah, dear Sir, (reply'd Webster) the worst Time in all the Year, for those of our Profession! Was it but to be Term all the Year round, it would be glorious Days! and then, Sir, if I knew but your Name and Place of Habitation, I should very freely make you a yearly Present of a Brace or two of Guineas, if you would do me the Honour to accept 'em. Yes, Yes, (said Joyce) I should Honour you at any Time in that Respect; but you complain so much of this D——nation, I would say Vacation Time, pray tell me what it is, and be quick, because I have a great Way to ride To-night. Webster consented, and begun as follows.

Why, Sir, as in Term time (ah! it makes me almost weep to think on't) you might, without Offence, shoulder a Lord in Westminster-Hall to get thro' the Crowd, you may now this Vacation Time walk in the same Posture as a Justice of Peace does in his own great Hall at the Examination of a Delinquent; play with your Neckcloth, and swing your Cane about with the same Air, and not an Elbow rub or disturb you. The Bars that were wont to swell with a fivefold Row of listed Gowns, where the Favourites in the Front imbursed more Fees than would supply an Army, and where the rest had good doings too, such as a Motion to make, or a short Cause to open; these Bars are now so empty, that Boys may peep over them. The Lawyers have left the Hall, and are gone down into the Country, where they spend their Time in reading Plays and Romances, thereby to keep their Tongues in Use, lest the Faculties of Brawling should be dry'd up with unwilling Silence. On both Sides of the Hall they have nothing to do, unless it be to write Love Letters.

At Heaven, they say, there's not a Lawyer nor Clerk comes near 'em. And at Hell, where they were wont to flock like Swallows to a Reed Bush, there is now no more to do than in Heaven.

The Coaches which used to lie in the Palace Yard, and before the Inns of Court Gates; like so many Bushes, or like Fleets of Fisher Boats in Harbour, portending over the Haven Keys, now seem like Western Barges on the Thames at the High Tide, only here and there one. You shall now be no sooner out of the Hall-Yard, and entering into King street, but you will find the Cooks, leaning against the Door Posts, ruminating upon those Halcyon Days of Term time, when whole Herds of Clerks, Solicitors, and their Clients, were wont to come with their sharp set Stomachs from the Hall, and devour

the Puddings and minc'd Pies by Dozens, as swiftly as a Kennel of Hounds would worry up a dead Horse; but now for want of Employment, they are ready to eat up one another. The Taverns where an Iron Mill would hardly have drown'd the Noise of the yavelling Boys, the Bar Bell, and the Fiddling and roaring above Stairs, are now so silent, that you may rock a Child to sleep in them. The spruce Mistress that was wont to sit in the Bar, domineering over the Drawers, and not to be spoken withal if you would kiss her A——se to speak with her; is now so familiar, that she bids you heartily welcome, and will come and join her half Pint with you, let you salute her, thank you, and think it very well if all that Courtesy will invite you to mount the Reckoning to a couple of Bottles. The Ale-Houses, and Tobacco-Shops, are grown sweet for want of Customers, that you may walk by them without Danger of being choaked. All along the Strand, Lodgings being empty, you shall find the House-keepers generally projecting where to borrow, and what to pawn, towards Payment of their Quarrer's Rents, thereby to preserve their Leases from Forfeiture, and themselves from the Tyranny of their stern Landlords, who are very Infidels in trusting.

But I have worse news to tell you still, Sir; if you step but aside into the Hundreds of Drury, or other the Skirts of the City, where those precious Doves of Venus, those Birds of Youth and Beauty (I mean the wanton Ladies) do build their Nests, you shall find them in such an Amazement for want of Trade, that their Beauties are decay'd for lack of Pomatum, and Fucus for their Eyes; which, like glistening Comets, were wont to dazzle their Idolaters, but are now shadow'd with Clouds of Grief. Their golden Tresses which were wont to fly about their Shoulders, like so many Arrows in Cupid's Regiment, and every Hair whereof had a Servant or Visitant, who superstitiously doated on it, now for want of curling and ordering, are grown into the likeness of an Irish Rug. And what a Misery it is to see the fine Gowns, hoop'd Petticoats, and other curious Rigging; nay, the enticing Smocks sent to the Pawn-brokers, and the noble Wardrobe, that was purchased with so large a Proportion, of free Favours, and Communities, now reduc'd to one poor single Sute. Is it not a Pity to see them (poor Souls!) who were wont to shine like so many Constellations in the Firmament of the Suburbs, and be hurried in Coaches to Taverns, and Asparagus Gardens, where ten or twenty Pound Suppers were but Trifles with them, now go to the Chandlers and Herb Women in Slip-shoes, for Cheese and Onions to Dinner.

Here Joyce interrupted him, and cry'd, hold Sir; no farther. I must needs say, I am sorry for the Calamity of those poor Females, but as for you, you must e'en dive into your Pockets, and see what you can give me, for my Attention to this long Tale of a Tub; come, make haste, or else this Pistol shall prevent you from ever seeing another Term. Poor Webster falling on his Knees, begg'd heartily for his Life, and gave him all his Money, which was about eighteen Pence. The smallness of the Sum, so incens'd Joyce, that he sadly caned him, and borke his dreadful Sword, which, in full Value, might be worth about twelve Pence more.

One Time Joyce meeting with one John Hicks, on Putney Heath, and commanded him to stand and deliver; but he being as stout a Fellow as the Highwayman, a Fight ensued betwixt them, in which they discharged several Shot at one another, without doing any Damage. Joyce admiring the Courage of Hicks, said, That if he could put so much Confidence in him, to think he would not betray him, he should be very glad to drink a Glass of Wine with him, in the Town of Putney. Hicks being a generous spirited Man, promis'd, upon Honour, he would not dis-

cover

cover him. To the Tavern they went, and among other Discourses *Joyce* asked *Hicks* what Employment he followed.

Hicks. I have formerly been a Boatswain of the *Neverwag*.

Joyce. I have heard, I believe, the Names of all the Men of War, but never heard of that.

Hicks. Ah! dear that's a Wonder, for she is older than any Ship in all the Royal Navy.

Joyce. "Where does she lie?"

Hicks. "In *Newgate-street*."

Joyce. "Ay Plague, I know your Meaning Sir; she'll lie there long enough, before she wags out of the Dock."

Hicks. "You never served on board her, did you, Sir."

Joyce. "Not yet, but I have been impress'd on board most other of his Majesty's immoveable Ships in *England*, and have been in very sharp Engagements."

Hicks. "Why then you must certainly have a great deal of Arrears due to you."

Joyce. "Yes, but I never look after them; and I hope you have no Employment in any such Ship now."

Hicks. "Yes; I have Sir; and in a very large one too, which lies at Anchor in *Southwark*."

Joyce. "Who is Captain of her?"

Hicks. "A very honest Gentleman, named *Darby*."

Joyce. "What Post may you have under his Command?"

Hicks. "None under his Command; but by an Authority of Judge *Bennet* and the Knight Marshal, I impress a great many Men, and Women too, for the Service of her."

Joyce. "Oh! Sir, I presume you are a Bailiff!"

Hicks. "Yes, Sir."

Joyce. "Why then, truly, Sir, that's a very dangerous and troublesome Calling."

Hicks. "Ay, dangerous enough sometimes; but yet not so often dangerous as troublesome; for sometimes I shall be more plagu'd and fatigu'd to arrest a Man but for twenty or thirty Shillings, than I shall to take a Gentleman for a hundred Pound Action."

"I believe I was above three Weeks lately in taking a damn'd Shoemaker for an Alehouse Score of fifteen Pence. His Name was *Samuel Sprackling*: I try'd several Stratagems to knap him, yet he was such a curst shy Cock, that I could not surprize him; till one Day going softly up to his Garret Door, at which was placed on Shelves, a great deal of earthen Dishes, Plates, Porringers, and other Things of that Sort I swept all the brittle Ware down upon the Floor. It made a damnable Noise, which *Crispin* hearing, and thinking the Cat had made this promiscuous Slaughter among his Goods and Chattles, he cries out, *Cat-Whore!* opens the Door in great haste, and runs out with his Stirrup full drive to lick Puffs; when immediately I caught him in my Arms, and my Follower being with me, I carried him clean off the Premises."

Joyce. "I suppose poor *Crispin* look'd dull upon the matter: Egad the Stratagem was pretty enough to take him; pray, Sir, can you oblige me with such another comical Story?"

Hicks. "Why Sir, another Time I was as much plagu'd to take one *William Ryland*, a Glazier, for much such another small Sum, owing at the *Royal-Oak* Skittle-Ground, in the *Strand*. I was dangling after his Arse a Fortnight, without any Success. For working up two Pair of Stairs, he would open his Door to none but such as he knew. But knowing that Bread was brought Home to him twice or thrice a Week, by the Baker's Man, I disguised myself in that Likeness, with a Basket, and two or three Quarter Loaves

"on my Shoulders, and running up to the Room opposite to him, quoth I to the People, There, there's a Loaf for you. Said they, We always fetch our Bread ourselves; we never have any brought home to us; you are mistaken, 'tis for the People in the next Room. Up I took my Basket, down I threw it again at Mr. *Ryland's* Door, and cry'd to the aforesaid People, The Bread must be delivered here you say? *Ryland* hearing the Panum was come, out whips he to take it; but before I delivered it I made bold to take him, and brought him along with me, tho' very much against his Will."

Joyce. "Very artful indeed: But did you never come badly off in these Adventures?"

Hicks. "I was prettily met with once by one *Hinton*, a Taylor, after whom I had been above Six Weeks, Day by Day, to arrest him for Fifty Shillings, and never could take him: So one Morning dressing me in a Footman's Livery, with a good Sure of Cloths over my Arms, as if they had been my Master's, up Stairs I went to his Garret-Door and knock'd. He asking who was there? quoth I, My Master such a one (naming Sir, a Gentleman for whom I knew he did work) has sent his Coat to be alter'd. Mr. *Cabbage*, a mischievous Son of a B—ch! peep'd thro' the Key-hole, and not liking his Messenger, said, put your Finger thro' the Hole that you see in the Door, and lift up the Latch. I, like a simple Son of a Whore, must, in hopes of a Prey, do as he bad me; when coming suddenly with his hot Iron, he claps it presently on it, and presses it almost flat to the Door. I damn'd his Iron, and him too, and ran down Stairs roaring like a mad Bull, to get a Surgeon; who had not less than a Couple of Guineas for the Cure of it; and for all that, you see Sir, I shall not have the use of it as long as I live."

Joyce. "A sad Dog! he came up with you Sir; but pray, have you no more of these Stories? I vow they are very diverting."

Hicks. "Yes, I have a Hundred and more; and now I'll tell you one, that seems to be of a more dangerous Consequence than the last, and yet I came off without receiving the least Damage. A certain Gentleman being above Eight Thousand Pounds in Debt, he took Sanctuary in the *Temple*, out of which he would never stir but on *Sundays*. Of the abovesaid Money he ow'd Seventeen Hundred Pounds to a Mercer; who laying out several Bats to take him, without Success, he proffer'd me a Hundred Guineas if I could arrest him. The Lucre of this Money encourag'd me to attempt it; so observing he constantly walk'd in the *Temple Garden*, I took the Opportunity of a high Tide in the *Thames* one Day, and fix'd a Boat, with a Couple of my Companions in it, besides the two Watermen, just under the Garden. I went into the Garden, and walk'd cheek by jole, being very well drest myself, with the Gentleman my Design was on, talking with him about several Matters, till the critical Minute offering, I took him up in my Arms, threw him over the Wall into the Boat, and leapt after him myself; or otherwise my Body had been pink'd full of Eylet-holes; for there were above twenty drawn Swords came presently to the Garden-Wall to see the Adventure. But we quickly row'd off with the Prey, and I receiv'd the Money promis'd for taking him."

Thus *Hicks* and *Joyce* having passed the Time away for an Hour or two in such Sort of Chat, the Highwayman paid the Reckoning, presented *Hicks* with five Guineas, and then they parted. But ere *Joyce* went far, meeting with one *Robert Williams*, a Goldsmith, living in *George-Yard* at *Westminster*, and one *Samuel Winfield* a Blacksmith, living in *Southwark*, he took from 'em Four Pounds, towards defraying the Charges of his late Conversation with *John Hicks*.

Afterwards

Afterwards he went to *Bristol*, where marrying a Citizen's Daughter, with whom he had about Five Hundred Pounds, he was by marrying her made (according to the Custom of that City) free thereof. Now pretending he was a Linnen-Draper by Trade, and had Fifteen Hundred Pounds to receive of his own Father, he takes the Lease of a great House, next to an eminent Goldsmith in the *High-street*. The Key being deliver'd to him, he took some of his Accomplices with him the same Night into this House, which yet was empty, and with Iron Instruments forcing a Hole thro' the Party-Wall of the Goldsmith's Shop, they cleared, without going into it, all the Plate off the Shelves quite along that Side they had made an Entrance.

They were carrying off their Prize in Hampers on a Couple of Horses, when, being stopp'd by the Watch at *Laifford's Gate*, he and two Others were apprehended and sent to *Newgate*, and in some short Time after, being try'd and condemn'd for this Fact, they were sentenced to be hang'd. Accordingly they were executed (though great Intercession in particular was made for *Joyce*) in *July*, 1696. They all died very resolute, saying, *If they had known they should have been taken so soon, they would have enter'd their Adversaries House, and have cut the Throats of him, his Wife, and Children, that they might not have been Spectators of their untimely End.*

The LIVES of FRANCIS SALISBURY, and THOMAS HOUGHTON:

THO' the Experience of the World ought to be the chiefest Book a Man should read, yet so little did the following unhappy Criminals peruse it, that not taking Warning by other Mens Harms, who had fallen before them down the high Precipices of inevitable Destruction, they plunged themselves into the same Calamities, for the vain Pleasure of obtaining Riches by irregular Practices.

FRANCIS SALISBURY, one of the Persons we are now going to speak of, was born in the City of *Worcester*, had a good Education, was a Student in Divinity, and a Man of an excellent acquired Knowledge, as well as a quick natural Understanding. *Thomas Houghton* his Brother Offender, of whom we shall presently give a more particular Account, was a Tallow-Chandler of *St. Margaret's, Westminster*. These Two were indicted at the Sessions-House in the *Old-Baily*, the fifteenth Day of *October*, 1697, for Felony, in forging a counterfeit Sixpenny Stamp, to stamp Vellum, Paper, and Parchment; and that after the Twelfth of *September*, they did stamp five hundred Sheets of Paper with the said Stamp, and did utter and sell a hundred Sheets of the said Paper, they knowing it to be false and counterfeit.

The first Evidence declared, That he met Dr. *Salisbury* at the *Physick-Garden* in *Westminster*, who told him, *he could put him in a Way to make up his Losses*, and this Way was by stamp'd Paper; that he (the Evidence) waited on the Doctor the next Day, and then he told him, *the rest would not intrust him with the Secret, till he came out of the Country*: That some Time after he heard that the Doctor was at the *Fountain-Tavern* in *High-Holborn*, whither he went to him, and spoke with him, and that he bad him come to him the next Morning, and he would let him have some: That this Evidence accordingly went, and the Doctor took him into a Stable, and in a Hole from under the Manger, he took him out five Quires, and gave him, and ask'd him, *whether it was well done?* And then he let him out of the Back-Door: That

he met with him at another Time after that, and he deliver'd him fifteen Quires more, which made it up a Ream, and that he gave him Five Pounds for it.

Another Evidence depos'd, That he met Dr. *Salisbury* at the *Thatch'd-House* by *Charing-Cross*, to buy some counterfeit stamp'd Paper of him, and that he desired him to go into the next Room, which he did, and believed that *Houghton* brought it in; and he gave *Salisbury* Six Pounds for it; and that they were to get him some more against the next Night at the *Goat-Tavern*, where they were to meet, and that *Houghton* told him, *They could not get so much done by that Time, for the Old Man was sick*; telling him likewise, *that the Old Man was as ingenious a Man as any was in England; and that if they would put down Thirty Shillings a-piece, they would make such a Die, as Captain Harris, who made the true Die, should not discover it.* And that afterwards they went to *Houghton's Lodgings* in *Westminster*, where they found in a Chest a Quantity of counterfeit stamp'd Paper.

Salisbury altogether deny'd the Fact, and *Houghton* said, *he had taken the Paper for a Debt*, but the Fact being plainly proved upon them, the Jury found them both Guilty of the Indictment.

After Condemnation, Mr. *Salisbury* was very penitent, and said, *That he had sinned against the Conscience of his own Conscience, and had brought a Reproach upon his Function, which he could not expiate but by special Degrees of a more than ordinary Repentance; that if he must die, he submitted to the Will of God, hoping that he would sanctify this fatal Stroke to the saving of his Soul.* On the Day of his Execution at *Tyburn*, after the other Criminals who then suffer'd (on the Third of *November*, 1697) were ty'd up, Mr. *Salisbury* came in a Mourning Coach, attended by Two Ministers, and being brought into the Cart, he fell upon his Knees, and praying a considerable Time by himself, he afterwards joyn'd with the Ordinary in the usual Offices performed on such melancholly Occasions, and then was turn'd off.

THOMAS HOUGHTON was a Person of some Knowledge in Matters of Religion, and said, *That this had aggravated his Sins, that he had committed them against the clear and strong Conventions of Conscience, to the contrary; that he had kept Company with ill Women before he married; and acknowledg'd that for his evil Life, God had suffered the Sentence of Death to fall upon him.* He was very intente to the Instructions and Prayers which were used to prepare him for Death, in order to the obtaining of future Happiness. When he came to the fatal Tree, he own'd the Fact, expressed his Sorrow for his Guilt, and desired all the Spectators to take Warning by him, to follow good Counsels, and be obedient to the Commandments of God, not commit the least Sin, whereby to enrich themselves. He seemed penitent, and acknowledg'd the Justice of the Law.

Though *Houghton* said he kept Company with lewd Women only before he was married, yet is it not unjustly thought that he was too familiar after Matrimony with one *Madam Mary Butler*, alias *Strickland*, Mistress to *George Villiers Duke of Buckingham*; who, on the Thirteenth of October, the Year after his Death, was indicted at *Justice-Hall* in the *Old Bailey* for a Misdemeanor, in forging a Bond in the Name of the Worshipful Sir *Robert Clayton*, Knight, and Alderman of the City of *London*, for Forty Thousand Pounds, with a Condition to pay Twelve Hundred Pounds *per Annum* with Interest, and that after the Decease of the said Sir *Robert Clayton* there should be Twenty Thousand Pounds paid her within six Months; which Bond had a Seal, and was witnessed by four Persons.

This Fact being something of a Kind with the former, it may not be amiss to give some Account of it in this Place.

The first Evidence was *Mr. Woodward*, an eminent Attorney in the City, who deposed, That *Mary Butler* had been his Client for several Years; and that about two or three Years before that Time she came to him, and brought him a Bond to look over, and desired him that another should be drawn by it; which Bond was sign'd *Robert Clayton*, and had a Seal affixed to it, and the Names of Four Persons subscribed to the same, and was of the Penalty of Forty Thousand Pounds, and dated in the Year 1687, or thereabouts, to pay Twelve Hundred Pounds yearly, so long as Sir *Robert* should live, and after his Decease to pay the Sum of Twenty Thousand Pounds: And that she desired it might be kept a Secret, and that his Servants should not know anything of it, for that it was to be deliver'd up to Sir *Robert*, and she was to disclaim her Interest by a Bill in *Chancery*; and she told him, she had receiv'd Money upon the said Bond, and desired him to cast up what was in Arrears; which he did, and then took a Copy of the Bond to draw the other by, by reason it was a special Condition (which Copy he produc'd in Court, and said, that he did believe it to be a true Copy of the same) and that afterwards he drew a Bond of the Penalty of Fifty Four Thousand Pounds for the Payment of Twenty Seven Thousand Pounds; upon which he told Mrs. *Butler* it was a great Sum, and required People of Credit to see it executed, and offer'd her to be one of the Witnesses to see it done himself: Upon which she replied, *That Sir Robert knew him very well, and did not desire him to be a Witness*; and that she then took away the Bond and the Draught from him; and he did not know what she did with it afterwards.

The next Evidence was a very worthy Gentleman, who deposed, That he was present when she was brought before the Lord Chief Justice *Holt*, and that she did then acknowledge that she did cause the Bond to be made by one *Lucas* a Scrivener in *Bishopsgate-street*, and own'd that she did it herself, and directed him to make it by her Order.

Mr. Butler denied the Fact upon her Trial, and called Persons to her Reputation; but that did not avail her, the Jury found her guilty of a Misdemeanor, and the Court fined her Five Hundred Pounds, and order'd her to remain in Prison while paid; but she never paid it, for after four Years Imprisonment she died in the Common Side of *Newgate*.

We may add to the Life of *Thomas Houghton*, That long before he took to counterfeit Stamp-Paper, being under very bad Circumstances in the World, thro' irregular Courses, he was obliged to fly into the Country, where Necessity compelling him to live by his Wits, he acted the part of a Mountebank at *Sherborn* in *Dorsetshire*; where having set up a Stage, he saw himself the first Day environ'd with a Multitude of Country Folks, and observing that his Auditors were inclin'd to give a favourable Attention to his Discourse, he made this Oration to them.

'My good People, take notice that I am none of those Impostors who run up and down the Country, to sell your Two-penny Pacquets that will cure all Distempers, whether external or internal, and nevertheless help not one. I will furnish you with divers. I call myself a Physician, and am rather a Professor than a Maker of Medicines; according to the Diseases which I find, I do either prescribe Physick, or make it myself. Moreover (my dear Friends) there is another kind of Merchandize which I bear in my Brain: I have so much Understanding and Spirit, that I can sell some of it to others. I distribute to all Men, Apprehension, Subtily, and Wisdom. Mark me well! He that looks upon me let him know, that I am descended of a Race where all the Male Children are constantly Prophets; so were my Father and Grandfather: But alas! they understood nothing at all in comparison of me. I have my own Knowledge by Nature besides what they have taught me: If I would myself I should always be at the Elbows of Kings: But I prefer Liberty before Riches; it is more meritorious for me; and I serve my Country better by going from Town to Town charitably to assist all manner of Persons, than to continue still in one Court or City. I will not trouble myself to relate some odd Stories to you, according to the ancient Custom, to stir up your Attention by Laughter; it becomes not my Learning to be so great a Buffoon. Let those who have need of my Counsel in their Affairs repair unto me one by one, to my Lodgings at the *Red-Lion-Inn*. I can inform young Batchelors, if their Sweethearts be Maids or not; I can inform Husbands, if their Wives have made them Cuckolds or not. For the ordinary Diseases of your Bodies, I will discourse farther of them Tomorrow, when I shall mount my Stage again.'

He had such Success, that by his Drugs and Fortune-telling he pick'd up a great deal of Money from the credulous Country Fools that resorted to him at his Lodgings. We will give an Instance of the Skill he discover'd, in the Case of a wealthy old Farmer who came to him, by which Affair he got abundance of Reputation.

The old Gentleman, after Compliments proper to a Person of *Houghton's* Learning, thus began: *Sir, I am very much perplexed; my Daughter hath acquainted her Mother that she is big with Child, and she doth not know by whom: If we knew who it were, we would cause him to marry her if he were rich; and if he were not we would punish him as the Law provides in such Cases. My Wife and I were a Week some time ago at a Relation's House about ten Miles off, in the mean while she did lie alone in our Chamber, and she cannot tell who it was that came to ravish her Maidenhead from her; for he that did force it from her would not speak a Word.* *Houghton* made answer, 'Tis very likely to be one of your Servants. I do conceive so too, said the Farmer; but there are four of them; three Ploughmen,

Ploughmen, and one Shepherd; to whom of these shall I address myself? Tell me, Sir, I beseech you, what shall I do in this Case? Houghton replied, *Do you and your Wife lie this Night from Home, and let your Daughter sleep in the same Bed on which she lost her Maidenhead, and let the Door be no more lock'd than it was at that time. He who already hath been familiar with her, will come again to visit her without doubt; and if he will not yet speak, she shall mark him on the Forehead with a certain Ingredient which I shall give her; the Mark will not suddenly go out, but the next Morning you may discover it very plainly, and by this means you may find who it was.*

After that Houghton had spoken these Words, he entreated the Farmer to leave him for a little Time, that he might prepare his Mixture. He took Lamb-black, which he mingled with Oil, and afterwards brought it to him, saying, *That his Daughter with that ought to mark the Forehead of the Man who came to lie with her.* The Farmer return'd home, and communicated the Affair to his Wife, who agreed to all which he desired. After that he departed with his Wife from his own House, and repair'd to a Friend's House in the neighbouring Village, where he resolv'd to sup, and lie there that Night.

Night being come, his Daughter did not go to Bed in her own Chamber, but her Father's, and did not make fast the Door. Her Father's four Servants were in the Chamber directly over-against it. They were all asleep but the Shepherd, who was he that had before been so familiar with her: He was enamour'd on her, and seeing an Occasion as inviting and propitious as ever to lie with her, he determin'd with himself to go unto her; so rising from his own Bed, he softly open'd the Door, and came to the Bed of his young Mistress.

The Expectation and Design which she had, hinder'd her from Sleep; so that hearing him approach, she prepar'd herself to perform that which she was commanded. As he endeavour'd to kiss her and embrace her, she thrust him back with one Hand, and with one of the Fingers of her other Hand, which she dipt into the Mixture, she touch'd his Forehead. Afterwards she was not so careful to defend herself, thinking that she had done enough.

In the first Respite of their Embraces, having her Judgment more free than in the Time of Pleasure, she desired him *To confess unto her who he was; and assur'd him that he could get nothing by concealing himself; for the Mountebank in the Town, who knew every thing that was done, would next Morning discover him to her.* Wherefore, says she, do you not speak to me? How would you have me love you when I do not know who you are? He then confessed unto her that he was the Shepherd, and represented to her how entirely he loved her. *O! Lord,* said she, *I would you had spoken to me a little sooner; I would not have mark'd you as I now have done: You have a Mark on your Forehead which will not suddenly be wiped away, and To-morrow my Father will know by it that you have lain with me: You know he doth not love you, and will never give way that we shall be married together; he will cause you to be punished, for which I shall be extremely sorry, for I always loved you above any other, altho' I never express'd as much to you.*

I thank you for your good Will, said the Shepherd, *and I must beseech you to continue it; but give me that Ingredient, I pray, with which you*

rubbed my Forehead, and I will so order it, that your Father shall not know who it was that lay with you. The Girl therefore put into his Hand the little Pot wherein the Black was, and he anointed one of his Fingers with it, and going into the Chamber of his Companions, who were all asleep, he mark'd the Forehead of every one of them. Having done that, he came again to Bed to his Mistress, with whom he pass'd that Night.

The Day no sooner appeared, but the Farmer return'd Home; who, eager to know if he could discover him who had lain with his Daughter, caus'd all his Servants to come before him; and having look'd upon them all, he was amaz'd to see all their Foreheads mark'd with Black. Upon this, in a great Choler, he went to his Daughter, and said to her, *If all those who have their Foreheads colour'd with Black have lain with thee this Night, there was never the Daughter of any Country Farmer that hath been more foully occupied than thy self.* She protested to him, *That there came but one to her, against whom she could have defend'd herself, but then she could not have discover'd him, and she knew not how the rest came to be so mark'd.*

All the Remedy which the honest Farmer had, was to have recourse again to Mr. Houghton the Mountebank, and to acquaint him with that which had pass'd, and to know of him in this Case what Expedient he had to use. Houghton, having a little while consulted on it, said to him, *Return Home with all the speed you can, and cause all your Servants again to come before you, and observe if there be not any one amongst 'em who hath one of his Fingers black; it is he without doubt who hath lain with your Daughter.*

The Farmer made all the haste he could to his own House, and having look'd on all their Hands, he found that there was not any one of them that had a black Finger but the Shepherd. *Ha!* said the Farmer, *'tis thou hast dishonour'd my House, I will cause thee to be apprehended and brought to Justice. What a most impudent Rogue art thou, to violate the Daughter of thy Master when she was asleep!*

Speaking these Words, he took the Shepherd by the Collar, and commanded that the rest of his Servants should lay hold on him to carry him to Prison; but the Shepherd said unto him, *Ain't good Master, 'tis true that I have lain with your Daughter, I cannot deny it; it is as true also, that the next time I came unto her, she was asleep; but immediately afterwards she awak'd, and permitted me quietly to accomplish what I was about to do: So that you cannot affirm that I forced her; for those of her Age, and of such a Patience too, cannot properly be said to be ravi'sh'd.*

As he spoke this, the Mother, the Uncle, and the Aunt, of the Daughter arrived, who being advertis'd of the Fact, persuaded the furious Father to be pacified; representing to him that Marriages were made in Heaven before they were celebrated upon Earth, and that without doubt Heaven had ordain'd that this Shepherd should marry his Daughter. They declar'd moreover, that he was a thriving young Man, and that of necessity he must marry them together to redress the Fault. The Business was so well disputed, that on the very same Day the Match was made, to the great Contentment of both Parties; and the Father declaring the admirable Inventions which the Mountebank had taught him, to discover him who deflower'd his Daughter, the whole Family went in a Body to give Houghton many Thanks, and a good Reward besides.

The LIFE of JOHN BELLINGHAM.

THE following unfortunate Criminal, namely *John Bellingham*, after having been concern'd with one *John Arthur*, in several Highway Robberies, was indicted at the *Old-Bailey*, the Thirteenth of *October* 1699, upon two Indictments for Forgery. The first was for altering the Endorsement of a Bank Note, and taking out the Name of Sir *John Elwell*, and putting in the Name of Mr. *James Carr*; but the Evidence to this Indictment being not sufficient to convict him, the Jury acquitted him. The second Indictment was for altering an Exchequer Bill of Five Pounds, with a Farthing a Day Interest, and making it a Bill of Forty Pounds, with Two-pence a Day Interest for the same, and likewise altering the Indorsement; and that he after the Sixth of *August* 1699, knowing the same to be falsify'd, did offer the same in Payments with an Intent to cheat his Majesty's Subjects.

The first Evidence depos'd, That about the Eighteenth or Nineteenth of *July* last, he met Mr. *Bellingham* in *Lincoln's-Inn* Walks, who told him he had a Business would do him a Kindness; and that he had a Bank-Bill, but it was not fairly come by; and that thereupon he (the Witness) ask'd him, whether it was one of *Arthur's* Bills? To which *Bellingham* replied, No; and told him if he could get him some Exchequer Bills, he had a Friend could make a five Pound a ten Pound one, but he would have thirty Shillings for his Pains. With that they parted, and he communicated the matter to the Trustees of the Exchequer, and got a five Pound Bill, and carried it to *Bellingham*, and they agreed together, and he was to have ten Pounds for his Share, which he afterwards received of *Bellingham*.

Another Evidence depos'd, That *Bellingham's* Wife, and one Mrs. *Eason*, came with the Exchequer Bills, the first by the Name of *Hill*, and the other by the Name of *Holmes*, and bought as much Linnen as came to Twenty Pounds odd Money, and offer'd the Bill in Payment, which was made Forty Pounds; upon which he went out to advise with some Acquaintance, whether it was a good Bill or no, who told him that it was a good Bill; and then he held it up against the Light, and could not see any thing amiss in it, upon which he paid them the rest of the Money, and they went away. However, he being not thoroughly satisfy'd, goes to the Exchequer, and there found it to be only a Five Pound Bill alter'd, the same Bill that the first Evidence produc'd to the Prisoner; that upon this he got *Bellingham* apprehended, and he was carried before Secretary *Vernon*, and being examin'd about it, after an Hour's Hesitation, he ask'd if there was any Mercy? To which it was replied, It was not long since he had receiv'd Mercy: Whereupon he freely confess'd the Fact, and said that no body did it but himself. It likewise appeared that he was in the Robbery with *John Arthur*, and his Brother, who some time before robb'd the Western Mail, and were executed the Twenty Third of *March* before, and by that Means he got the Bank-Bill.

The Prisoner upon his Trial objected against the first Evidence, and would have the Jury believe he had done it himself; and as for what he had confess'd before Secretary *Vernon*, he said, *It was an old Maxim in the Law, that what a Prisoner should confess before a Justice, should not be given in Evidence against him.* But he was answer'd by the Court, *That if there was such a Maxim, it was so old it was forgot:* And they ask'd him, *If he could produce any such Record?* To which he answer'd, *No.* The Jury found him guilty, and he received Sentence of Death.

The Morning of his Execution he declared that he was born in *Surrey*, Son to Justice *Bellingham*, who kept a Glass-House at *Vaux-Hall* by *Lambeth*; that he had good Education given him, but in his younger Years hearken'd to bad Advice, and having scarce attain'd to the Age of Thirteen Years, join'd with some Persons who made it their Practice to rob on the Highway. He said he could not remember one Half of the Robberies that he had been concern'd in, but that a great Part of them were committed in Company with *Arthur*, lately executed as above-mention'd.

He said, also, that after so many Robberies Justice at last overtook him, for committing a Robbery on *Bristow-Causey* in *Surrey*. He and his Gang kill'd the Person they robb'd, he being something obstinate, tho' he had no great Purchase about him; for which he was apprehended and committed to the *Marsalsea*, and try'd for the Crime, and convicted the next *Surrey* Assizes: But after Condemnation he made use of several Stratagems to make his Escape, and amongst the rest, he feigning himself sick, to deceiv'd the Keepers, that by means of the Liberty they allow'd him, he got away in Woman's Cloaths.

After this he made the best of his Way to *Flanders*, where he list'd himself in the Army, and continued there some Years, till the Peace was concluded at *Ryswick*, and then return'd to *England*, being disbanded, and betook himself again to his former Course of Life, and to the unhappy and indirect Methods for which he was justly to suffer. He said, he had made many Attempts that way.

He own'd he had kept company with *Arthur* after his Escape out of *Newgate*, which Escape he contributed very much to, in furnishing him with Instruments for that Purpose; and that he being jealous that he should again be brought upon the Stage, he thought it most adviseable to discover *Arthur* and his Brother, and accordingly set them at the *Feathers-Tavern* in *Great-Carter-Lane* in *London*, where they were apprehended; and then to free himself secure for what was past, he turn'd Evidence against them; and they were convicted and hang'd by his means. When he had by that means clear'd his old Score, he said, he began a new one, in this Crime in which he would willingly have engaged others, but they declin'd it.

He further acknowledg'd, that since his Condemnation he had made use of several Methods to make his Escape out of *Newgate*, and had got his Sister to bring to him several Instruments to force the Walls

of the Goal. (*This having been discover'd, he was more narrowly look'd after, and the Instruments being found about him, were taken from him, and were then in the Goal, and his Sister was bound over by the Lord Mayor*) He also confess'd, that he had some Thoughts to have made with away himself by Poison; but upon serious Consideration forbore to do it. (*This also was confirm'd the very Morning the Confession was made; for being in the Chapel, he took the Poison out of his Pocket, and gave it to one that stood by him.*)

Being come to the Place of Execution he was ty'd up, and then he publicly confess'd his Crime; saying, *That he had been a very heinous Offender, and that the former Mercy he had receiv'd had no*

other Operation upon him but to harden him in his Wickedness, to which his Mind was wholly bent, having for several Years made it his only Study. He said he had wrong'd several People after different Ways, for which he was sincerely sorry, but was not capable of making Restitution, having vainly spent his Substance. He confess'd he had been guilty of Sabbath breaking, Uncleanness, and the abominable Sin of Cursing and Swearing to the utmost Degree, and seem'd to be Penitent. His Mother, a very honest Gentlewoman, was to see him at the Place of Execution; but being full of Grief, left him before he was ty'd up. He was executed at Tyburn, being Twenty Six Years of Age, the 27th of October 1699.

The LIFE of HARMAN STRODTMAN.

THE following Account was taken in Writing from the Criminal's own Mouth, the Day before he was executed at Tyburn, which was on Wednesday the 18th Day of June, 1701. The Relation seems to be made with so much Sincerity, that we thought it best to use his own Words, in which he has express'd his Case, and given us a Sketch of his Life, as briefly, and yet as fully as can be expected.

In the Year 1683, or a little before, I was born at Reel in Liefant, and had the Happiness to come of a good Family; my Parents being Persons of some Account in the World, and also godly and religious People, who took great Care of my Education.

About the Year 1694, my Father sent me to School to Lubek, where I continued till Michaelmas, 1698. From thence I went to Hamburg, and stay'd there till I set out for England. I arriv'd at London the 18th Day of March following, together with one Peter Wolter, who came with me from my native Place. We were both bound Apprentice to Mr. Stein and Mr. Dorien, Merchants and Partners in London.

Peter Wolter and myself having been Fellow-Travellers, and being now Fellow-Prentices, we liv'd for some time very friendly and lovingly together, till about August last, when his Sister was married to Mr. Dorien, one of our Masters. Then he began to be so proud, and so very domineering over me, and abusive to me, that I could not bear it. We had several Fallings-out, and he did twice beat me; once before the Muds of the House in the Kitchen, and at another time in the Compting-House; and did, besides that, often complain and tell Tales of me to my Masters; thereby raising their Displeasure against me, and creating me their Ill-will; so that they kept me close at home, and would not give me the same Liberty which my Fellow-Apprentice, and myself before, had, of going abroad sometimes for Recreation. Upon this Account I conceived an implacable Hatred against him, and the Devil put it into my Heart to be reveng'd on him at any rate.

First I design'd to do it by Poison, having to that purpose mixt some Mercury with a certain white Powder, which he had always in a Glass in the Chamber, and of which he us'd to take a Dose very

often, for the Scurvy. But it being then Winter-time (I think the latter End of December or Beginning of January) I found he had left off taking his Powder; and so I might wait long enough before I could see the Effects of my Poison, if I stay'd till the Time he was to take that Powder again. Therefore I thought of another Way to dispatch him, and this was by stabbing him.

On Good-Friday Morning, my Masters sending me on an Errand, I took from thence Opportunity to go to Greenwich, from whence not returning till the Thursday following, my Masters were to very angry with me, that they bid me be gone. Upon this I went away, and took Lodgings in Moor-fields. And two Days after I took other Lodgings at the Sign of the Sun, an Ale-house in Queen-street, in London.

Now I had a Key of the Fore-Door of my Master's House, which I got made for me a long time before Christmas, by that which was my Masters; and this was for my private Use, that I might, unknown to my Masters, go in and out at any time when I had a Mind to it; but at last the Devil taught me another Use of this Key; for by the Help of it I came to my Masters House on Saturday, about half an Hour past eight at Night; and being got in, I went up two Pair of Stairs, and having got into an empty Room, adjoining to Peter Wolter's Chamber, I shut myself in there, and some time after fell asleep.

About twelve a Clock being awake, after I had been some time hearkening, perceiving all was very quiet in the House, I went down to a Room one Pair of Stairs, where a Tinder-Box lay, and having lighted a Candle, enter'd the Compting-House, and there took out several Notes and Bills, and some Money too. Then I went up again two Pair of Stairs, carrying with me a certain Piece of Wood, wherewith they us'd to beat Tobacco, which I found in my Chamber. When I was got up Stairs, I sprang into Peter Wolter's Room, and coming to his Bed-side, open'd the Curtains, and with my Tobacco beater knock'd him on the Head, giving him four or five Blows on the left Side of it, and another on the right. Thus it was that I most barbarously murder'd this poor Creature, whom I intended, had this fail'd, to have shot to Death; having

ving brought with me two Pistols, ready charged, for that wicked Purpose.

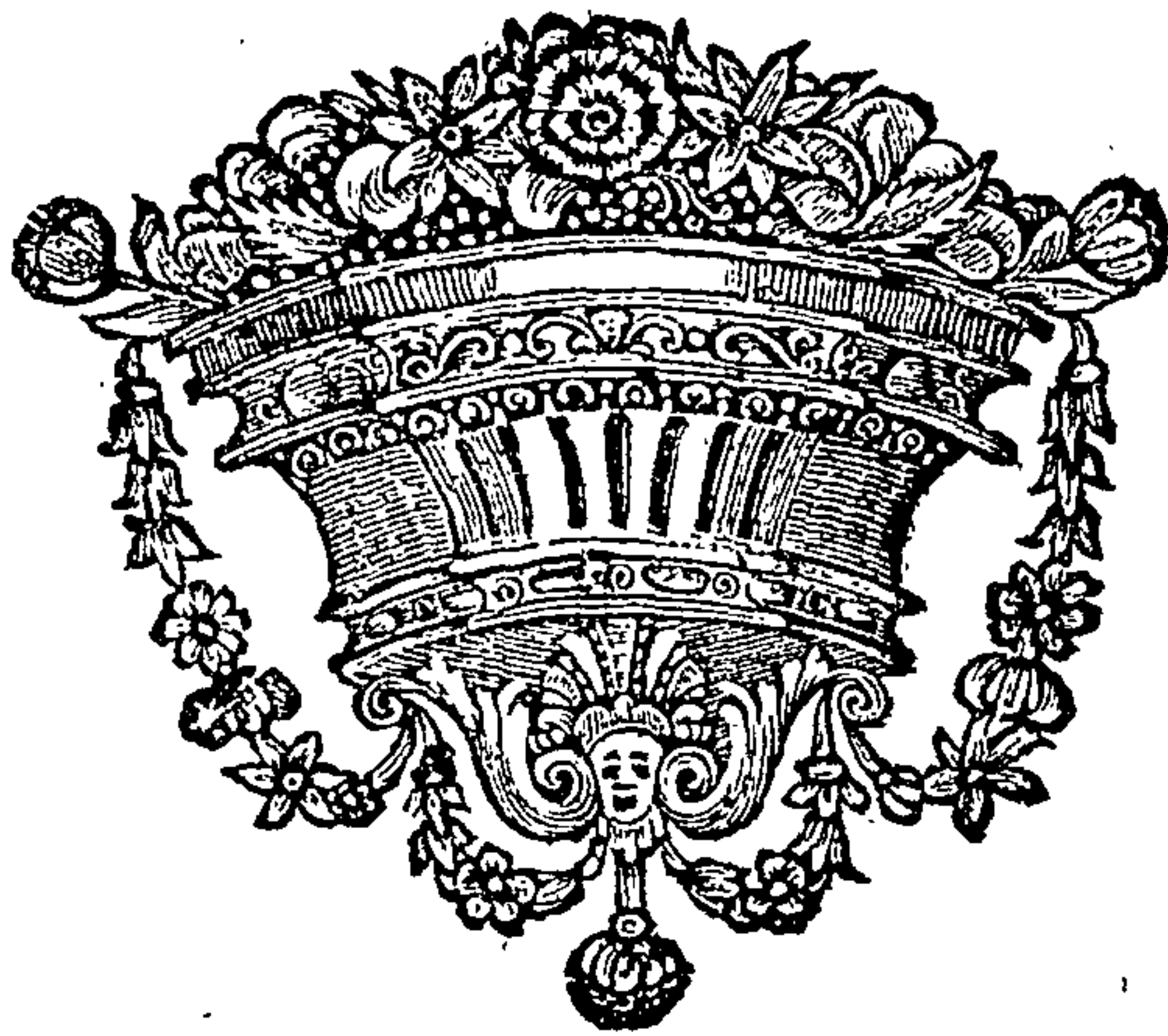
When I perceiv'd *Peter Wolter* was quite dead, I proceeded to search his Breeches, and Chest of Drawers, and took a Note of Twenty Pounds, with some Money, out of his Pocket; which Money, with that I had taken in the Compting-House, amounted to eight or nine Pounds. Then I pack'd up some of his Linnen and Woollen Clothes, and having made a Bundle of them, went down with it one Pair of Stairs, and out of a Window there threw it into the next House, where no body dwelt. Then I went up Stairs again, and having cut my Candle in two, both Pieces being lighted, I set one in the Chest of Drawers, and the other on a Chair, close by the Bed-Curtains, intending to have burnt the House, in order to conceal, by this heinous Fact, the other two of Theft and Murder, which, thro' the Instigation of the Devil, I had now most barbarously committed. Then I went thro' a Window, out of the House, into that where I had flung the Bundle; and staying there till about five in the Morning, went away with the Bundle, and what else I had taken, to my Lodgings in *Queen-street*, where I put on clean Clothes, and then went to the *Swedes Church* in *Trinity Lane*.

The next Day, being the second *Monday* after *Easter*, I went to a Goldsmith, one that I knew, in *Lombard-street*, where I found my Master *Stein*, with another Gentleman. My Master ask'd me, whether I would go willingly to his House, or be carried thither by two Porters: I said I would go. So, after some Questions about the horrid Facts I had committed at his House, and my denying of them, I was search'd, and the Bill of twenty Pounds, which was in the Deceased's Pocket, was found upon me.

Then my Master asking me where I lay, I told him in *Moor-Fields*; so we went thither, and came to my former Lodgings, but the People of

the House told him, I did not lie there now. By this my Master finding that I was unwilling to let him know where I had lain, or how I had dispos'd of the Things which I had stoll'n out of his House, he promis'd me, that if I would confess, no harm should come to me; for he would take care to send me presently beyond Seas. Upon this I freely told him the Truth; where I lay, and where those Goods of his were, as we were walking together. So he presently took Coach, and carried me first to my Lodgings in *Queens-street*, where he received the Bills, Clothes, Money, and all that I had thus stollen, and then he carried me to Sir *Humphry Edwin*; who, upon his Examination of me, and my own Confession of all these Facts, did most justly commit me to *Newgate*; where I must leave it to others to relate how I behaved myself during my Confinement.

I have freely given this true and impartial Account of myself, and my sinful Actions, to the World, that all Men, both young and old, might take warning by me, who once little thought I should ever be capable of committing such foul and enormous Crimes. And now I am going to leave this World for ever, before I have lived long enough in it (as being but about eighteen Years of Age) to know either it or myself: But I thank the divine Grace, that has open'd my Eyes, and set me in a clearer Light, by which I am come within Sight and Apprehension of better Things. Let me therefore, for once and ever, advise all Men to be warn'd by my Fall, and take great care to their Ways, that they do not stumble upon the Snares of *Satan*, as I have done; for perhaps all may not have the same divine Mercy and Help given them for their Recovery, as I have had; for which I love and praise my great Maker and Redcemer, and will adore him to all Eternity.



The LIFE of TIM. BUCKLEY.

TIMOTHY BUCKLEY, was as unparalleled a Villain as ever liv'd in this Kingdom; he was born of very honest Parents at Stamford in Lincolnshire, where he serv'd three Years to a Shoemaker; but then running away from his Master, he came up to London, and soon became acquainted with ill Company, whose Vices he followed to support him in a most scandalous and infamous Course of Life. Having spent a great deal of his ill-got Money at a blind Alchouse in Wapping, he once ask'd the Victualler to lend him ten Shillings; which Favour he denied him; and Tim so highly resented his Ingratitude, that he left frequenting his House. Not long after Tim. and some of his thieving Companions, breaking in by Night, they bound the Victualler, his Wife and Maid, both Hand and Foot. As they were going to gag 'em, Mr. Taplast desiring Tim. to be more favourable; No, no, quoth he, you must expect no Favour from my Hands, you surly Son of a B—h, whose Prodigality makes you lord it over the People here, like a Postswain over a Ship's Crew; and look as bluff upon your Tarpaulin Guests, as a Mate newly rais'd to a Commander. Now if you'll go but about Charing Cross, and that Way, you shall have the Ale-drappers so very humble and obliging for the taking but Three pence, that a Gentleman Foot-Soldier, or a Lord's Valet, shall have as many Scrapes and Cringes from the Man of the House, as if he was a French Dancing-Master. Whether it be Poverty, as living among Courtiers, or having been bred Gentlements Servants, and so kick'd and cuff'd into good Manners by their Masters formerly, makes them so mannerly, that I can't tell: But let it be as it will, I shall use that End of the Town for the future; and for their extreme Civility, make bold to spend some of your Money among 'em. And accordingly Tim. and his Comrades, robb'd the House, taking thence Forty Pounds laid by for the Brewer, three Silver Tankards, a Silver Watch, and eight Gold Rings.

Another Time, Tim. Buckley taking a Walk towards Hyde-Park-Corner, the Air of which Place is generally very unwholsome for a Thief to take, it was his Fortune to meet with that famous Merry-Andrew and Mountebank, Doctor Cately. He commanded that illiterately learned Gentleman to stand and deliver; which Words founding as terribly in his Ears, as Cut, Slash, Saw, and Sear, does to those poor Patients whose Legs are cutting off in St. Bartholomew's, or St. Thomas's Hospital, he begg'd heartily of him to be merciful, and not to rob a poor Man, who took a great deal of Pains for an honest Livelihood. Tim. knowing his Occupation, fell a laughing, withal saying, Quacks pretend to Honesty! There is not such a Pack of cheating Knaves in the Nation again; in making People believe they are Scholars, when they know no more of Greek, or Latin, than a sucking Child. Besides, their Impudence is intolerable, for deceiving of ignorant Folks with hard Names, and cramp Words, as Fugglers do with the old Cant of Hictius doctius, hi presto, be gone, while their Confederates pick

their Pockets. Moreover, making credulous Fools believe, that there was not more Men slain and wounded at the Fight of the Boyne in Ireland, than they have recover'd from the Point of Death, or Death's Door, by beckoning their Souls back again, after they have been many Leagues from their Bodies. Therefore quickly deliver what you have, or else this Pistol shall prevent your going any more into France, Spain, Italy, Portugal, Denmark, Sweden, Poland, Germany, and the Devil's Arse i'the Peak, as your usual Cant is, tho' you was never out of England in your Life. Our Doctor preferring his own Welfare before what he had about him, he humbly presented Tim. with Six Guineas, and a very good Watch, that he might keep Time in spending the Gold.

An informing Constable, who was a Baker in St. Giles's Parish in the Fields, once taking up Tim. and sending him for a Soldier into Flanders, he had not been long there before he deserted, and came to London again; and one Day meeting this Baker's Wife coming alone from Hampstead, forcing her into a private Place, and presenting a Pistol to her Breast, he swore he would shoot her dead on the Spot if she refus'd laying with him; he being bent upon it, to be reveng'd on her Husband, who had impress'd him a little while ago. The Baker's Wife being no Lucretia, to value her Chastity at the Loss of her Life, she was forced to submit to the Ravisher's Pleasure; who having obtain'd what he desir'd, he then commanded her to deliver her Money, and what other Things of Worth she had about her. Hereupon the honest Woman crying out, Is this Justice or Conscience, Sir? Quoth Tim. You B—h, don't tell me of Justice, for I hate her as much as your Husband can, because her Scales are even. And as for Conscience, I have as little of that as any Baker in England, who cheats other Peoples Bellies to fill his own. Nay, a Baker is a worse Rogue than a Taylor; for whereas the latter commonly pinches his Cabbage from the Rich, the former, by making his Bread too light, robs all without Distinction, but chiefly the Poor; for which he deserves more hanging than me, or any of my honest Fraternity. So taking from her a Couple of Gold Rings, and eleven Shillings, he sent her home to tell her Husband of this Adventure.

Afterwards Tim. Buckley stealing a very good Horse in Buckinghamshire, he turn'd Highwayman, and riding up to London, he met on the Road a certain Pawn-broker, living in Drury-Lane, by whom having been some Loser in pawning some Things to him, which were lost for want of redeeming, he was resolv'd to have his Pennyworth out of him now; so commanding him to stand and deliver, he began to plead earnestly for Favour, saying, It is a very hard Case that an honest Man can not go about his lawful Occasions but he must be robb'd. D—mn you (quoth Tim.) hast thou so much brazen'd Impudence as to reckon thy self an honest Man, when I know thou art an unconscionable Pawn-broker, who lives and grows fat on Fraud and Oppression, as a Toad on Filth and Venom?

Venom? Your Practice outvies Usury, as much as robbing on the Highway does a Petit-Larceny; so if one calls you a Tradesman, it must be by the same Rhetorical Figure which stiles the Legerdmain of a Pick-pocket an Art and Mystery. Your Shop, like the Gates of Hell, is always open, in which you sit at the Receipt of Custom; and having got the Spoils of the Needy, you hang 'em up in Rank and File, like so many Trophies of Victory. To your Shop all sorts of Garments resort on a Pilgrimage, whilst you playing the Pimp, lodge the Tabby Petticoat, and the Ruffet Breeches together, in the same Bed of Lavender. Thou art the Treasurer of the Thieves Exchequer, and the common Tender of all Booth-beavers and Shop-lifters in Town; to which Purpose you keep a private Warehouse, whence you ship away all ill-gotten Goods by wholesale. You do so fleece the poor, that you scarce leave them so much as a primitive Fig-leaf to cover their Nakedness; and so often do they bring what they have into your Lumber-House, that at last they know the Way, and can almost go to pawn alone by themselves. Thus they are forc'd to purchase the same Clothes half a score times over; and for want of a Chest to keep them in at home, it costs thrice as much as they are worth for a Lodging in your Custody. Six Pence per Month must they pay for every twenty Shillings, which (after your rate of thirteen Months to the Year) is six shillings and six-pence per Pound per Annum, or thirty two Pounds ten Shillings per Cent. besides a Shilling for a Bill of Sale, if the Matter be considerable.

Upon the whole, since you seldom or never lend above half the Value on any thing, Plate excepted, you get near forty Pounds in every Hundred Pounds; and considering how many Thieves and Pick-pockets (your chiefest Customers, that bring the lumping Bargains) never intend to redeem, and how many poor People are not able; or that if they are redeemed the very next Day, yet are you so extortioning as to be paid a Month's Interest, one may reasonably conclude, that you make at least Cent. per Cent. of your Money in a Year: And all this by a Course tending only to the Encouragement of Thieves, and the Ruin of those that are honest, but indigent. Come, come, Mr. Blood-sucker, open your Purse-strings, or otherwise this Pistol shall instantly send you to Hell before the Wind. But the Pawnbroker being very loath to go to the Devil before his Time, he ransom'd himself for Twenty-eight Guineas, a Gold Watch, a Silver Tobacco-box, and a Couple of Gold Rings.

Another Time Tim. Buckley meeting a Stock-jobber on the Road, who had formerly prosecuted him for Felony, upon Conviction whereof he was burnt in the Hand, he was now resolved to be revenged on him, by robbing him of Forty eight Guineas. The Stock-jobber desiring some small Matter of Tim. to carry him forward on his Journey, quoth he, I have no Charity at all for any Rogues of Stock-jobbers, who are Animals that rise and fall like the ebbing and flowing of the Sea, and their Paths are as unsearchable. Thou art as changeable as the Wind, and certain in nothing but

Uncertainty. I believe the Grasshopper on the Royal-Exchange is an Emblem of you; for as that leaps from one Place to another, so do you from one Number to another; sometimes thirty per Cent. Advance is too little for you; at other times thirty per Cent. Discount is not enough. I'll hold you a Wager, that if I should ask what Religion you profess, you'll cry, You'll sell me as cheap as any Body; or ask you of what Value such an Article of Faith is, you'll tell me, You'll give me as much for Navy Bills as any Chapman. Thou art so full of Contradiction, that you lower the Price of Things on purpose to raise it; yet I must acknowledge, you can't be said to be a Hypocrite, because you commonly boast of over reaching those you deal with. As for Christianity, thou art far enough from that; for tho' perhaps you have been baptiz'd, yet will it be highly improper to say, you was ever confirm'd, unless in Impudence. And I verily think you could never shew more Impudence than you do now, in asking me for somewhat to help you on your Journey, out of so small a Matter as forty eight Guineas, which is scarce worth taking from you. Indeed I shan't give you one Farthing; therefore wishing you the best of a bad Market, and that you may be as well stock'd when I see you next on the Road, farewell till the next merry meeting.

Not long after, this same Stock jobber accidentally meeting Tim. Buckley in London, he caus'd him to be apprehended and committed to Newgate, and convicting him of this Robbery, he receiv'd Sentence of Death. But obtaining a Reprieve, and afterwards pleading to a free Pardon, as soon as he was at Liberty, resolving to be farther reveng'd on this Adversary, who had twice sat very close on his Skirts, he went to Hackney, where this Stock-jobber having a Country-House within a Mile of that Village, he one Night set Fire to it; but a timely Discovery thereof preventing it from doing much Damage, it was quickly quench'd. However Tim. made his Escape; and flying into Leicestershire, where he broke open a House at a Place called Ashby de-la-Zouch, and from thence took above eighty Pounds. He then went to a Fair at Derby, where he bought a good Horse, and went on the Highway again. Being thus mounted again to rob on the Road, within two Miles of Nottingham he attempted to stop a Coach, in which were three Gentleman, besides a Couple of Footmen riding a little behind; but they being resolv'd not to be robb'd of what they had by one Villain, one of 'em fired a Blunderbuss out of the Coach, which kill'd Tim's Horse; and then all the Gentlemen alighting, and the Footmen being by this time also come up to their Assistance, a bloody and obstinate Engagement begun between them, wherein Tim kill'd one of the Gentlemen and a Footman; but nevertheless, being overpower'd, after he had discharged eight Pistols, and was also grown faint thro' the Loss of much Blood (for he had receiv'd eleven Wounds in his Arms, Thighs, and Legs) he was seized and committed to Jail in Nottingham, where he was executed in 1701, aged twenty nine Years; and afterwards hang'd in Chains at the Place where he perpetrated the two Murders aforesaid.

The LIFE of JACK WITHERS.

THE Malefactor we are now to give an Account of, was the Son of a Butcher, born at *Litchfield* in *Staffordshire*, where he served an Apprenticeship with his own Father. Want of Business when he was out of his Time, made him come up to *London*, and his evil Genius when he was there, soon threw him into the Way of Destruction; for engaging himself with a Society of Thieves, by their Conversation he got into, from whence he was sent into *Flanders* for a Soldier, as was then the Custom of dealing with Offenders, who were not judg'd worthy of Death.

While he was abroad, he could very indifferently brook the being obliged to live on a Foot Soldier's Pay, which bore no Proportion to his late Expences. This put him on a great many Shifts, and made him take all Opportunities of making up the Deficiency of his Income. One or two of the Pranks that he play'd in this View, will be very well worth rehearsing, and we shall give them as briefly as possible.

Going into a Church in *Ghent*, where the People were all at High Mass; and seeing most of them cast Money into a Box that stood under an Image of the Virgin *Mary*, it made his Fingers itch for the Coin; so watching a fair Opportunity, with a crooked Nail he pick'd the Lock, and cram'd as much of the Treasure as he could into his Pockets: But doing it over-hastily, and dropping some of the Pieces, they made such a jingling on the Marble Pavement, that, as ill Luck would have it, he was discovered, seized, and dragg'd before a great Cardinal then in that Town.

This arch Priest examining the Witnesses as to the Fact, and finding it plain, he exclaimed prodigiously against *Withers*, by the Titles of *Rogue*, *Rascal*, and *sacrilegious Villain*; and was just going to condemn him to a severe Punishment, when *Jack* falling on his Knees, with uplifted Hands, and Tears in his Eyes, begg'd his Eminency to hear him. This, after much Storming, was granted, and Silence being made, *Jack*, in a piteous Tone, told him, That he was a vile wicked Wretch, bred up a Protestant, and an Heretick, and being in great Distress, he had made his Prayers before the Image of the Blessed Virgin, to relieve him in his hard Necessity; promising, in consideration thereof, to turn *Roman Catholick*, and ever be her Votary; when all on a sudden, the Box under her Image flew open, and she pointed with her Finger to the Money, making also a dumb Shew with nodding her Head, for him to supply his Necessities out of it, which he had thankfully done, with a Resolution of keeping his Vow for ever.

This Relation being heard with much Patience and Attention, the Cardinal cry'd out, *A Miracle! A Miracle!* which all the rest rehearsed out aloud, concluding that none had more right to dispose of that Money, than the Virgin to whom it was offered. Instead of being punished, *Jack Withers* was now carried back to the Church in solemn Procession, on Mens Shoulders, and borne round it in Triumph, whilst *Ave Maria* was sung by the Priests, and he

placed before the High Altar; after which he was dismissed with great Applause.

Proving so fortunate in this Cheat, he was thereby embolden'd to commit another like it; for one Day going into a Church in *Antwerp*, he perceiv'd the Priest put a silver Crucifix, of great Value, into a Sepulchre, as their Ceremony is, in representing the Resurrection, upon *Ascension-Day*; and whilst the spiritual Juggler and the People were going round the Church, in their superstitious Way of Devotion, *Jack Withers* was so dextrous as to convey the Crucifix into his Breeches, and shuffte among the Crowd; so that when the Priest came back to it, saying these Words in the Gospel, *Non est hic, surrexit enim*, that is, *He is not here, for he is risen*, he found it so indeed; for, after much fumbling, he perceiv'd his graven God was gone; and *Withers* then made what Haste he could away, for fear of a Search.

But a little after the playing of this Prank, *Jack* running away from his Colours, came into *England* again, where, preferring an idle course of Life before any lawful Employment, he took to the Highway. One Day meeting with an old Miser upon the Road, who was his Father's Neighbour, he commanded him to stand, and deliver what he had, or otherwise he was a dead Man. The old Man being surpriz'd, pleaded great Poverty, in Hopes of saving about an hundred Guineas and Broad Pieces of Gold, which he had in the Pockets of his wide knee Breeches, containing Cloth enough to make a Gentlewoman a hoop'd Petticoat; but all his whining prevailed nothing with *Jack*. He was then for coming to Composition with him, by giving him one half of his Money to save t'other, but *Withers* swore a great Oath of the first Rate that he would not abate him a Farthing of *Cent. per Cent.* The old Man fumbling a good While in his Pocket, at length he lugg'd out his Purse and pair of Spectacles, which putting on his Nose, he gave his Money to *Jack Withers*; who ask'd him whether his Sight was so bad that he could not give him his Purse without using his auxiliary Eyes? To which the other reply'd, *That he hoped he might have the Liberty of seeing to whom he gave his Money.* Ay, ay, and welcome, quoth *Jack*; and pray take notice, that when you see me again, you must supply me with just such another Sum. So they parted, *Jack* riding one Way, and the old Wretch another.

One Time *Jack Withers*, and two of his hopeful Comrades, having been all Night a raking in the Country, as they were coming on Foot over the Field by *Marybone*, by 4 o'Clock in a Summer's Morning, they observed a Gentleman walking all alone, making all the Gestures imaginable of Passion, Discontent, and Fury, such as casting up his Eyes to the Sky, displaying his Arms abroad, and then ringing them together again. This happened to be one Mr. *Van-bruggen*, a celebrated Player, who was getting his Part; but they not knowing who he was, suppos'd he might be in despair for Love, or some other Cause, and so in that Condition might lay violent Hands upon himself. Hereupon they watch'd his

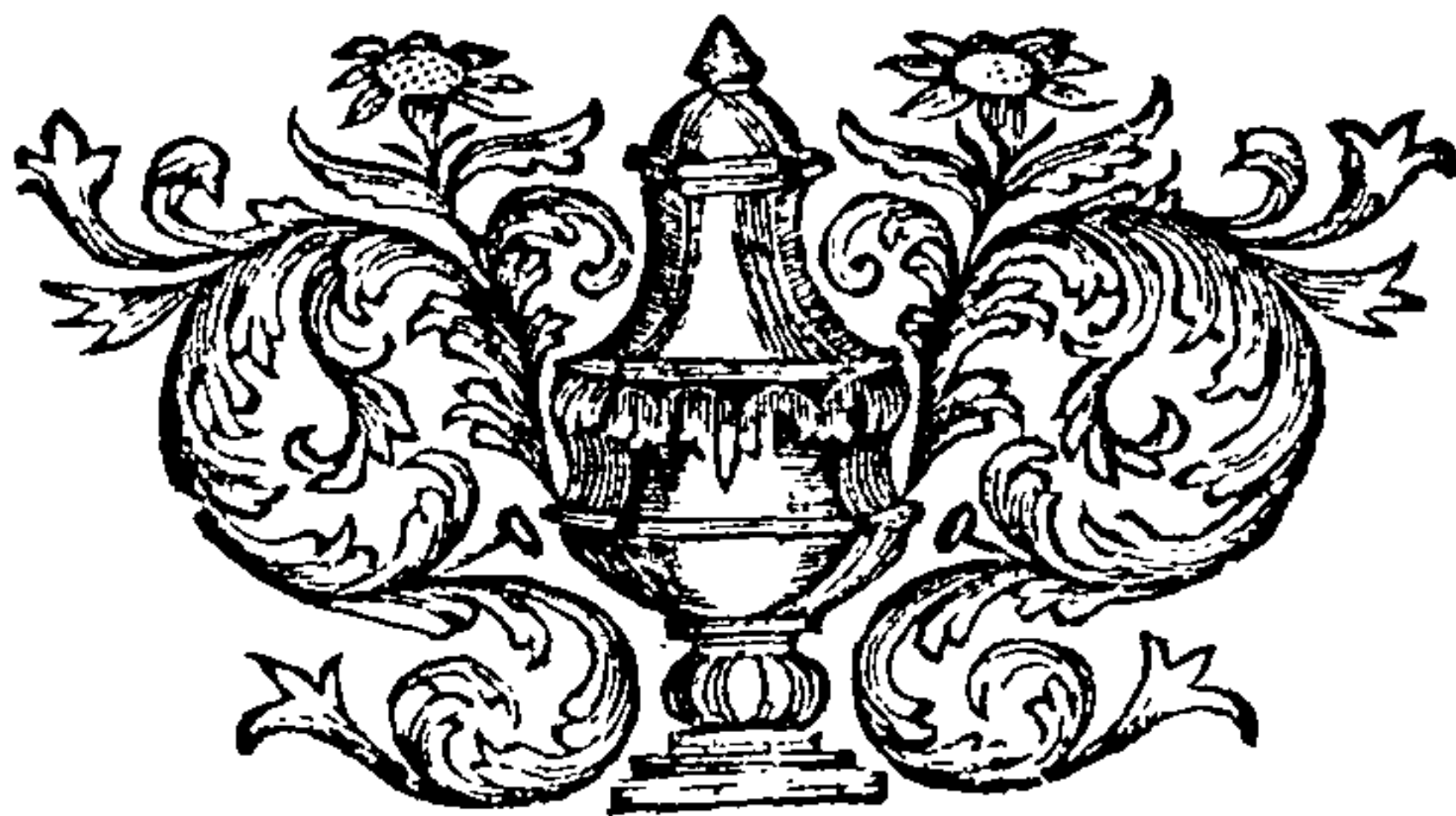
Motions at a Distance ; but Mr. *Vanbruggen*, at length, espying them, he, for the more Privacy, went thro' a Hedge into another Field, where these three Sparks found him by the side of a Pond, expressing, in a very passionate Manner, these Words of *Varanes*, in the Tragedy of *Theodosius*, or, *The Force of Love*.

*I charge thee not!
But when I am dead take the attending Slaves,
And bear me, with my Blood distilling down,
Straight to the Temple ; lay me, O ! Arantes,
Lay my cold Coarse at Athenais's Feet,
And say, — O ! why, why do my Eyes run o'er !
Say with my latest Gasp I groan'd for Pardon.
Till here my Friend ; hold fast, and fix the Sword :
I feel the Artery, where the Life Blood lies ;
It heaves against the Point---Now, O ! ye Gods,
If for the greatly wretched you have room,
Prepare my Place, for dauntless, lo I come !
The Force of Love thus makes the mortal Wound,
And Athenais sends me to the Ground.*

Jack Withers being foremost, cry'd out to his Comrades, *Hallo ! Make haste ; by G—d 'tis e'en as we thought, the poor Gentleman is just going to kill himself for Love.* So making all up to *Vanbruggen*, one taking him by one Arm, and another by the other, they said, *Pray, Sir, consider what you are going to do ! What a sad Thing will it be for you to drown yourself here ! Be advis'd, and have better Thoughts with you.* Mr. *Vanbruggen* not knowing their Meaning, quoth he, as they were pulling and halling him about, " What a Plague is all this for ? I am not going to hang, stab, nor drown myself ; I am not in Love ; I am only a Player getting my Part. " A Player are you ? reply'd *Withers*, if we had thought that, you should e'en have drown'd yourself, and been d—n'd too, before we'd have took all this Pains to follow your Art up and down : But to make

" us amends for our Trouble, you can do no less than give us what Money you have. " Being in a bye Place, they ty'd his Hands and Legs together, and took from him about ten Shillings, and a silver hilted Sword.

After this, *Jack Withers*, and one *William Edwards*, setting on a Person of Quality within a Mile or two of *Beaconsfield*, in *Buckinghamshire*, the Lord that was assaulted, who had only one Footman with him, had the Courage to oppose them, and held so hot a Dispute to save what he had, that *Withers's* Horse being shot, *Edwards* was obliged to carry him off behind him ; and a close Pursuit being made after them, they were forced to quit that Horse, and make their Escape on Foot, thro' bye Lanes, and over Fields, where none on Horseback could ride after them. Now hiding themselves in a Wood all Night, the next Morning they made the best of their Way for *London* ; but about a Mile out of *Uxbridge*, meeting with a Penny-Post Man, they assaulted him on the Queen's Highway, and having taken from him about eight Shillings, to prevent his Discovery of them, *Withers* (tho' much against the Will of his Comrade *Edwards*) took a Butcher's Knife out of his Pocket, and with it not only cut the Throat of the unhappy Man, but ript out his Bowels, and filling the Body full of Stones, threw it into a Pond, where it was found the next Day. None could tell the Author of this inhuman Murder, till *Withers* and his Companion were apprehended about two Months after for a Country Robbery ; when being condemn'd at the Lent Assizes at *Norfolk*, on the 16th of *April*, 1703, the Day of their Execution, at *Thetford*, *Withers* confess'd the Fact. Thus we may see how the Providence of God generally brings to light the Authors of such horrid Deeds ; for tho' a Murderer may for some Time escape, yet the divine Judgment will overtake him at last.



The LIFE of MOLL RABY.

WE have chosen this Offender's most usual Name to distinguish her by, tho' like the rest of her Calling, she had almost as many Names as the fabulous *Hydra* had Heads. She was born in the Parish of *St. Martin's* in the Fields, and took betimes to ill Courses, in which she continued till her Death. *Madam Ogle* was not more dextrous at bilking Hackney Coaches, than *Moll Raby* at bilking her Lodging, in which Species of Fraud her Talent originally lay, and at which she had more Success than at any Thing else she undertook. We will give an Account of her first Exploit this Way, as a Specimen of the rest.

This Adventure was at a House in *Great Russell-Street*, by *Bloomsbury-Square*; where pulling for a great Fortune, who was oblig'd to leave the Country by reason of the importunate troublesome of a great many Suitors, she was entertain'd with all the Civility imaginable: This seeming honest Creature, who was a Saint without, but a Devil within, continued there about a Fortnight, to encrease her Character, making a very good Appearance as to her Habit, for she had a Talley-Man in every Quarter of the Town. At last, understanding one Day that all the Family was to take their Pleasure as to Morrow, at *Richmond*, she resolv'd to take this Opportunity; and when they were all absent, excepting the Maid, she desired her to call a Porter, and gave him a sham Bill drawn on a Banker in *Lombard-Street*, for one hundred and fifty Pounds, which she desired might be all in Gold; but fearing such a quantity of Money might be a Temptation to make the Porter dishonest, she privately requested the Maid to go along with him, and she, in the mean Time, would take Care of the House. The poor Maid, thinking no harm, went with the Porter to *Lombard-Street*, where they were stopp'd for a couple of Cheats; but they alledging their Innocency, and proving from whence they came, a Messenger was sent home with them, who found it to be a Trick put upon the Servant to rob the House; for before she came back, *Moll Raby* was gone off with above eighty Pounds in Money, one hundred and sixty Pounds worth of Plate, and several other Things of a considerable Value.

For Offences of this Nature, she was thrice burnt in the Hand, after which she marry'd one *Humphry Jackson*, a Butcher, who was taught by her to leave off his Trade, and go upon the Pad in the Day time, while she went upon the *Buttock and Tearing* by Night; which is picking up a *Cull* or *Spark*, whom pretending she would not expose her Face in a Publick-House, she takes into some dark Alley, where, whilst the decoy'd Fool is fumbling with his Breeches down, she picks his Pob or Pocket, of his Watch or Money, and giving a sort of a Hem as a signal she hath succeeded in her Design, the Fellow with whom she keeps Company, blundering up in the Dark, knocks down the Gallant, and carries off the Prize.

But after the Death of this Husband, *Moll* turn'd arrant Thief, and in the first Exploit she then went upon, she had like to come scurvily off; the Adven-

ture was this: Going upon the *Night-Sneak*, (as the Phrase of these People is) she found a Door half open, in *Dorseting-Street* at *Westminster*, where stealing softly up Stairs into a great Bed Chamber, and hiding herself under the Bed, she had not been there above an Hour, before a couple of Footmen brought Candles into the Room, whilst the Maid, with great Diligence, was laying the Cloth for Supper. The Table being furnish'd with two or three Dishes of Meat, five or six Persons sat down, besides the Children that were in the House; which so affrighted *Moll*, that she verily thought, that if their Voices and the Noise of the Children had not hinder'd them, they might have heard her very Joints smite one against another, and the Teeth chatter in her Head. But what was worst of all, there being a little Spaniel running about to gnaw the Bones that fell from the Table, and one of the Children having thrown him a Bone, a Cat that watch'd under the Table, being more nimbly, catch'd it, and ran with it under the Bed, where *Moll* lay *incognito*; the Dog snarling and striving to take the Bone from her, the Cat so well us'd her Claws to defend her Prize, that having given the *Beiffer*, (that is their canting Name for a Dog) two or three Scratches on the Nose, there began to great a Skirmish betwixt them, that, to allay the Hurly Burly, one of the Servants took a Fire Shovel out of the Chimney, and flung it so furiously under the Bed, that it gave *Moll* a Blow on the Nose and Forehead, that stunn'd her for near half an Hour. The Cat rush'd out as quick as Lightning, but the Dog stay'd behind, barking and grinning with such Fury, that neither her fawning nor threatening could quiet him, till one of the Servants flung a fire fork at him, which chas'd him from under the Bed, but gave her another unlucky Blow cross the Jaws. At length, Supper was ended, but the Dog still growling in the Room, the Fear of his betraying her, rais'd such a sudden Loosness in her, that she could by no Means avoid discharging herself, which made such a great Sunk, that it offended the People, who, supposing it to be the Dog, they turn'd him out, and not long after they all withdrew themselves; when *Moll* coming from under the Bed, she wrapt the Sheets up in the Quilt, and sneaking down Stairs, she made off the Ground as fast as she could.

Another Time *Moll Raby* being drinking at an Alehouse in *Happing*, she observed the Woman of the House, who was sleeping by the Fire-side, to have a good Pearl Necklace about her Neck, at which her Mouth immediately water'd, and which she thus secured. Having drank a Pot of Drink with a Consort which she had in her Company, she sent the Maid down in the Cellar again to fill the Pot, and in the mean Time cut off the Necklace with a Pair of Scissars, and taking the Pearls off the String, swallowed them. Before they had made an end of that Pot of Drink, the Woman awaking, she mis'd her Necklace, for which she made a great Outcry, and charged *Moll* and her Comrade with it, but they stood upon their Innocency, and going into a private Room, stript themselves, when nothing being

being found upon them, the Woman thought her Accusation might be false, and so was forced to lose her Necklace without being able to suspect in what Manner.

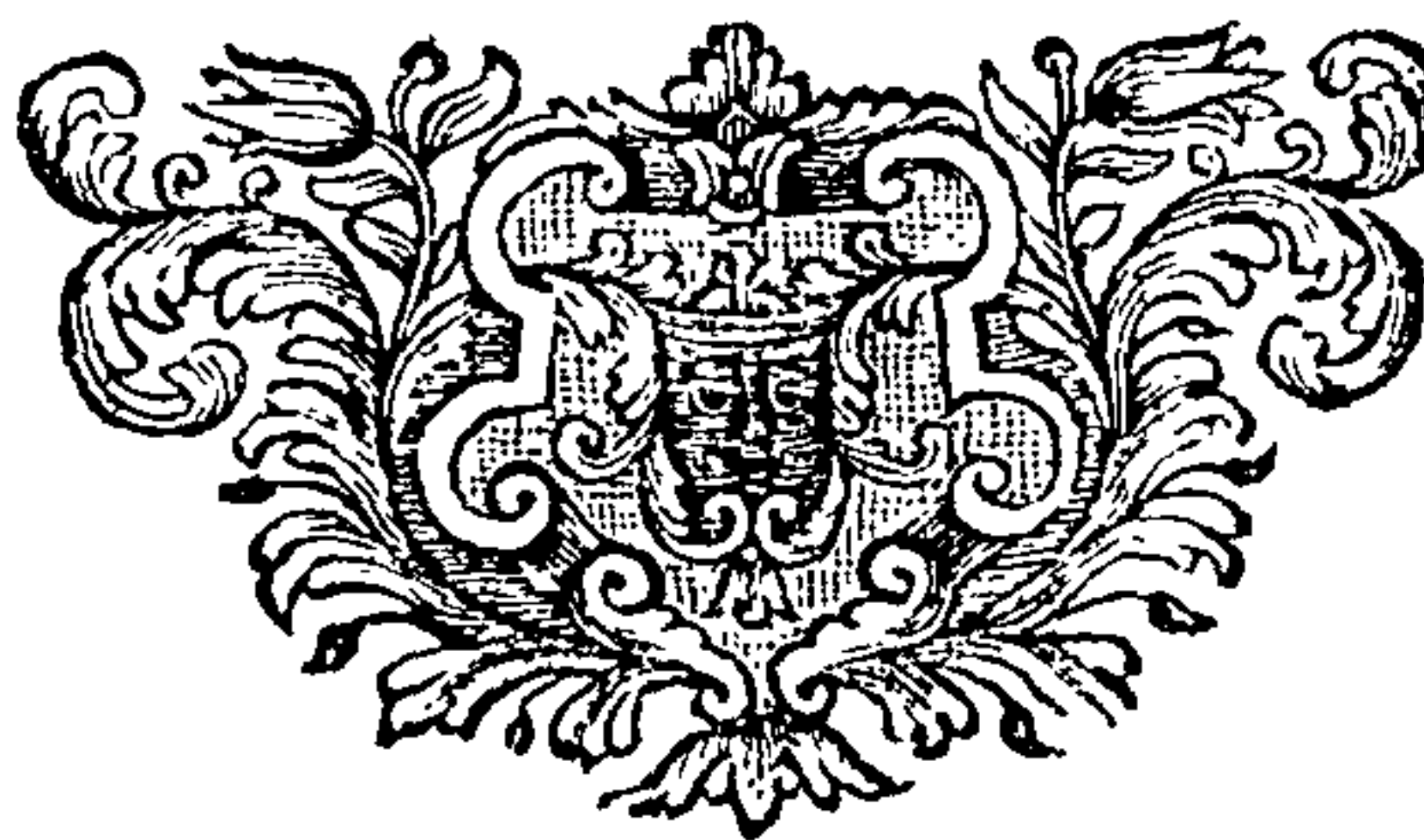
Mary Raby, alias Rogers, alias Jackson, alias Brown, was, at last, condemned for a Burglary, committed in the House of the Lady Cavendish, in Soho-Square, the 2d of March, 1702-3, upon the Information of two Villains, namely, Arthur Chambers and Joseph Hatfield, who made themselves Evidences against her. At the Place of Execution, at Tyburn, on Wednesday the 3d of November, 1703, she said she was thirty Years of Age, that she was well brought up at first, and knew good Things, but did not practise them, having given up herself to all manner of Wickedness and Vice, such as Whoredom, Adultery, and unjust Doings. As for the Fact she stood condemn'd for, she only own'd so much, and no more of it, than this. That some part of the Goods stolen out of that Lady's House, was brought to hers, in the Spring Garden, where she then liv'd, she understood, the next Day after the Robbery was committed, and not before, whose Goods they were.

She farther said, That she had a Husband, she thought, in Ireland, if still alive, but she was not certain of it, because it was now six Years since he left her. However, she was very sorry she had defiled his Bed, and wish'd he was present, that she might desire him to forgive her that Injury. She begg'd also Pardon of all the World in general, for the scandalous, impious, and wicked Life she had lived: And she pray'd, That all wicked Persons, especially those she had been concerned with, would take Warning by her; and that they might have Grace so to reform and amend their Lives betimes, never to be overtaken in their Sins. Before she was turn'd off, she was again press'd to speak the Whole, in relation to the Fact she was now to die for, she persisted in what she had said before about it: But still own'd she had been a very great Sinner, as being one that was guilty of Sabbath-breaking, swearing, drinking, lewdness, buying, receiving,

and disposing of stolen Goods, and harbouring of ill People.

As an Appendix to the life of Moll Raby, we shall add some Account of Moll Harekins, from her living with a Fellow of that Name, who was a most notorious Pick-Pocket, was condemn'd on the 3d of March, 1702-3, for privately stealing Goods out of the Shop of Mrs. Hobday, in Peter Noster-Row. She having been repriev'd for nine Months, upon the Account of her being then found quick with Child, tho' she was not, she was now call'd down to her former Judgment. When she came to the Place of Execution at Tyburn, on Wednesday the 22d of December, 1703, she said she was about twenty six Years of Age, born in the Parish of St. Giles's in the Fields; that she served three Years Apprenticeship to a Button-Maker in Maiden-Lane, by Covent Garden, and followed that Employment for some Years after; but withal gave Way at the same Time to those ill Practices which were now the Cause of her Death.

Before this Moll Harekins projected Shoplifting, she went upon the *Question Lay*, which is putting herself into a good handsome Dress, like some Exchange Girl, and then taking an empty Bandbox in her Hand, and passing for a Milliner's or Sempstress's Apprentice, she goes early to a Person of Quality's House, and knocking at the Door, asks the Servant if the Lady is stirring yet; for if she was, she had brought home, according to order, the Sure of Knots, (or what else the Devil puts in her Head) which her Ladyship had bespoke over Night; while the Servant goes up Stairs to acquaint the Lady with this Message, the Custom is in the mean Time to rob the House, and go away without an Answer. Thus she one Day served the Lady Arabella Howard, living in Soho Square, when the Maid went up Stairs to acquaint her Ladyship that a Gentlewoman waited below with some Gloves and Fans, Moll Harekins took the Opportunity of carrying away above fifty Pounds worth of Plate, which stood on a Side-Board in the Parlour, to be clean'd against Dinner time.



The LIFE of TOM. SHARP.

THOMAS SHARP was born of very honest Parents at Rygate in Surrey, where he served his Time to a Glover: But he had not been long out of his Apprenticeship, ere, by the Influence of bad Company, he was so harden'd in Villainy, as not to be reclaim'd either by wholsom Advice, Threats, or the Examples of his Companions, who were executed before him. Nothing could put an End to his Roguery, but the Halter that put an End to his Life.

To prove that this Fellow was not only Sharp by Name, but also sharp by Nature, we need only relate the following Adventure. Dressing himself one Day in an old Sute of black Clothes, and an old tatter'd canonical Gown, he went to an eminent Tavern in the City, where at that Time was kept a great Feast of the Clergymen, and humbly begg'd one of the Drawers to acquaint some of the Ministers above Stairs, that a poor Scholar was waiting below, who crav'd their Charity. Accordingly the Drawer acquainted one of the Divines, that there was a poor Scholar below in a Parson's Habit. The Gentleman going down, and commiserating his seeming Poverty, introduc'd him into the Company of all the Clergymen, who made him eat and drink very plentifully, and gather'd him betwixt four and five Pounds, which he thankfully put into his Pocket. One of the Divines then, after asking Pardon for making so free, desired to know of him at what University he was bred. *Tom. Sharp* told them, he was never bred at any. *Can you speak Greek?* the Divine ask'd again. *No,* replied *Tom.* *Nor Latin?* the Divine ask'd. *No, Sir,* said *Tom.* *Can you write then,* quoth the Divine? *No, nor read neither,* replied *Tom.* At which they fell a laughing, and said, *He was a poor Scholar indeed.* Then *I have not deceiv'd you Gentlemen,* quoth *Tom.* and so he brush'd off with their charitable Benevolence, as thinking himself not fit Company for such learned Sophisters.

This poor Scholar afterwards using the *Vine* Ale-house at *Charing Cross*, which was then kept by a rich old Man, who knew not that he was a Thief, he brought several of his Gang there once a Week, to keep a sort of a Club up one Pair of Stairs, with a Design to rob the Victualler. Accordingly, they had several Times struck all the Doors above Stairs with a *Dub*, that is, a Pick-lock, but could never light on his Mammon; whereupon, one Night, *Tom. Sharp* puts the Candle to the old rotten Hangings that were in the Club-Room, and setting them in a Blaze, he and his Company cried out *Fire.* The Alarm brings up the old Man in a Trice, who in a great Fright ran up to secure his Money: *Tom.* runs softly after him at a Distance, to espy where his Hoard was, and in the mean Time, his Associates, with two or three Pails of Water, having quench'd the Flame, which had done no great Damage, the old Man, at the News, return'd down with a great deal of Joy, leaving his Money where it was before. With this Information, the Night following, *Tom.* and two of his Companions having a great Supper there, with each his Lass, they took the Opportunity of taking away 300 Pounds in Money; which,

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when the old *Cove* mis'd, he was ready to hang himself in his own Garters.

His chiefest Dexterity lay in robbing Waggon, which, in their canting Language, they call *Tumblers.* They who follow this sort of thieving, do generally wait in a dark Morning, in the Roads betwixt *London* and *Bow*, *Black-heath*, *Newington*, *Islington*, *Highbury*, *Kensington Gravel-Pits*, or *Knightsbridge*, and going in at the Tail of a Waggon, they take out Packs of Linnen or Woollen Cloth, Boxes, Trunks, or other Goods. One time above the rest, *Tom. Sharp* and his Accomplices following a Waggon along *Tyburn Road* to *St. Giles's* Pound, they had no Conveniency at all of entering it, by reason a Man drove the Team before, and the Master and his Son, a Lad of about thirteen Years of Age, rid behind on one Horse. Still they follow'd the Waggon 'till it came just under *Newgate*, when *Tom. Sharp*, who was a lusty hail Fellow, snatching the Boy off the Horse, he ran down the *Old Bailey* with him under his Arms, at which the Father cry'd out to his Man to stop the Waggon, for a Rogue had stolen away his Son; so whilst the Master rid after *Tom. Sharp*, and the Man run after his Master, one of *Tom's* Comrades slipt two Pieces of Woollen Cloth out of the Waggon. The old Man got his Son again, for *Tom* dropp'd him at the Sessions-House Gate.

Under this sort of thieving is also comprehended the robbing of Coaches in the Night Time in *London*, by cutting off Trunks and Boxes which are tied sometimes behind them; and also the *Chiving* Bags or Portmanteaus from behind Horses, that is cutting them off; for *Chive*, among Thieves, signifies a Knife. One Night *Tom. Sharp*, and another like himself, following a Man on Horse-back quite from *Charing-Cross* beyond the *Royal-Exchange*, they had no Opportunity of getting his Portmanteau, because he held one Hand on it all the Way; but coming just under *Aldgate*, acute *Mr. Sharp* took the Man a grievous Rap over the Knuckles, crying out at the same Time, *What a Fox, will you rise over People?* So whilst the Fellow clapt his Fingers to his Mouth, to suck them for Ease, *Tom's* Comrade cut off the Portmanteau, in which was good Linnen, and other Things of value, which pretty well made amends for the long Fatigue they had after him and his *Prancer*, as they call a Horse.

For Offences of this Nature, *Tom. Sharp* was in *Newgate* no less than eighteen Times before the last fatal Time. Take the following Description of that Prison, as this Fellow deliver'd it to some of his Friends, in his half-comic, half-tragic Strain.

'Tis a Dwelling in more than *Cimmerian* Darkness, an Habitation of Misery, a confus'd Chaos, without any Distinction, a bottomless Pit of Violence, and a Tower of *Babel*, where are all Speakers, and no Hearers. There is mingling the noble with the ignoble, the rich with the poor, the wise with the ignorant, and the Debtors with the worst of Malefactors. It is the Grave of Gentility, the Banishment of Courtesy, the Poison of Honour, the Centre of Infamy, the Paradise of Couserage, the Hell of

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Tribu-

Tribulation, the Treasure of Despair, the Refuge of Vengeance, and Den of Foxes. There he that Yesterday was great, To-day is mean; he that was well fed abroad, there starves; he that was richly clad, is stark naked; he that commanded, obeys; and he that lay in a good Bed, is forc'd to rest himself on the hard Boards, or cold Stones. There Civility is metamorphos'd into Insolence, Courage into Subtilty, Modesty into Boldness, Knowledge into Ignorance, and Order into Confusion: There one weeps, whilst another sings; one prays, whilst another swears; one goes out, another comes in; one is condemn'd, another absolved; and in fine, one shall hardly find two Persons of one Mind and Exercise. There Hunger is their Appetite; their Times of Meals, always when they get any thing to eat; their Table, the Floor; their Sauce, the filthy Sinks of their Wards; and their Musick, nothing but snoring, sneezing, and belching. The Hangings of their Chambers are ever in Mourning, adorn'd with large Borders of Cobwebs; their Seats the Ground; and they live Apostolically; that is, without Scrip, without Staff, and without Shoes. Many of their Collars are edg'd with a Piece of peeping Linnen, to represent a Neck-cloth, but indeed it is only the forlorn Relicks of their Shirts crawling out at their Necks; and some of the Prisoners have their appointed Hours, wherein they fight their bodily Enemies, and evermore obtain the Victory, by continually bearing in Triumph the Blood of the Vermin they destroy on their Nails. In a Word, Sighs are their chief Air, Coldness their Comfort, Despair their Food, rattling of Chains their Musick, and Death and Damnation their sole Expectation; whilst a Turnkey, with the grim Aspect of his Countenance, makes them tremble with fear of a new Martyrdom; tho' the insulting Rascal, in the Height of his Pride, need not screw his ill-favour'd Face to a Frown, because he knows not how to look otherwise; which so dejects the Spirits of those poor imprison'd Slaves, who fear him, that the Condition of their Looks seems to implore his Smiles; tho' his Hinty Heart having renounc'd any Remorse, casts a Defiance in their sad and piteous Faces.

This may suffice for a Specimen of *Tom's* Eloquence. We shall now proceed to relate some more of his Adventures.

Going one Day into *Goslington's* Coffee-House, formerly at the Corner of *Parker's-Lane*, in *Drury-Lane*, and sitting down at a common Table, as the Room is to all Corners, a little after came in one of his Comrades, and sat himself down too. *Tom. Sharp* at the same Time was looking on a curious Gold Medal, which he had sharp'd somewhere, and an Attorney of *New-Inn*, sitting opposite to him, he desir'd the Favour of looking on't; which being granted him, and the Gentleman having view'd and commended it for a choice Piece, his Comrade, whom he seem'd not to know there, must needs have a Sight of it too from the Attorney; who thinking no harm, gave it into his Hands. After he had fairly look'd on it a while, he as fairly march'd off with it: *Tom. Sharp* saw him, but would not in the least take notice thereof, as knowing where to find him; and all this while the Gentleman imagin'd nothing but that the right Owner had received it again. A little while after *Tom. Sharp* demanded courteously his Medal, excusing the Gentleman's Detention thereof upon the Account of Forgetfulness. The Gentleman starting, replied, *Sir, I thought you had it long since.* He told him, he had it not, and as he deliver'd it unto him, he should require it from no other Person. They came to high Words, the Gentleman pish'd at it, and in the Conclusion, bade *Tom.* take his Course; and so he did; for having first took Witness of the Standers by, he su'd him, and recover'd the Value of the Medal twice over.

Another Time *Tom. Sharp*, being very well dress'd, he went to one Counsellor *Manning's* Cham-

bers in *Gray's-Inn*, and demanded a hundred Pounds which he had lent him on a Bond. The Barrister was surpriz'd at his Demand, as not knowing him; but looking on the Bond, his Hand was so exactly counterfeited, that he could not in a manner deny it to be his own Writing: However, as he knew his Circumstances were such, that he never was in any Necessity of borrowing so much Money of any Man, and that therefore he could not be indebted in any such Sum, upon the Account of borrowing, he told *Tom.* he would not pay a hundred Pounds in his own wrong. Hereupon *Tom.* taking his Leave, told him he must expect speedy Trouble.

Mr. Manning expecting to be arrested, sent for another Barrister, to whom opening the Matter, they concluded it was a forg'd Bond; whereupon *Mr. Manning's* Counsel got a General Release forg'd for the Payment of this hundred Pounds. When Issue was join'd, and the Cause came to be try'd before the Lord Chief Justice *Holt*, the Witnesses to *Tom. Sharp's* Bond swore so heartily to his lending of the Money to the Defendant, that he was in a very fair way of being cast; till *Mr. Manning's* Counsel moving the Court in behalf of his Client, acquainted his Lordship, that they did not deny the having borrow'd a hundred Pounds of the Plaintiff, but it had been paid above three Months. *Three Months* (quoth his Lordship) and why did not the Defendant take up his Bond, or see it cancell'd? To this his Counsel reply'd, That when they paid the Money the Bond could not be found, whereupon the Defendant took a general Release for Payment thereof; which being produc'd in Court, and two *Knights of the Post* swearing to it, the Plaintiff was cast. This put *Tom. Sharp* into a great Passion, so that he cry'd to his Companions, as he was coming through *Westminster-Hall*, *Were ever such Rogues seen in this World before, to swear they paid that which they never borrow'd?*

This Fellow's Inclination to Wickedness was so strong, that it did not stop its Career in such Crimes, which could only be punish'd with a Fine and Pillory; but being a Man of an undaunted Mind in ading any sort of Villainy, he was often wont to say, That that Man deserv'd not the Fruition of the least Happiness here, that would not, rather than go without it, venture his Neck. Thus Sin, if it be dress'd up in specious Pretences, may be entertain'd as a Companion; but when it appears in its own Shape, it cannot but strike Horror into the Soul of any, if not really stupify'd, as *Tom. Sharp* was, who, to maintain himself in an idle Course of Life, would perpetrate any thing.

Among many other Arts, peculiar to Persons of his Profession, *Tom.* learn'd that of making *black Dogs*, which are Shillings, or other Pieces of Money, made only of Pewter, double wash'd; by means of which he maintain'd himself for some Time. It may not be amiss to observe here, that what the Professors of this hellish Art call *George Plateroon*, is all Copper within, with only a thin Plate about it; and what they call *Compositum*, is a mix'd Metal, which will both touch and cut, but not endure the fiery Test. *Tom.* had not been a great while at the Trade of Coining, before several of his Gang were apprehended, and sent Post to the Gallows for their wicked Ingenuity, which oblig'd him to employ all the Powers of his Wit and Invention, in the Search of something else that might conduce to supply him in his manifold Extravagancies.

In the next place he went to picking of Pockets, at which being detected, he was committed to *New-Prison*; where having a great many loose Women coming after him, who supply'd him with a great deal of Money, he had all the Privilege imaginable in the Jail; and going to take his Trial at *Hicks's-Hall* for his Fact, one *John Lee*, a Turnkey, conducting him thither, gave him the Liberty of being shav'd by the Way in a Barber's Shop. The Keeper having also a pretty long Beard, quoth *Tom. Sharp*,
Come,

Come, we are Time enough yet, sit down, and I'll pay for taking your Beard off too. Whilst he was trimming, Tom. talk'd one Thing or other to hold him in Discourse, till at last the Barber cry'd, *Shut your Eyes, or else my Ball will offend 'em.* The Man did as he was bid, and Tom. took this Occasion to slip out, the Barber not taking him for a Prisoner, and hid himself in an Alehouse hard by. The Turnkey not hearing him talk, open'd his Eyes, and not seeing him in the Shop, rose up so hastily, that he overthrew Cut-beard, Basin, Water, and all upon him, and ran out into the Street with the Barber's Cloth about him, and Napkin on his Head. The People seeing him thus, with the Froth about his Face, concluded him mad, and as he ran gave him the Way. The Barber, with his Razor in his Hand, ran after the Turnkey, crying, *Stop Thief, stop Thief*; but he never minding the Outcry, still ran staring up and down, as if his Wits had lately stolen away from him, and he was in pursuit of them. Some durst not stop him, and others would not; till the Barber seiz'd him at last, and getting his Cloth and Napkin from him, made him pay Sixpence besides for being but half shav'd, while Tom. in the time of this Hurly-burly, got clear off.

Being afraid of being apprehended for this Escape, he was obliged to lie *incognito* in a Garret in St. Andrew's-street, by the Seven-dials, where also dwelling in the same House one Baynham, a poor illiterate Taylor, who was lately turn'd an Astrologer, and had a mighty great Conceit of his own natural Parts, which were very extraordinary in ordinary Things, they became intimately acquainted one with another; and hearing this Star-gazer often with he could speak *Arabic*, for the Understanding *Abu-mazar*, *M. Jafalah*, *Abdilazus*, *Ulugh Beighi*, and other Authors, who had written on the Art of Astrology in that Language, Tom Sharp pretended he had that Tongue as perfect as his own, and would teach it him in three Month for forty Shillings, one half in Hand, and the other when he had perform'd his Bargain. Baynham was very glad of this Opportunity, and giving him twenty Shillings, he was to procure *Erpenius's Arabic Grammar*, which he understood no more than a wild *Indian* did *Welsh* or *Irish*. Tom. proceeded with teaching his Pupil a great many canting Words, telling him *Autem* was *Arabic* for a Church; *Borde*, a Shilling; *Buffer*, a Dog; *Belly-cheat*, an Apron; *Cokir*, a Liar; *Cuffin*, a Man; *Cinke*, dumb; *Cannakin*, the Plague; *Deuse-avil*, the Country; *Ferme*, a Hole; *Flag*, a Groat; *Glymmer*, a Fire; *Gar*, a Lip; *Gybe*, a Pass; *Harmanback*, a Constable; *Jigger*, a Door; *Kinchin*, a Child; *Libege*, a Bed; *Make*, a Half-penny; *Nab*, a Hat; *Prat*, a Thigh; *Quarron*, a Body; *Ruffin*, the Devil; *Swag*, a Shop; *Stat*, a Half-Crown; *Trin*, the Gallows; *Win*, a Penny; *Tarum*, Milk; and abundance more to the same Purpose.

With this Jargon, and meer Gibberish, invented by Villains to shroud their wicked Intentions from the Knowledge of honest People, he deluded the cunning Man, who being an apt Scholar, could in less than four and twenty Hours, very significantly express himself, and tell the Meaning of *Bite the Peter* or *Roger*; *Tip me my Earnest*; *Pike on the Leen*; *Plant your Whits*; *Stow your Wits*; *The Mort tipp'd me a Wink*; *Tip the Cole to Adam Tyler*, and so forth; all which Tom. made him believe were Terms belonging to the Art of Astrology, and

signified *Sol* is in Opposition to *Luna*; *Saturn* in Conjunction with *Mars*; *Venus* is Ascendant in the Cusp of the ninth House; *Mercury* is in Quartile to *Jupiter*, the Moon is got into *Aquarius*; the Sun and *Venus* are come to a Trine; the Sun will suffer a great Eclipse, and the like. They went on in this Manner for two or three Days, when Tom. absconding from his Lodging, not one Digit of his Body was to be seen ever after. Thus he trick'd the poor Astrologer, as nicely as he had the Daughter of *James Gardiner* a Printer, out of above fifty Shillings, in telling her five or six Years before, that she should have a Husband in a short Time, and the poor Creature was not married at the Time of *Tom's* Adventure.

Afterwards Tom. Sharp equipping himself in a Cloak, he went to the *Portuguese Chapel* in *Lincolns-Inn-Fields*, and privately threw a Paper of Lamp-black into the holy Water, plac'd by the Door, having first changed the Silver Basin for a Pewter one, which he had under his Cloak. Soon after the Priest came out and cross'd himself, and having said a short Ejaculation to himself, he look'd towards his bigotted Congregation. to bless them with a *Pax vobiscum*, but when he saw them all have black Crosses on their Foreheads, and the People also saw one on his, there was such staring one upon the other, as if they would have star'd thro' one another. At length they found they were impos'd upon by some Heretick, who was got far enough off before now; whereupon, highly resenting the Profanation of that which they thought sufficient Proof against the Devil, and all his Works, they presently went to cursing of him with their greatest *Anathema* of Bell, Book, and Candle; but Tom being ready curs'd to their Hands, their Revenge did him no Injury at all.

Tom's last East was shooting a Watchman, who oppos'd him in breaking open a Shoe-maker's Shop at the Corner of *Great Wile street*, facing up *Queen-street*. He was apprehended and condemn'd for this Murder; but such was his Impiety, whilst under Sentence of Death, that instead of thanking such who had so much Christianity in 'em as to bid him prepare for his latter End, he would bid them not to trouble his Head with the idle Whimmies of Heaven and Hell, for he was more a Man than to dread or believe any such Matter after this Life. But when he came to the Place of Execution, which was at the End of *Long Acre* in *Drury-Lane*, and the Halter was put about his Neck, he then chang'd his Tone, and began to call out for Mercy, with such a sorrowful Voice, which could not but awake the most lethargick Conscience that ever the Devil lull'd asleep. One there might plainly see by the Deluge of Tears which fell from his Eyes, what Convulsion-Fits his poor Soul suffer'd, whilst his own Mouth confess'd how grievously his afflicted Spirits were stretch'd on the Rack of black Despair. Now was the Time that the voluminous Registers of his ill Conscience, which formerly lay clasp'd in some unsearch'd Corner of his Memory, were laid open before him; and the Devil, who hitherto gave him the lessening End of the Perspective-Glass to survey his licentious Courses, turn'd the magnifying End to his Eye, which made him implore Heaven for a gracious Pardon of his manifold Transgressions. In this manner he was turn'd off the Cart on *Friday* the twenty second Day of *September*, 1704, aged twenty nine Years.

The LIFE of ANN HARRIS.

ANN HARRIS, alias Sarah Davies, alias Thorn, alias Gothorn, was born of honest but poor Parents, in the Parish of St. Giles without Cripplegate; but being debauch'd by one James Wadsworth, she soon abandoned all manner of Goodness. This Wadsworth was otherwise call'd *Jemmy the Mouth* among his Companions. He was hang'd for Felony and Burglary at Tyburn, in the twenty fourth Year of his Age, on Friday the twenty fourth of September, 1702. She lived next with one William Pulman, otherwise call'd *Norwich Will*. from the Place of his Birth, who also made his Exit at Hyde-Park Corner on Friday the ninth of March 1704-5, aged twenty six Years, for robbing one Mr. Joseph Edwards on the Highway, of a Pair of Leather Bags, a Shirt, two Neckcloths, two Pocket-Books, twenty five Guineas, a Half Broad Piece of Gold, and four Pounds in Silver.

Now Nan being twice left a hempen Widow in less than three Years, she had learn'd in that time to be as vicious as the very worst of her Sex, and was so absolutely enslav'd to all manner of Wickedness thro' Custom and Opportunity, that good Admonitions could work no good Effects upon her. Her Inclination was entirely averse to Honesty, as appears by the following Example.

She went one Day to a Mercer's Shop on Ludgate-Hill, in a Hackney Coach, very finely dress'd, with a pretended Footman waiting on her; where looking on several rich Pieces of Silk and Velvet, she bargain'd for as much as came to two hundred and odd Pounds; which being more Money than she had about her, she desired the Mercer to go along with her to her House, and she would pay him all in ready Specie. They putting the Goods into the Hackney Coach which brought her thither, the Mercer and she stept in, and rid with all Speed to Dr. Adams, who kept a mad House at Fulham; where being enter'd, and telling the Doctor this was the Gentleman of whom she had spoken to him in the Morning, he, and three or four lusty Fellows, set upon the Mercer like so many merciless Bailiffs on a poor Prisoner; one taking him by the Arms, another by the Middle, another by the Legs; which rustical Usage made the poor Man ask the Meaning thereof, and bawl out for two hundred and odd Pounds. *Ay, ay,* quoth the Doctor, *the poor Gentleman's very bad indeed; he's raving mad, tie him quickly down in that Chair, and presently shave his Head.*

All the while they were lathering and shaving him, his Cry was still for either Goods or Money; which made the Doctor say, *Pray, Madam, See how his Lunacy makes him talk at Random!* She, shaking her Head, replied, *True, Sir; but is there any Hopes of his Recovery?* To which the Doctor answer'd, *You must know, Madam, that there are three kinds of Frenzies, according to the three internal Senses of Imagination, Cogitation, and Memory, which may be severally hurt: For some are frantick, which can judge rightly of those Things that they see, as touching common Sense and Imagination; and yet in Cogitation and Fantasy they err from*

natural Judgment. Then some others being frantick, err in Imagination; and there are some frantick, who do err both in Sense and Cogitation; that is, both in Imagination and Reason, and do therewith also lose their Memory, which is the worst of all Frenzies; and this it is which afflicts this unhappy Gentleman: but I doubt not of making him Compos Mentis again in less than a Month.

While the Doctor was setting forth the Difference of Madnes, the Mercer was struggling and raving like a Madman indeed; and when he saw Nan give the Doctor five Guineas, with all giving him a strict Charge to take great Care of her Husband and he should want for no Encouragement, he cried out, *She's a lying B—h, she's none of my Wife; my Wife's at home in Ludgate-street; stop her, stop her, stop her, she has cheated me of my Silk and Velvet. I am not mad, I am not mad, but a Parcel of Rogues here will make me run out of my Senses.* Quoth Dr. Adams then to his Men, *Poor Gentleman! he's very bad indeed; we must bleed him too, and give him a strong Clyster at Night; confine him to a Room where there's no Light at all, and bind him fast down Hand and Feet in his Straw; and for one Week give him nothing but Water-gruel, with little or no Bread in it; but the Week after, if his Distemper decreases, we may venture to give him a little Prisan broth boil'd with some husk'd Barley.* The Mercer hearing these Directions, cried out, *I'll have none of my Blood taken from me, I have had enough taken from me already without paying for; I want no Clyster, I tell you I am in my right Senses; I'll have none of your Gruel and Devil's Broth; what cheat me and starve me too! No, no, I am not lunatick.* Quoth the Doctor, *You shall not be starv'd, Sir; what Diet I prescribe now, is to restore you to your Health again.* To Health, said the Mercer again, *I think you are going to take it from me, as the Whore has my Goods.*

But all the Mercer's talking was to no purpose; for Nan being gone off with her Booty, he was hurried to his dark Room; where, being bound down to his Bed, a Clyster was applied to him much against his Will. However, he obtain'd his Liberty in less than four Days; for Nan Harris sending a Penny-Post Letter to his Wife, which inform'd her where her Husband was, she, and some Friends, went with all Speed to Dr. Adams's, in whose House they found the poor Mercer almost mad indeed, for the Loss of his Goods and Freedom too; so they brought him home; but the Doctor never saw nor heard of Nan Harris any more.

I think those who would arrive to as much Perfection as they are capable of enjoying here, must as well know bad, that they may avoid or shun it, as the good, which they ought rather to embrace: therefore to procure the Reformation of others, by the wicked Examples of such whom the Sword of Justice has cut off for their heinous Enormities, I shall relate another memorable Prank play'd by Nan Harris.

She going once to Dr. Case, Student in Physick and Astrology, when he liv'd in Black-Friers, the

was no sooner introduc'd into his Presence, with also one *Charles Moore*, but she thus declar'd the Cause of her waiting on him. *Sir, the Report of your great Experience in your Practice hath brought me hither, humbly imploring your Assistance, and that instantly, if you have any Respect to the Preservation of Life: The Trouble I shall put you to shall be gratefully recompenced to the utmost of my Ability.* The Doctor then inquiring of her, who it was, and what manner of Distemper the Person labour'd under, She told him, *'Twas her Husband, who being very drunk last Night, came to a sad Mischance in coming down a Pair of Stairs; but looking upon the Doctor to be a wise Man, she would give him leave to tell what his Ail might be, and for that Purpose had brought his Water.* Dr. Case smelling by her former Words, what might afflict her Husband, he put the Water into an Urinal, and after well shaking it for about a Minute, quoth he, *Good Woman, your Husband hath terribly bruised himself by falling down a Pair of Stairs.* Ay (replied *Nin*) *'tis really true, Sir, what you say; I see, Sir, your Knowledge is infallible; but now, Sir, comes the Difficulty, can you tell me how many Stairs he fell down?*

Here the Doctor was put to a *Ne plus ultra*; however, to save his Credit as well as he could, he takes the Urinal into his Hand again, and shaking it somewhat longer than before, quoth he, *Your Husband fell down all the Stairs.* Nay (reply'd *Nan*) *there you are out, Sir, for he fell down but half the Stairs.* The Doctor being now somewhat abashed at his false guessing, and shaking the Urinal again, quoth he to *Nan*, *Is here all your Husband's Water?* Said *Nan*, dropping a fine Courtesy at the same Time, *No, Sir, there's but half his Water.* The Doctor then, who was a mighty cholerick Man, being in a great Passion, cry'd, *A Pox on you, your bringing but half his Water, made me imagine your Husband fell down all the Stairs, when if you had brought all his Water, I could easily have told you, that he had fell down but half the Stairs.*

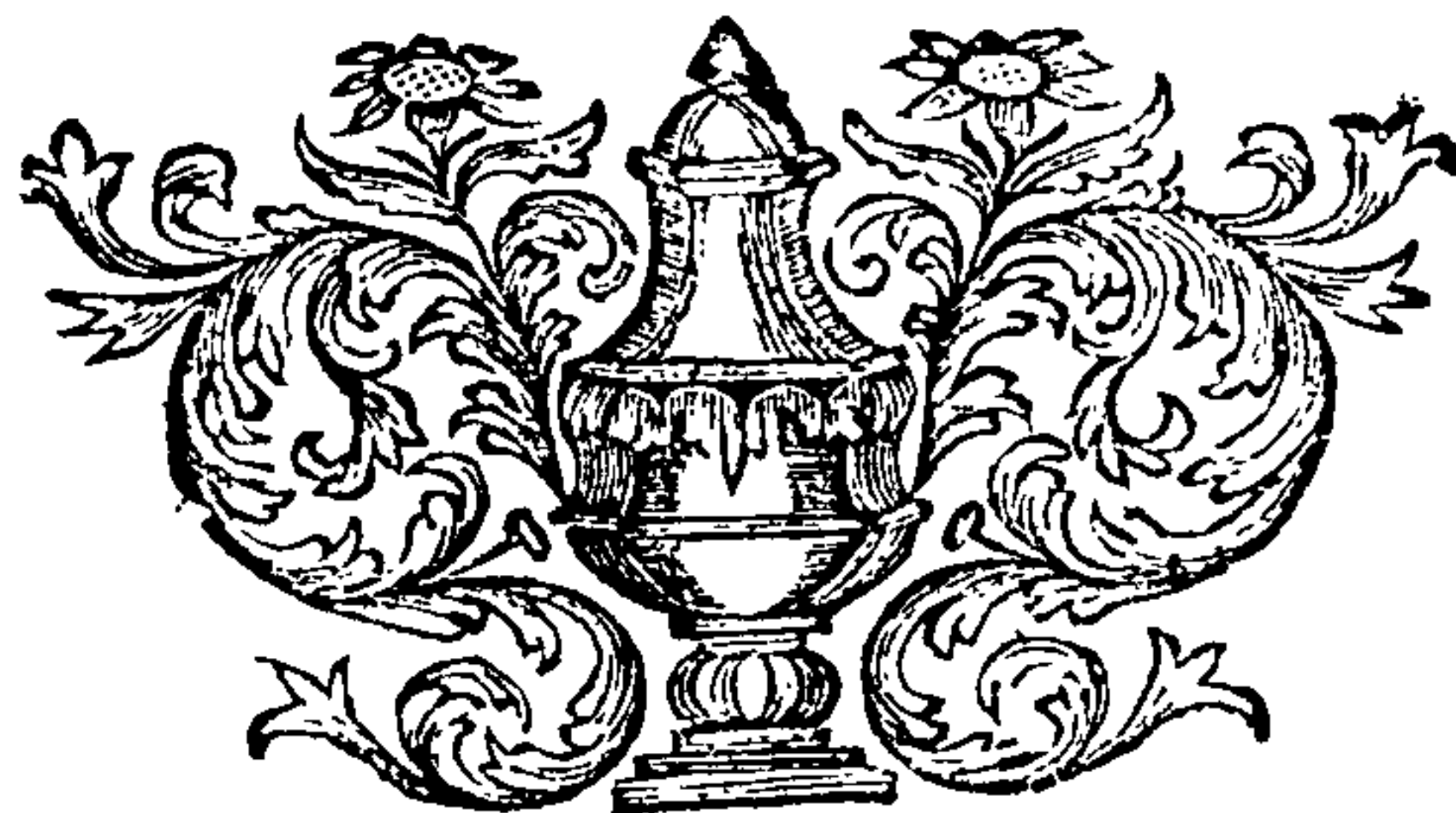
Nin upon this excusing her Ignorance, she desired his Advice for the speedy Cure of her Husband's Bruises, and whilst the Doctor was writing a Receipt for her, pulling a Cord out of her Pocket, with a Noose, she and her Spark came behind him, and nimbly clapping it over his Head, they acted the Part of a *Turkish Mute* on a *Bathaw*; for having almost strangled him with several sudden Jerks, they went away with a silver Tankard and Cup, leaving our old Friend in a sad Case indeed, till he

came to himself again, which was not in half an Hour; in which Time the Booty was divided betwixt *Nan* and *Charles Moore*.

This *Moore* was an infamous Rogue, who, for breaking open the House of Sir *John Buckworth*, Bart. was executed on Friday, Sept. 27 1707. at *Tyburn*, where he told the Ordinary of *Newgate*, that if he had known when he was try'd, that he should have dy'd, he would have hang'd one or two with him for a Fancy; for then he would have made some Discovery of Persons concern'd with him in thieving, but now he was resolv'd to make none.

Thus far have we proceeded on *Nin's* wicked Crimes, to deter others from the like Practices; because nothing renders Man or Woman more contemned and hated, than when their Actions only tend to Irregularity: We have only to add, that bidding adieu to every thing that looked like Virtue, she drove a great Trade among Goldsmiths, to whose Shops often going to buy gold Rings, she only cheapen'd till she had the Opportunity of stealing one or two; which she did by means of a little Ale held in a Spoon over the Fire, till it congeal'd thick like a Syrup, for by rubbing some of this on the Palm of her Hands, any light thing would stick to it, without the least Suspicion at all. She was as well known among the Mercers, Lacemen, and Linen-Drapers, on *Ludgate-hill*, *Cheapside*, or *Fleet-street*, as that notorious Shoplift *Isabel Thomas*, who was condemned for the same Crimes.

But at last she was apprehended for her Pranks, and being so often burnt in the Face, that there was no more room left for the Hangman to stigmatize her, the Court thought fit to condemn her for privately stealing a Piece of printed Callico out of the Shop of one Mr. *John Andrews*. Then to evade their Sentence, she pleaded her Belly, and that she might succeed, used the old Stratagem of drinking new Ale very plentifully, to make her swell, crumpling a Pillow under her Petticoats to make her look big. Having Matrons of her own Profession ready at hand, who, right or wrong, bring in their wicked Companions quick with Child, to the great Impediment of Justice, her Sentence was deferred. But tho' she had the good luck to impose thus on the Bench after she was condemn'd, yet at the End of nine Months (all which time she was not wanting to procure a Pregnancy, if all the Men in the Goal could have done it for her, but they work'd in vain) she was call'd down to her former Judgment, and hang'd in the twentieth Year of her Age, at *Tyburn*, on Friday July the thirteenth.



The LIFE of ANN HOLLAND.

THIS was her right Name, tho' she went by the Names of *Andrews, Charlton, Edwards, Goddard, and Jackson*. This Practice, is very usual with Thieves, because falling oftentimes into Hands of Justice, and being often convicted of Crimes, yet thereby it appears sometimes, that when they are arraign'd at the Bar again, that is the first Time that they have been taken, and the first Crime whereof they have ever been accus'd: Moreover, if they should happen to be cast, People, by not knowing their right Names, cannot say the Son or Daughter of such a Man or Woman is to be whipp'd, burnt, or hang'd, on such a Day of the Month, in such a Year; from whence would proceed more Sorrow to them that suffer'd, as well as Disgrace to their Parents. For this Reason an *alias* is prefix'd to several Names, when such Persons are indicted, as we have observed before, whose Delight is to be Gentlemen and Gentlewomen without Rents, to have other Folks Goods for their own, and dispose of them at their own Will and Pleasure, without costing them any more than the Pains of stealing them.

As to *Anne Holland*, her usual Way of thieving was what they call the *Service-Lay*, which was hiring herself for a Servant in any good Family, and then, as Opportunity serv'd, she robb'd them.

Thus living once with a Master Taylor, in *York-Buildings* in the *Strand*, her Mistress was but just gone to a Christening, when her Master came home booted and spur'd out of the Country, and going up into his Chamber, where she was making his Bed, he had a great Mind to try his Manhood with her, and accordingly threw her on her Back. *Nan* made a great Resistance, and would not grant him his Desire without he pull'd off his Boots. He consented, and at his Command she pluck'd one off; but whilst she was pulling off the other, somebody knocking opportunely at the Door, she ran down Stairs, taking a Silver Tankard off the Window, which would hold two Quarts, saying, she must draw some Beer, for she was very dry. She not returning presently, poor *Stitch* was swearing, and Haring, and bawling, for his Maid *Nan* to pull off his t'other Boot, which was half on and half off; but being extraordinary strait, he could neither get his Leg farther in nor out. And there he might remain 'till Doomsday for *Nan*, for she was gone far enough off with the *Wedge*, that's to say, the Plate, which she had converted into another Shape and Fashion in a short Time.

Another Time *Nan* having been at a Fair in the Country, as she was coming up to *London*, she lay at *Uxbridge*, where being a good Pair of *Holland* Sheets to the Bed, she was so industrious as to sit up most Part of the Night, and make her a Couple of good Smocks out of one of them; so in the Morning, putting the other Sheet double towards the Head of the Bed, she came down Stairs to Breakfast. In the Interim, the Mistress sent up her Maid to see if the Sheets were there, who turning the single Sheet a little down as it lay folded, she came and whisper'd in her Mistress's Ear, that the Sheets were both there;

to *Nan* discharging her Reckoning, she brought more *Shifts* to Town than she carried out with her; and truly she had a pretty many before, or else she could not have liv'd as she did for some Years.

This unfortunate Creature, at her first launching out into the Region of Vice, was a very personable young Woman, being clear-skin'd, well shap'd, having a sharp piercing Eye, a proportionable Face, and exceeding small Hand; which natural Gifts serv'd rather to make her miserable than happy; for several lewd Fellows flocking about her, like to many Ravens about a Piece of Carrion, to enter her under *Cupid's* Banner, and obtaining their Ends, she soon commenc'd, and took Degrees, in all manner of Debauchery; for if once a Woman passes the Bounds of Modesty, she seldom stops till she hath arriv'd to the very Height of Impudence.

However, it was her Fortune to light on a good Husband; for one Mr *French*, a Comb-maker, living formerly on *Snore-hill*, taking a Fancy to her in a Coffee-house, where she was a Servant till she had an Opportunity to rob her Master, such was his Affection, without in the least knowing she had been debauch'd, that he married her, and was better satisfy'd with his matching with her who had nothing, than many are with Wives of great Portions. But the Comb-maker's Joys were soon vanish'd, for his Spouse being brought to Bed of a Girl within six Months after *Hymen* had join'd them together, it bred such a great Confusion betwixt them, that there was scarce any Thing in the Kitchen, or other Part of the House, which they did not continually fling at one another's Heads. Whereupon her Husband confessing a Judgment to a Friend in whom he could confide, all his Goods were presently seiz'd, and she turn'd out of House and Home, to the great Satisfaction of Mr. *French*, who shortly after went to *Ireland*, and there died.

Nan Holland being thus metamorphos'd from a House-keeper to a Vagabond, she was oblig'd to shift among the Wicked for a Livelihood; and to give her what was her due, tho' she was but young, yet could she cant tolerably well, wheedle most cunningly, lie confoundedly, swear desperately, pick a Pocket dexterously, dissemble undiscernably, drink and smoke everlastingly, whore insatiably, and brazen out all her Actions impudently.

A little after this Disaster, she was married to one *James Wilson*, an eminent Highwayman, very expert in his Occupation, for he never was without false Beards, Vizards, Patches, Wens, or Mufflers, to disguise the natural *Physiognomy* of his Face. He knew how to give the Watch-word for his Comrades to fall on their Prey; how to direct them to make their Boots dirty, as if they had rid many Miles, when they were not far from their private Place of Rendezvous; and how to cut the Girths and Bridles of them whom they rob, and bind 'em fast in a Wood, or some other obscure Place. But these pernicious Actions justly bringing him to be hang'd in a little Time, at *Middlesex*



*Nan. Holland and Tristram Savage Robbing Dr. Trotter
in Moorfields.*

J. Nicholls delin.

Part 2.

in *Kent*, *Nan* was left a hempen Widow, and forc'd to shift for herself again.

After this Loss of a good Husband, *Nan Holland* being well apparell'd, she, in Company with one *Tristram Savage*, who had lain under a Fine for crying the scurrilous Pamphlet, entitled, *The Black List*, about Streets, a long Time in *Newgate*, where they became first acquainted, went to Dr. *Trotter* in *Moor-fields*, to have her Nativity calculated. When they were admitted into the Conjuror's Presence, who took them to be both of the Female Sex, because *Savage* was also dress'd in Women's Clothes, and being inform'd by *Nan* what she came about, he presently drew a Scheme of the twelve Houses, and filling them with the insignificant Characters of the Signs, Planets, and Aspects, display'd about the Time and Place of her Birth in the Middle of them, the following Jargon.

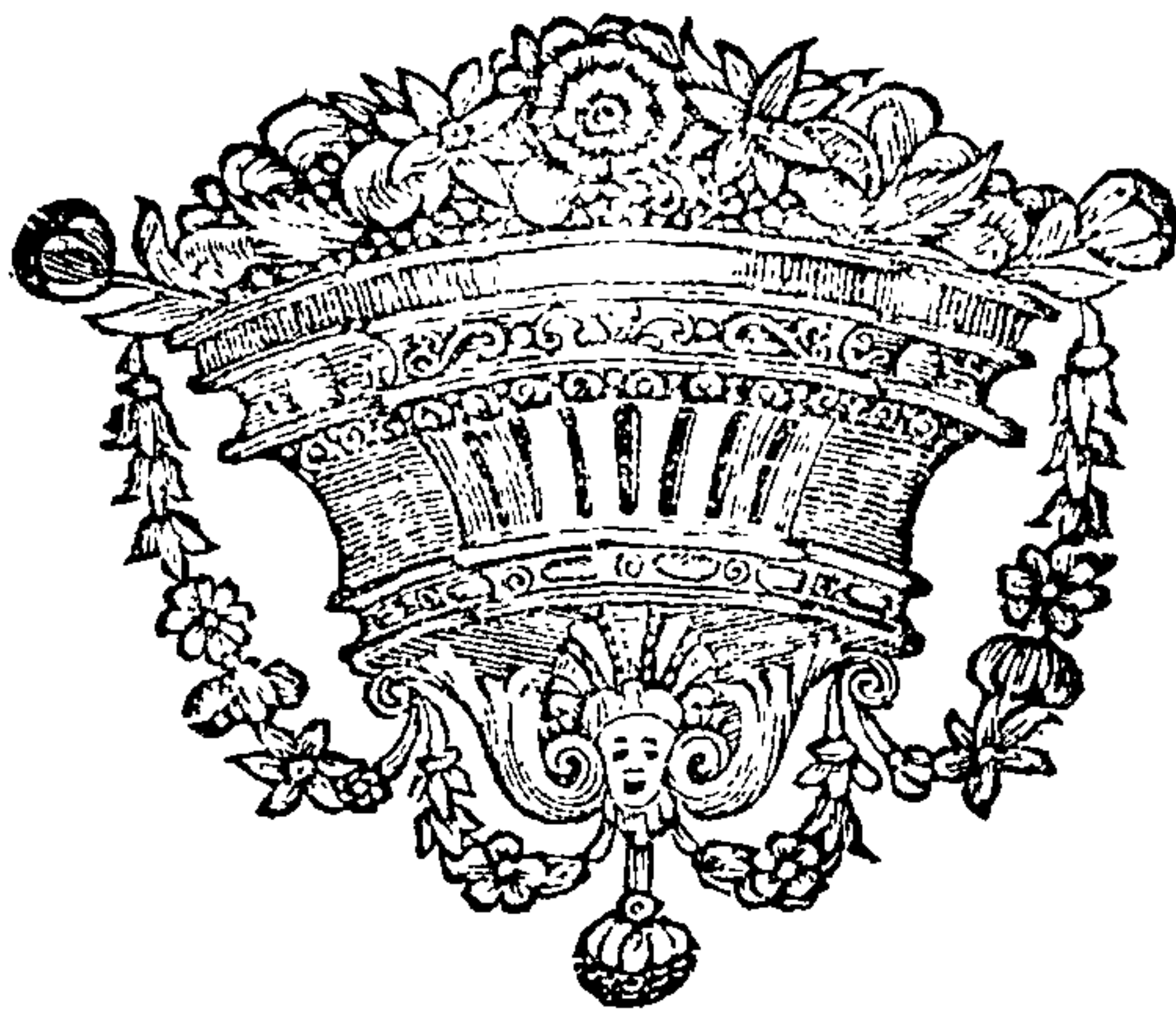
That the Sun being upon the Cusp of the tenth House, and *Saturn* within it, but five Degrees from the Cusp, it denoted a Fit of Sickness, which would shortly afflict her; but then *Mercury* being in the eleventh House, just in the Beginning of *Sagittarius*, near *Aldebaran*, and but six Degrees from the Body of *Saturn*, in a Mundane Square to the Moon and *Mars*, it signified her speedy Recovery from it. Again, *Cancer* being in a Zodiacal Trine to the Sun, *Saturn*, and *Mercury*, she might depend upon having a good Husband in a short Time; and moreover, it was a sure Sign, that he who married her should be a very rich and thriving Man.

Thus having gone through this Astrological Cant, quoth *Tristram Savage* to Doctor *Trotter*, Can you tell me, Sir, what I think? The Conjuror replied, with a surly Countenance, It is none of my Profession to tell Peoples Thoughts. Why then (said *Savage*) I'll shew 'em you. Whereupon pulling a Pistol out of his Pocket, and clapping it to the Doctor's Breast, he swore he was

a dead Man, if he made but the least Outcry; which so surpriz'd him, that, trembling like an Aspen Leaf, he submitted to whatever they desired. So whilst *Nan* was busy in tying him Neck and Heels, *Savage* stood over him with a Penknife in one Hand, and his *Pop*, (that's what they call any Thing of a Gun) in t'other; still swearing, that if he did but whimper, his present Punishment should be either the Blade of his Penknife thrust into his Wind-pipe, or else a Brace of Balls convey'd thro' his Guts. To be still more sure of the Conjuror's not cackling, they gagg'd him, and then rifling his Pockets, they found a Gold Watch, twenty Guineas, and a Silver Tobacco-Box, which they carry'd away, besides taking two good Rings off his Finger.

After these good Customers were gone, the Conjuror began to make what Noise he could for Relief, by rowling about the Floor like a Porpoise in a great Storm, and kicking on the Boards with such Violence, that the Servants verily thought there was a Combat indeed betwixt their Master and the Devil. But when they went up Stairs, and found him ty'd and gagg'd, they were in no small Astonishment; and quickly loosing him, he told them how he was robb'd; whereupon they made quick Pursuit after *Nan Holland*, and the other Offender, but to no Purpose, for they were got out of their Reach, and the Knowledge of all the Stars.

Altho' she had receiv'd Mercy once before, yet she took no Warning thereby, but when at Liberty still pursued her old Courses, which in 1705 brought her to *Tyburn*; where, instead of imploring for Mercy from above, she cry'd out upon the hard Heart of her Judge, and the Rigor of the Laws; also cursing the Hangman; but forgetting to repent of the Fact which brought her into the Executioner's Hands, and would, unrepented of, deliver her Soul into the far less merciful Hands of another hereafter.



The LIFE of DICK MORRIS.

WE have no Account of this Malefactor's Birth and Education, which we may therefore conclude were obscure enough : But be that as it will, his Actions were as extraordinary, and indeed as extravagant, in their Kinds, as any we have related. Some of them follow.

One Time *Dick Morris* drinking at an Inn in *Winchester*, and over-hearing a couple of Gentlemen declaring their Misfortunes in loving two Gentlewomen, by whom they were utterly slighted, he putting on a bold Face, which he always had, forc'd himself into their Company, which was not unacceptable to them, by reason, he pretended, that they should obtain their Sweethearts thro' his Means ; for having liv'd with an Astrologer, who was also a great Magician, he had learnt of him many Secrets in matters of Love, which were so infallible; that if the Ladies Hearts, whom they lov'd, were harder than an *Adamant*, yet would he make them softer than Wax : But then they must help him to some of the Hairs of the Parties beloved, with which, and some Ceremonies that he would perform, he would engage that both the Gentlewomen's Hearts should be put in such a Flame, that they should never rest, Day nor Night, till they granted them their Desire.

This News pleas'd the Gentlemen to that Degree, that, between them, they kept *Dick Morris* very splendidly, both at Bed and Board, and also with Money in his Pocket, till he performed his Promise, which was to be within a Week ; when the Moon was just encreasing, as the most proper Time for his Undertaking.

Next, according to *Dick's* Orders, the two Gentlemen bought a new Sack, a small Cord, another hempen one bigger, and four Ells long, a new Knife, a Chain, and a Brush, which were delivered into his Custody ; and they thought every Minute an Age, till the Time of Conjunction came.

Long look'd for being come at last, and the Night approaching wherein the Gentlemen were to be made for ever happy, they were drest, according to *Dick's* Directions, in their richest Apparel, giving each of them a Lock of their scornful Lover's Hair into his Hands, *With which*, (quoth our Conjuror,) *I will subdue your Mistresses ; so that were their Hearts more frozen than the Alps, I will turn them into Mountains of Fire, hotter than those of Vesuvius, or ever-burning Atna.* Then all three taking Horse, they rid about two Miles out of *Winchester*, and alighting at the Place where this magical Trial was to be put in Execution, and tying their Horses to a Tree, *Dick* making strange four Faces, which looked as crabbed as the Letters of the *Arabick* Alphabet, he drew a Circle on the Ground, in which muttering many cramp Words, and turning himself in strange Postures, sometimes towards the *East*, and sometimes towards the *West*, withal using most surprizing Ceremonies with his Hands and Feet, he made the Gentlemen no less astonish'd than fearful.

After this, *Dick* began with the first Spark, making him to strip himself, and at the same Time teach-

ing him to say certain insignificant Words in pulling off each Parcel of his Cloaths, which he pronounced so exactly, that he lost not one Syllable, as believing that if he had fail'd in one Jot, he should have spoilt all the Business. With this Ceremony *Dick* stript him to his Shirt, and tho it was in the Depth of Winter, yet he order'd him to pull off that also ; then giving him a Knife in his Hand, he command'd him to make some Stabs towards the four Quarters of the World, and to go into the Sack ; which he did, as quiet as a Lamb.

Thus having done with the first, after he had ty'd the Mouth of the Sack fast, and bid him not to stir Hand nor Foot for half an Hour, for then the Enchantment would be at an End, nor to speak a Word, for if he did, he would be in *Barbary* in the twinkling of an Eye : He then address'd himself to the other Gentleman, who, in a great Chafe, said to *Dick*, *I'll be hang'd if thou hast not forgot something of my Business, for here I see neither Sack nor Knife for me, as for my Friend.* Whereupon, *Dick* told him there was no need of a Sack for his Matters, because his magical Operations were made stronger or weaker, according to the greater or lesser Cruelty that Gentlewomen have ; and understanding his Friend's Mistress was the most disdainful of their two Sweethearts, he made the Incantment of the Sack for her, as being the strongest of all. *O! dear, Sir*, (reply'd the Gentleman) *what is this that thou hast done ? My Mistress is more disdainful and harder hearted than any Tiger or Lioness.* Peace, be quiet, (quoth *Dick*) *with these Hairs of her Head, and these Cords, I will twist such a Knot, that they shall have as much Force as your Friend's Sack ; and though your Mistress is so cruel as you say, yet will I add thereto, that Charm which will make her never be able to take any rest till she sees you in her Arms.* Said the Gentleman again, *'tis that which I want ; therefore let us martyr her in such a Manner, that my Love may torment her Thoughts as much as she hath mine.*

Then *Dick* bringing him to a Tree, where his Enchantment was to be made, he in an Instant drew a Circle, and making the Gentlemen go into it stark naked, because he thought two Shirts better than one, he took the Hairs of his Mistress, and twisting them with the Cords, he ty'd his Hands to the Tree, at the same Time telling him the Mystery that was hid in every Ceremony which he us'd ; and *Dick* would also have ty'd his Feet, but that he fear'd the Gentleman would have suspected this Ceremony to be rather the Fact of a Robber than a Magician ; however, as securing his Hands was enough for his Purpose, he took all their Cloaths and three Horses, and was in *London* before break of Day : In the mean Time the Flames of *Cupid*, which raged in these Gentlemen's Breasts, were pretty well allay'd by next Morning ; for when they were releas'd from their Enchantments by some Passengers that happen'd to pass that Way, they were almost perish'd with Cold. When they got home, they swore the Poets had a very good Reason to feign Love blind, because if they had not been so, they should have perceived all

all the pretended Magician's Promises to be nothing but Wind, and that the Means which he propounded to them for obtaining their Sweethearts Favours, was only to obtain for himself their Cloaths and Equipage.

Another Time *Dick Morris* being at *Northampton*, within half a Mile of which Place was a Meeting-House, and not above a quarter of a Mile farther dwelt a rich *Presbyterian* Parson, who was a single Man, he had once or twice attempted to rob him, but prov'd unsuccessful in his Design. However, *Dick* thinking he could not go to *London* with a safe Conscience, unless he could outwit this dissenting Preacher: He procures a Waggoner's old Linnen Frock, and dawbing it thick with Paste, he goes, on a *Saturday*, to the Meeting-House, and had the Opportunity of getting incognito into the Pulpit, whilst an old Woman was cleaning it against *Sunday*. Then putting on the Frock, stuck full of Card Matches, he set them all on Fire, by the help of a Tinder Box which he had in his Pocket; then standing upright, quoth *Dick*, *Woman, Woman, hearken to my Voice!*

The old Woman seeing this blazing Spectacle, was running out in a great Fright, but upon *Dick's* calling after her and saying, *Woman, unless thou comest back and hearken to my Voice, thou shalt presently perish*, she return'd, and, in a trembling Condition, gave great Attention to *Dick's* Words, who bid her not to be fearful, for he was an Angel come to order her to go forthwith to the Minister of that Meeting-House, and tell him, that he was come to require his Soul of him that very Day, and that he must bring all his Money and Plate along with him, but to be sure must not come with a Lie in his Mouth, for if he did, it would be the worse for him.

The poor old Woman dropping a low Church Courtisie to this dark Angel, she went with all Speed to the *Presbyterian* Parson's House, and told him all that had happened in the Meeting-House; but to be certain that the old Woman delivered her Message, *Dick*, having laid aside his flaming Garment, follow'd at a Distance, and softly stepping into the House after her, he heard the Parson, fetching a Sigh, say to his Maid, who was with Child by him, *Well, my Dear, my appointed Time is come, I find; so taking what Money and Plate I have along with me, I must bid you farewell for ever in this World.* Quoth the Maid, *I hope, Sir, you will not leave me in this Condition, you know my Reckoning is almost out, and that I have nothing to keep in my Lying-in.* *That's true,* (reply'd the Parson) *and I pity you with all my Heart — There is ten Pounds in that silver Tankard, go take it, for perhaps, as it is an Act of Charity, it may be forgiven.*

Then the Parson tying his Riches up in a Napkin, and putting it under his Cloak, he made the best of his Way to the Meeting-House, where he was got before the Parson, in his former fiery Posture; which the Parson beholding with great Astonishment, he made his Obeisance to him; and the supposed Angel telling him he was come to fetch him into another World that Night, he ask'd, Whether he had brought all his Money and Plate along with him? The Parson, in a very faint Voice, answered, *Yes,* quoth *Dick* then, *Where's the ten Pounds that was in the silver Tankard?* *Ah!* (reply'd the Parson trembling,) *I see now thou art an Angel, for thou knowest the Secrets of Mens Heart.* So telling *Dick* he would go and fetch it, he ran straight home to his Maid, saying to her, *Oh! Hannah, Hannah, you must let me have the ten Pounds again, for the Angel knew I had not brought all my Money.* The Maid restor'd it him, for fear it should be a hindrance to his Salvation; and he bringing it to *Dick*, put it with the rest of the Mo-

ney and Plate into a Bag; and then opening a great Sack, quoth he, *Come into this, and if you meet with any Difficulties in your spiritual Journey, you must not complain, because Narrow is the Way which leads to Life, and few there be that find it.*

Then tying him close up, he throws him over his Shoulders; but many a hard knock had the poor Parson, as he carry'd him over Gates and Stiles; and about a quarter of a Mile from the Meeting-House, he threw this Lump of Iniquity into a Hogsty, and there left him.

Not long after, some of the Servants going in, and seeing somewhat stir in the Sack, they were affrighted, and ran to tell their Master what they had seen in the Hogsty; who also coming thither, and finding the Report true, quoth he to one of his Servants, *Take the Pitchfork and run thro' it.* This Command made the poor Parson cry out for Quarters; whereupon, finding it was a Man, they open'd the Sack, and out he came, quaking like one with a Tertian Ague. The Farmer asking him how he was brought thither in that Manner, he told him an Angel had brought him thither. *An Angel!* (reply'd the Farmer) *a D — I you mean? God knows what 'twas, but I'm sure 'twas no Man,* says the Parson; and so he went home to his Maid *Hannah* again, above one hundred and twenty Pounds worse in his Pocket than when he left her.

In fine, *Richard Morris* one Day going to *Canterbury*, within a Mile of the City, he accidentally lit into an old Woman's House, to refresh himself with a Piece of Bread and Cheese, and a Pint of Ale; and looking very dejected, the old Woman took Notice thereof, and asked him the Cause of his sad Countenance; so shaking his Head, he told her, that Money was very short with him, and that he should be very glad if she could help him to any Work, he being a Stocking-Weaver by Trade.

The old Woman taking Compassion on him, helped him to a Master in *Canterbury*, where he had about five Months Work, at eleven Shillings per Week, leaving all that while, his Wages in his Masters Hands, because he would receive it all at a Lump, and then would pay the old Woman together, who all that Time found him in Victuals, Drink, Washing, and Lodging.

At length, when the heat of Business was over, *Richard Morris* was paid off, and going straight Home to his Landlady, he told her, with a great deal of Joy, that he had received all his Money, and the first Thing he did in the Morning, should be to pay her what he owed her, to a Farthing. *Ay, Ay,* (quoth the old Woman) *I don't question thy honesty, Richard!* So bidding the old Woman good Night, he went to Bed. Early in the Morning, he comes down Stairs, in a *Disabile*, as his Coat and Wattecoat unbutton'd, and having no Garters, Wig, nor Neckcloth on, for he had them in his Pockets: *Come Landlady,* says he *let's do nothing rashly, we'll have a full Bot of humming Ale before we reckon, and a Toast.* The old Woman, no doubt, was well pleas'd at this, and going into the Cellar to draw the Drink, *Dick* slept softly to the Door, on the outside of which was a Bolt, and bolted her in, where she was squawling and bawling for some Hours, before any Body came by to let her out of her Confinement.

But *Dick* was got quite off of the Ground; but betwixt *Sittingborn* and *Rocheſter*, overtaking a Cart of Hay, which was going to be sold in *Rocheſter* Market, he follows the Tail of it, swaying on the right and left thereof, wherever it yielded more to one Side than the other, as going thro' a Rut, Slough, or hollow Place; and being in a great Country-like Coat, and having a large oaken Plant in his Hand, an Inn-keeper, as passing thro' *Chatham*, call'd to *Dick*, (as supposing him to be the Owner of the Hay) to know the Price of it. The Man that was driving on before, not hearing the Inn keeper, keeps driving on, whilst *Dick* slept up to his Chap-

man with a handful of Hay for him to smell to, telling him it was as good a Load of Hay as any was in *Kent*. The Inn-keeper lik'd it very well, and after some *Pro's* and *Con's* about the Price, he paid him one Pound eight Shillings for the Hay, out of which he spent Six-pence; and then saying to the Inn-keeper, *I suppose you will know my Cart again from the rest in the Market, go and bid my Man bring the Load of Hay to your House, and make haste home with the Team*, he went about his Business.

The Inn-keeper goes to Market straight, and finding out the Cart, order'd the Man to bring that Load of Hay to his House, for he had paid his Master for it: *S'bleek*, (quoth the Fellow) *I'de na Mester come with me to Dai*. In short, the Inn-keeper resolving not to lose his Money, nor the Bumpkin his Hay, from Words they came to Blows, till having blooded one another pretty well, they went to decide

the Matter before a Justice of the Peace, where the Inn-keeper proved, by two or three Witnesses, that he paid a Man eight and twenty Shillings for the Load of Hay which his Antagonist had now at Market; but the Servant proving his Master to be very sick at Home, and that none came to Market along with him to sell the Hay, but himself, the Inn-keeper, by the Magistrate's Order, was obliged to lose his Money.

But *Richard Morris* not making good use of the Mercy he had received once before, he still pursu'd his villainous Practices till he was again condemn'd for his Life, and hang'd with *Arthur Chambers* and *Jack Goodwin*, alias *Plump*, at *Tyburn*, in 1706. The Life of *Arthur Chambers* was plac'd near the Beginning of this Volume; and we shall next give some Account of *Goodwin*.

The LIFE of JACK GOODWIN.

WHEN silver Tankards were more in vogue in the Alehouses than they are at present, this Fellow going into one to drink, he call'd for a Tankard of Ale, which being brought, he drank it off, and having cut out the Bottom of it, paid the Victualler for his Liquor, who seeing the Tankard on the Table, had no Suspicion that any Damage had been done it. But shortly after some other Company came in, and the Tapster running into the Cellar to fill them that Tankard, which Mr. *Goodwin* had been fingering, the Fellow wonder'd to see the Cock run and the Tankard never the fuller, whereupon, turning it up, he could find no more Bottom in it, than Mariners can in the Ocean.

Another Time *Jack Goodwin* being in the Country, as far as *Durham*, and destitute of Money, he happen'd to meet with another idle Companion, with whom he made a Bargain to beg their Way up to *London*; and in order to excite People's Pity the more, his new Companion was to act the Part of a Blind Man, and he was to be his Guide, instead of a Dog and a Bell. So getting a Pennyworth of searing Wax, with which Tailors fear the Edges of Silks and slight Stuffs, *Jack Goodwin* mollifying it over a Candle, he dawb'd his Comrade's Eye-lids therewith, insomuch that he could not open them.

Our Couple thus proceeding on their Journey, they had by their cruising or begging thro' the Countries pick'd up about the Sum of four Pounds sixteen Shillings, by that Time they had got up to *Ware*: Next making the best of their Way up to *London*, within ten or eleven Miles of the same, being to cross a small Brook over a narrow wooden Bridge, with a Rail but on one Side of it, for the Conveniency of Foot Passengers, when they were upon it, *Goodwin* threw his blind Comrade into the Water, where he stood up to the Neck, but moving neither one Way nor t'other, for fear of being drowned. In the mean Time his Guide made straight to *London*. Soon afterwards some Passengers coming by, who took Pity on the Fellow, as supposing him to be really Blind,

they help'd him out of the Brook, and setting him on *Terra firma*, he presently, by their Directions, arrived at a House, where getting some warm Water, he wash'd his Eye lids; which being then open'd, he march'd after his Fellow-Traveller to *London*, where he might hunt about long enough before he found him out, for *Jack* was got into some ill House or another, where he was as safe as a Thief in a Mill.

The Duke of *Bedford* being visiting a Person of Quality one Night very late, whilst the Footmen were gone to drink at some adjacent Boozing-Ken, or Alehouse, the Coachman was taking a Nap on his Box; and *Jack Goodwin* coming by at the same Time with some of his thieving Cronies, they took the two hind Wheels off the Coach, and supported it up with two Pieces of Wood, which they got out of a House which was building hard by. So having carried them away, His Grace not long after going into his Coach, and the Footmen getting up behind in a hurry, no sooner did the Horses begin to draw, but down fell His Grace, Footmen and all; who looking to see how the Accident came, they found the hind Wheels were stollen; whereupon the Duke was oblig'd to go home in a hackney Coach.

This *John Goodwin*, alias *Plump*, was condemn'd when he was but eleven Years of Age, for picking a Merchant's Pocket of one hundred and fifty Guineas, and was afterwards several Times in great danger of his Life, before Justice took hold of him in Earnest.

At last, committing a Burglary in company with another, when he was but eighteen Years of Age, he was apprehended and carried before Sir *Thomas Stamp*, Knight and Alderman of *London*; where, after he was examin'd, being searched, several Cords were found in his Pocket; upon which, his Worship asking *Goodwin* what Trade he was, he reply'd, *A Taylor*: Then Sir *Thomas* taking up the Cords, and looking very wistly on them, quoth he, *You use, methinks, very big Threats*. Yes, Sir, (said *Goodwin*)

Goolwin) for it is generally coarse Work which I'm employ'd about.

Next searching his Comrade, *Henry Williams*, a Pistol was found loaded in his Bosom; upon which *Sir Thomas* asking what Trade he was, he reply'd, a Taylor too: *What both Taylors* (said his Worship) *and pray what Implement is this belonging to your*

Trade? Quoth Williams, That Pistol, Sir, is my Needle-Case.

To conclude, *Sir Thomas* was so astonish'd at their Impudence, that he immediately made their *Mir-timus* for *Newgate*, and being try'd at *Justice-Hall* in the *Old-Bailey*, they were both condemned to die, and soon after executed at *Tyburn*, in Company with *Chambers, Morris, &c.* as before mentioned.

The LIFE of WILL. ELBY.

THIS noted Malefactor was born at *Deptford*, in the County of *Kent*, of very honest Parents, who bound him Apprentice to a Blockmaker at *Rotherhithe*; but he was no sooner out of his Time, than instead of setting up, or working for himself, he went rambling abroad, and delighting in bad Company, he soon grew in love with their Vices. He went first of all upon the Waterpad, which is, going on Night with a Boat on board any Ship, or other Vessel lying down the River of *Thames*, and finding therein no Persons to watch the same, or else catching the Watch asleep, break open the Padlocks of the Cabbins or Hatches, and rob 'em.

William Elby, alias *Dun*, having been like to suffer twice or thrice for this sort of Robbery, he kept Company with several notorious House-breakers; particularly with one *Peter Bennet*, alias *Peter Flower*, but commonly called *French Peter*, from the Place of his Birth, as being born at *Niort*, in the Province of *Poitou* in *France*. This Fellow, in the 25th Year of his Age, was hang'd at *Tyburn*, on *Wednesday* the 25th of *October*, 1704.

Elby had also broke open several Houses with one *Samuel Scotland*, a Gardiner, who was condemned for 23 Felonies and Burglaries, and hang'd for them on *Wednesday* the 30th of *December*, 1702, at *Tyburn*; where pulling off his Shoes, and flinging 'em among the Spectators, he said, *My Father and Mother often told me that I should die with my Shoes on, but you may all see that now I have made them both Liars.* This impudent Speech has been used by more than one.

At the same Time with *Scotland*, was one *John Goffe* executed there, with whom, and some others, *Will Elby* having taken a House in *Boswell Court*, in *Cary-street*, near *Lincoln's-Inn-fields*, in the Name of a Lady whose Steward *Goffe* pretended to be, he had the Key thereof delivered to him; then he went to several Goldsmiths about Town, and telling them a plausible Story, that his Lady wanted several Pieces of Plate, as silver Tasters, Spoons, Forks, and Cups, they, by his Appointment, brought what he bespoke, to this empty House, where they expected to be paid for their Goods.

But when these Tradesmen came thither, and were one after another let in by a genteel sort of a Fellow, with a green Apron ty'd before him like a Butler, and introduc'd into a back Parlour, they found no other Furniture but about half a dozen Rogues, who clapt Pistols to their Breasts, and told them, they were certainly dead Men, unless they quietly parted with their Plate. Whereupon, Life

being sweet, they surrender'd, as they came one after another, what they had, and suffer'd themselves to be ty'd Hand and Foot into the Bargain, and thrown into a Cellar, where they were found by a Porter's Wife, to whom *Goffe* (who lost his Life for this Fact) had given the Key of the Street Door, with Orders to make a Fire in the House; tho' when she went into the Cellar for Coals, she perceived nothing there to burn but three Goldsmiths, who, by this Means, escap'd perishing by Hunger and Cold.

Again, *William Elby* had committed many Burglaries with one *James Hacket*, a Taylor's Son, living in *Exeter-street*, behind *Exeter-Change*, in the *Strand*, who was hang'd when 24 Years of Age, at *Tyburn*, on *Friday* the 6th of *June*, 1707, for breaking and robbing the Houses of *Mr. Churchill*, *Mr. Battersby*, *Mr. Hays*, and *Mrs. Talden*. Moreover, he had done a few Felonies and Burglaries, with one *Toothless Tom*, so call'd, from having most of his Teeth knock'd out, by a Person whose Pocket he was once attempting to pick, in *St. Margaret's Church*, at *Westminster*; and who was hang'd in the 23d Year of his Age, at *Tyburn*, on *Wednesday* the 22d of *March*, 1703-4.

Will Elby was once concerned with one *John Estrick*, in robbing his Master *Thomas Glover*, Esq; at *Hackney*, of as much Plate as came to eighty Pounds, for which, one *Susannah Barnwell* an honest Servant, was wrongfully accus'd, and turn'd out of her Service; but when *Estrick* shortly after came to be hang'd for other Crimes, at *Tyburn*, on *Wednesday* the 10th of *March*, 1702-3, he there confess'd his coming to that untimely End, was occasioned by *John Proffer*, his Brother-in-law, and the Day before he suffer'd Death, sent the following Letter, to his former Master *Thomas Glover*, Esq.

March the 9th, 1702-3

S I R,
I heartily beg God's Pardon for all my Sins, and I ask you forgiveness for the Damage I have done you. But as I am a dying Man, Susan knows nothing of your Plate, tho' I falsely accus'd her of it, God forgive me!

JOHN ESTRICK.

Afterwards he went upon the Foot-pad, with one *William Stanley*, a Shoemaker, who having robb'd two Men in *Stepney fields*, from one of whom he had taken a Watch, the Person who lost it, put next Day an Advertisement thereof, in the *London Gazette*,

zette; and not long after, *Will Stanley*, going to pawn it to Mr. *Chambers*, a Pawnbroker, living at the Corner of *Blackmore-street*, [in *Drury-Lane*, he, knowing it to be that described in the News-Papers, went to stop him, but then running out of his Shop as fast as he could along *Drury Lane*, and being pursu'd by some who cry'd *Stop Thief*, one *John Elliot*, a Watchman, going then on his Duty, and endeavouring to seize *Stanley*, he ran him thro' the Body with his Sword, so that he dy'd on the Spot; and the Murderer was hang'd for it in the 28th Year of his Age, at *Tyburn*, on *Wednesday* the 26th of *January*, 1703 4.

But tho' *Elby* had seen so many terrible Examples of his wicked Companions being cut off before, yet taking no Warning thereby, he rather grew more harden'd in his Sins, and never thought Justice would overtake him. He and his Associates one Evening, meeting with young *Pontack*, the famous Mutton Chop Seller, by *Christ Church Hospital*, as coming from *Newington*, they leaped unawares upon him, out of a Ditch, and having first taken fourteen or fifteen Shillings in Money from him, they then strip'd him stark naked; then tying his Hands behind him, they hung 5 or 6 Mutton Chops, which they had bought for Supper, about his Neck, and sent him home; saying at the same Time, *Since your Impudence assumes a French Name, to put off boil'd Mutton and Broth, our Justice directs us to send you home in a French Fashion; that is to say, without Shoes or any Thing else.*

Will Elby never pretended to be an Artist at picking Pockets; nevertheless, when Mr *Thomas* a Shoemaker, being drinking at the *Dog Tavern* in *Newgate street*, laid a Wager that he would defie the best Pick pocket in the World to get his Money from him, he was selected to manage *Crispin*, who, to secure a mark'd Guinea which he was to lose, had put it in his Mouth. So following him from Place to Place, till he came into the Piazza's in *Covent Garden*, *Will Elby* pull'd a Handkerchief out of his Pocket, in which was some old Shillings, and dropping the Money, a Mob came presently round him, among whom was Mr. *Thomas*, to help him to pick up his Money. Afterwards the Rabble asking *Will* whether he had all? he said, *I have all my Money, thank you, except a Guinea mark'd So and So, which I fancy the Gentleman there [pointing to the Shoemaker] has in his Mouth, by what I perceive of him.* Whereupon, the vindictive Mob searching the Shoemakers Mouth by force, and finding such a Guinea there as *Elby* described, they did not only give it him, but had like to have knock'd Mr. *Thomas* on the Head; who return'd back strait to the *Dog Tavern*, where the Guinea was got before him, and he was well laugh'd at besides, for losing a Wager of two Guineas more.

But once this Fellow meeting with one Lieutenant *Job Lord*, as he was coming from *Chelsea*, he attempted to rob him, at first the Lieutenant was at a Loss whether he should stand on his own Defence, or no, as imputing the Resistance would turn to no better Account than of one Pyrate fighting another, when nothing is got betwixt them but Blows and empty Barrels; but rather than lose what he had, he engag'd the Foot-pad, and obtaining the Victory, gave him several Cuts over the Head; and then tying him Neck and Heels, did not only take about eighteen Guineas from him, but left him there bound

to assault the next Passenger which came that Way.

After this great Malefactor received this Mischance, being very poor a long Time, he was so prophane as to say to some of his Comrades, that he would sell himself to the Devil for Money, who (as wicked as they were) exhorted him to the Contrary, telling him, that Wizards and Witches were never rich, when they had any familiarity with infernal Powers; but he said, *I am resolved to do it, to better Advantage.*

Being in a little Time after in *Newgate* again, and one *Sunday* up at Chapel, when several Strangers were there, to hear a Sermon preached to some condemned Persons, among whom was a Country Farmer; as the Bumpkin was leaning against the wooden Grates, thro' which the Felons peep, like the Lions in the Tower, and taking a Nap with the high stiff Collar of his Wastecoa't unbuttoned, *Elby* was so dextrous as rake off a Cheat which he wore in the Room of a Shirt, from under all his Cloaths, which was not missed at all by the Country Hick, till he came home, and then he swore and raved like a mad Man, to think which Way he should lose that, without losing his Coat and Wastecoa't.

Another Time *Elby*, and some as good as himself at *Roguary*, being at *Bartholomew Fair*, where, among the Crowd, a Country Fellow on Horseback was staring at a merry *Andrew* playing his Tricks, two of them supporting the Saddle on their Shoulders, *Elby* privately cut the Girths and Bridle, and led away the Horse unperceived, so that the Mob dispersing, after the Fool had diverted them a little from the Gallery of the Booth, the Country Fellow tumbled down in the Dirt, in a great Surprise at the Loss of his Fellow-Creature, and was obliged to go home to *Enfield* a-foot.

Mr. *Abel*, that had once the Honour to sing before the King of *Poland's* Bear, keeping a Consort of vocal and instrumental Musick in *York Buildings*, *Will Elby*, who had been a Thief a long Time, and was resolved to be one till he dy'd, being well dressed in an embroidered Coat, and a long Wig, and getting admittance gratis, among the Quality there, (for now a-days a mere Mountebank, or a Player, the two worst Professions upon Earth, in his laced Sute, shall be more respected than a Gentleman of Merit, in one that is out of Fashion) whilst the People were in the height of their Jollity and Pastime, he privately stole above half a Score gold Watches, which he carried clear off, without seeing the Conclusion of the musical Entertainment,

But, at last, this base Villain, tho' he had receiv'd both the Sentence of the Law, and the Mercy of his Prince before, breaking open the dwelling House of Mr. *James Barry*, at *Fulham*, and killing therein his Servant, *Nicholas Hatfield*, he was committed to *Newgate*. Whilst Sentence of Death was passing on him at the *Sessions-House*, in the *Old Bailey*, his Impudence was so great, as to curse the whole Bench; nor was his ill Behaviour less remarkable under Condemnation, when, being perswaded to discover his Accomplice or Accomplices in the said Murder, he said, *That if any one should ask him again, any such Question, he would presently knock him down.* In this Resolution he continued till he was executed, and hang'd in Chains at *Fulham*, in the County of *Middlesex*, on *Saturday* the 13th of *September*, 1707, aged 32 Years,

The LIFE of Captain EVAN EVANS.

THE Title of Captain, was only assumed by this noted Criminal, who was born in *South-Wales*, and his Father, who kept an Inn at *Brecknock*, the chief Town in *Brecknockshire*, having given him good Education, put him Apprentice to an Attorney at Law; but his vicious Inclinations, together with the Opportunity he had of corresponding with some Gentlemen of the Road, (as such Rogues affected call themselves) who frequented his Father's House, he soon came to act in the same wicked Courses they follow'd, and in a little Time became the most noted Highwayman in these Parts, having made prodigious Booties of the *Welsh* Grasers and others.

The Captain once happening to be under a Guard, who were conducting him to *Shrewsbury* Goal, with his Legs ty'd under the Belly of the Horse, one of his Attendants had got an excellent Fowling-Piece, which was then loaded, and the Prisoner espying a Pheasant pearching upon a Tree, with a deep Sigh express'd the Dexterity he had used formerly in killing such Game; so humbly requesting the Gun, that he might shoot at so fine a Mark, the ignorant Fellow readily complied with his Request. But no sooner had the Captain got the Piece into his Hands, but he charged upon his Guard, and swore a whole Volley of Oaths, that he would fire upon them if they stirr'd one Step farther. Then retreating from them on his little Poney to a convenient Distance, he commanded one of them that was best mounted, to come near him and alight; which being done, and the Bridle of the Horse hung on a Hedge, the poor Fellow was obliged to throw him his Pistols, and then was admitted to approach nearer the Captain, who, presenting one of them at his Head, obliged him to lose his Legs, and retire to his Companions: This being also done, he soon left his little Scrub, mounted the fine Gelding, and rode off.

The Captain then coming to *London*, the Country being too hot to hold him, up on his handsome Behaviour and Carriage, which was somewhat Extraordinary, as likewise his Person, he got to be Clerk to Sir *Edmund Andrews*, then Governor of *Guernsey*, and continued there in that Capacity for three or four Years; but Money not coming in fast enough in that honest Employment, to support his wicked Inclinations, he soon left that Service, return'd to *London*, and took a Lodging at the *three Neats Tongues* in *Nicholas-Lane*, where he passed for a *Guernsey* Merchant, or Captain of a Ship, and took his younger Brother, *William Evans*, as a Servant to wait on him, giving him a Livery, under the Colour of which he committed several notorious Robberies on the Highways about *London*.

One of his boldest and most daring Robberies, was committed on 'Squire *Harvey* of *Effex*, between *Mile-End* and *Bore*, in the Day-time, from whom he took a diamond Ring, and Money, to a considerable Value, as he was riding home in his Coach from the cathedral Church of *St. Paul's*, the late Queen *Anne* having that Day honoured the City with her Royal Presence.

Sometime after that, meeting not far from *Hampstead*, with one *Gambol* a Writing-Master, living in *Exeter-street*, behind *Exeter-Exchange*, in the *Strand*, walking with his Wife, he made bold to command them to deliver what Money they had, which they very obstinately refusing, the Captain violently took what Money he found in their Pockets, which was about thirty or forty Shillings, and for their Presumption of not being obedient to the Doctrine of Non-Resistance, obliged them upon pain of Death, to strip themselves stark naked, and then tying them close Belly to Belly, with their Clothes by them, (for he did not take them away) bound them to a Tree, and rode off. But before he left them, he had chalk'd in great Letters just over their Heads on the Body of the Tree, that *Gambol* and his Wife were *Adamites*; which is a sort of Sect which teaches their Profelytes both Men and Women, to pray in their Meetings, and perform other divine Services, stark naked; which Posture they call the state of Innocency, and the Places they assemble in, *Paradise*.

Another Time, Captain *Evans* and his Brother, with two other Persons, attacked a Member of Parliament on *Bagshot-Heath*, who was travelling in a Coach and six Horses, with three other Gentlemen in it, and no less than four Gentlemen on Horseback well arm'd, besides three Footmen, a Coachman, and Postillion. This honourable Person and the rest had a Jealousy they were Highwaymen coming to approach them, and with their Arms, as two Blunderbusses, a Carbine, and Pistols loaded, stood upon the defensive Part, which occasion'd a Field Fight for above the Space of a Quarter of an Hour, several Charges and Discharges being made between them, but to no other Hurt done but the Horse shot dead on which the Captain's Brother *William*, alias his Footman, rode on.

The Captain and the rest of his Accomplices being still desperate, the Parliament Man drew his Sword, and *Evans* his, and ventur'd to engage in a single Combat to save farther Bloodshed; but in this fairly trying their Skill, *Evans* disarming the other, generously return'd him his Sword again, accepting only of a good Horse to carry his Brother off, and what Money they pleas'd to collect among them; for which genteel Piece of Behaviour, that honourable Person afterwards endeavoured to save his Life.

Not long after this Exploit, Captain *Evans* meeting by *Kilburn Warren*, one *Wargent* a Bricklayer, who for his vast Bulk might be term'd a *Coloss*, his vast Bigness at first, put our Highwayman into a Surprise, till approaching him nearer, he commanded him to stand; when narrowly searching his Head, and viewing his back Part, he found by his having no Horns and Tail, that he was no Ox, as he

first supposed him to be at some Distance, he ventured to search his Breeches next, in which he found a silver Watch, and seventeen or eighteen Shillings in Money, which converting to his own Use, he rode off in quest of another Prey.

One remarkable Robbery he committed with his Brother, was this: As he was travelling *Portsmouth Road* in *Surrey*, meeting a parcel of Headboroughs or Constables conducting about 30 poor Fellows they had prest to *Portsmouth Garrison*, Captain *Evans* asked the Reason of their being led so as Captives ty'd with Cords. The Officers told him they were for the Service, and that they had ten Shillings for each Man they had so imprest. He highly commended them for performing their Duty, and rode off: But coming up with them again in a more convenient Place, he and his Brother attacked them with so much Fury, that setting all the Prisoners at Liberty, they robbed all the Headboroughs of every Penny they had, and then binding them Hand and Foot in a Field, they made the best of their Way off.

Another Time Captain *Evans* meeting on *Finchley Common*, one *Cornish* an Informer, and common Affidavitman, he saluted him with the unwelcome Words *Stand and Deliver*, or otherwise he would shoot him thro' the Head. Poor *Cornish* stood trembling like an Aspin Leaf, and heartily begged and prayed that he would save his Life, tho' he took all he had from him; but if he did rob him, he was certainly ruined and undone. Quoth *Evans*, *What a Plague are you a Spaniard, that you carry all your Riches about you?* No, Sir, (reply'd *Cornish*) *I am a poor honest Man, as all my Neighbours in St. Sepulchre's Parish know, belonging to the Chamberlain.* Said *Evans* then, *What Inn do you live at?* Perhaps you may do me a Piece of Service, by informing me of wealthy Passengers lying at your House; and if so, I shall generously reward you. Quoth *Cornish*, (Sir) *I belong to no Chamberlains of Inns, but to the Chamberlain of London, to whom I give an Information of Persons setting up in the City, that are not Freemen, of Apprentices not taking up their Freedom when out of their Times,*

and other Matters which come under the Cognizance of that Officer. Said *Evans*, *D——n you and the Chamberlain of London too, I thought all this while you had belonged to some Inn, and so might have given me Intelligence in my Way of Business, but as I find the contrary, I have no more Time to lose with you: Deliver, or you are a dead Man!* So searching *Cornish's* Pockets, in which he found but five Pence in brass Money, he was so confounded mad, that he flung them over the Heath, and then severely caning him; in the midst of twenty G——d——n me's and more, he mounts his Horse again, and rode off to seek a better Booty.

Amongst the many Robberies which he committed, we shall now proceed to that which prov'd most fatal to him. He having Intelligence of the *Chester Coach's* coming with Passengers to *London*, sent his Brother *William* the Night before to lie at *Barnet*, and to be in *Baldock Lane* at a certain Time next Morning. But the poor Lad happening to light on a *Scotch Ocheefinonger*, who was travelling to *Edinburgh*, and he pretending to be going some Part of the Way on his Master's Occasions, they must needs lie together, and proceed on their Journey next Day. When they were got into *Baldock Lane*, a Pistol, to the great Surprise of the *Scotchman*, was fired over *Will's* Head by the Captain, that being the Signal propos'd; they then soon commanded the *Scotchman* to lie by, and in Sight robbed all the Coaches. Then in Thunderclaps of Oaths, the Captain riding up to the *Scotchman*, he robb'd him of seven Guineas, and two Watches; but by *Will's* Intercession, who had lain with him all Night, return'd him his best Watch, and three Guineas to bear his Charges into his own Country; for which generous Action the same *Scotchman* hang'd them both at the Assizes held at *Hartford*, in 1708, the Captain aged 29 Years, and his Brother *Will* 23. Several Persons of Quality, and others of no small Distinction, whom they robbed, would not appear against them, but rather endeavoured to save their forfeited Lives.



The LIFE of STEPHEN BUNCE.

THIS unfortunate Malefactor took to all manner of Disorderliness and Theft, even in his very Childhood; for playing very often with one of his Neighbour's Children, whose Father was a Charcoal-Man, he would privately fill his Pocket with that Commodity, and vend it for Codlings, to an old Apple-Woman that kept a little Bulk, or Stall, in *Newtners-Lane*; but, at length, being weary of this petty Thieving, he wanted once to have so many Codlings before-hand, and allow for them in the next Bargain; tho' he design'd to merchandize no more with her. The old Woman mistrusting his Intent, would not give him Credit. *Stephen* was very angry to himself that she should scruple his Honesty, and resolved to be even with her. To this Intent, one cold frosty Morning, bringing her a good Parcel of Charcoal, whose Hollowness in the Middle he had fill'd with Gun-Powder, and sealed it up with black Wax, he had for it what the old Woman thought fit to give him in her Ware. She presently thrust an Heap of it under her Kettle which was boiling, and being hard bitter Weather, she sat hovering over it with her Coats almost up to her Navel. At length the Gunpowder concealed in the Charcoal taking Fire, up bounced the Kettle, out flew the Codlings and Water about her Ears, whilst in the midst of Fire and Smoak, the old Woman cry'd out, Fire and Murder in a hideous Manner, which brought a great Mob about her presently, to assist her in her great Distress. However, it was the Goodness of her kind Stars, to let her come off in this imminent Danger, with the Damage only of scalding her a little, and burning a large Hole thro' her Smock, and the Trouble of picking up her Codlings again.

After *Stephen Bunce* was grown to Years of Discretion, he soon undertook great Exploits: For Instance, being one Day very genteely dress'd, and going into a Coffee-House, where an old Gentleman had then a silver Tobacco Box, which opened in two separate Parts, lying on the Table where this Sharper sat, after turning the News Papers over and over, whilst he was drinking a Dish of Tea, he paid for the same, and went privately away with the Lid of the Box, and had his Cypher presently engraved thereon; then returning back to the Coffee-House, and very courteously pulling off his Hat, quoth he, *Gentlemen, have not I left the Bottom of my Tobacco Box behind me?* So rumbling among the News Papers, he there found it, crying, as he clapp'd the Lid on, *Oh, here it is!* At this, the Owner thereof claim'd it for his; but *Stephen* impudently shewing his Cypher on it, he challeng'd it as his Property, and kept it, which put all the Company in the Coffee Room into a great Consternation, about what should become of the other Gentleman's Box.

Another Time, *Stephen Bunce* being benighted near *Bramyard* in *Herefordshire*, and much straiten'd for want of Money, a Thought came into his Head to make up to the Parson's House, where knocking at the Door, he desired the Maid to tell her Master a Stranger fain would have the Honour of speaking with him; the Parson coming out, and enquiring

his Business, he being a good Tongue Pad, told him, he was a poor Student lately come from *Oxford*, in order to go home to his Friends, and being belated, he most humbly begged the Favour that he would give him Entertainment under his Roof, but for one Night. The Parson being taken with his modest Carriage and Behaviour, withal believing what he said to be true, he kindly received him, and courteously entertained him at Supper with him and his Family; which being over, the Maid was ordered to shew him his Bed Chamber.

When he was bidding them all good Night, *Stephen* most humbly requested of the Parson, that he might give him a Sermon in the Morning, which was *Sunday*, and the Parson very thankfully accepted of his Proffer. So the Morning being come, the *Levite* equipp'd his young Student in his Gown and Cassock; and, because it was about a Mile to the Church, lent him his Horse too, whilst he, his Wife, and Children, would go the foot Path over the Fields. When Sir Reverend came to Church, one was bowing, another scraping, to the Parson of the Parish, wondering to see him without his canonical Habit, on a Day when he should perform his sacred Function. But he soon alleviated their Admiration, by telling his Parishoners, that a young Gentleman of the University of *Oxford*, would be there presently, that would preach to them an excellent Sermon. Now Prayers were said, and the last Psalm sung, but none of the Gentleman came; so staying till Dinner Time, the Congregation was forc'd to go Home without a Sermon, as well as their Parson without his Gown and Horse, which *Stephen* to be sure had ordained for another Use than to ride to Church to preach in.

Another Time this pickled Blade being upon his Patrol in *Essex*, as he was on one side of the Hedge, he espy'd at some Distance, a Gentleman very well mounted on a good Gelding; so getting into the Road, he lay all along on the Ground with his Ear close to it, till the Gentleman came up; who asking him the Reason of that Posture, *Stephen* held up his Hand to him, which was as much as to bid the Gentleman be silent; but the Gentleman being of a hasty Temper, quoth he, *What a Pox are you a listening to?* Hereupon, *Stephen* sitting on his Breech, he said, *Oh, dear! Sir, I have often heard great Talk of the Fairies, but I could never have the Faith to believe there were any such Things in Nature, till now, in this very Place, I hear such a ravishing and melodious Harmony of all sorts of Musick, that it is enough to charm me to sit here, if possible, to all Eternity.*

This Story made the Gentleman presently alight to hear this ravishing Musick too; so giving *Stephen* his Gelding to hold, and laying his Ear to the Ground, quoth he, *I can hear nothing.* Mr. *Bunce* bid him turn t'other Ear, which he did, and then his Face being from him, *Stephen* presently mounted his Gelding, and galloped away with all Speed, till he came within Sight of *Rumford*. Then alighting he let the Gelding loose, supposing that if the Owner us'd any Inn in that Town, he would make to it, as
accordingly

accordingly he did, and Stephen at his Heels. The Hostler, who was at the Door, cry'd out, *Master, here's Mr. Bartlet's Horse come without him.* By this Stratagem, Stephen having got the Owner's Name, quoth he to the Inn-keeper, *Mr. Bartlet being engaged with some Gentlemen in Play at Ingerstone, he pray'd him to send him 15 Guineas, and to keep his Gelding in Pledge thereof till he came himself, which would be in the Evening.* Ay, Ay, (reply'd the Innkeeper) 100 Guineas if he wanted them. So giving Stephen 15 Guineas, he made the best of his Way to London, when in about four or five Hours, the Gentleman came puffing and blowing in his great Jack Boots to the Inn, and the Inn-keeper stepping up to him, said, *Oh, dear! Sir, what need you have sent your Gelding, and so put yourself to the Trouble of coming this sultry Weather on Foot, for the small Matter of fifteen Guineas, when you might have commanded ten Times as much without a Pledge?* Quoth the Gentleman, *Hath the Fellow then brought my Gelding hither?* A Son of a Whore! He was pretty honest in that; but I find the Rogue hath made me pay fifteen Guineas for bearing his d—n'd Fairies Musick.

Stephen Bunce was a great Visiter of Billiard-Tables, and Cock-Pits, as leaving no Place unsearched wherein there might be any Thing worthy of a Bait. Tho' he had ever so fair an Opportunity of reclaiming, yet was he so profligate in all roguish Transactions, that he abhor'd any Thing which looked virtuously. Once turning Foot-Pad, he set upon a Butcher betwixt Paddington and London, who being also a lusty stout Fellow, he would not part with what he had without some Blows. To cudgelling one another therefore they went; but tho' the Butcher play'd his Part very well, yet after a very hard Battle, wherein they were both sadly battered and bruised, he was forced to cry *Peccavi*. Then the Victor searching him all over, from Head to Foot, and finding but a Great in his Pocket, quoth he, *Is this all you have?* The Butcher reply'd, *Yes, and too much to lose.* Said Bunce then, *Oh! d—n you for a Son of a Whore, if you'd fight at this rate but for a Groat, what a Plague would you have done if you'd had more Money?* So they both parted.

But this small Sum not sufficing for one Night's Extravagancy, as Stephen was coming home by one Mr. Sandford's Shop, a Goldsmith, in *Russel-street, Covent-Garden*, he saw the old Man telling a great Parcel of Money on the Compter, and presently stept to an Oil Shop for a Farthingworth of Salt; then coming back to the Goldsmith's House, and flinging it all in his Eyes, it caused such a terrible Smarting, that he did nothing but stamp and rub his Peepers, whilst Mr. Bunce swept about fifty Pounds into his Hat, and went off with it.

It is a true saying, *That what is got over the Devil's Back, is always spent under his Belly*; for Stephen going that same Night to a Bawdy-House in *Colson's-Court in Drury Lane*, he lit into a Strumpet's Company, call'd for her great Bulk, which was like a *Colossus*, the *Royal Sovereign*, who pick'd his Pocket of twenty Pounds, and vanish'd away with it in the Twinkling of an Eye. This Disaster made him fret, fume, and storm, like a mad Man, and vent more Oaths and Curfes, than any losing Gamester at the Groom-Porter's. But all his Exclamations being to no Purpose, he began to vent his Passion next with a general Raillery against all the Female Sex; swearing that there was not a Woman on Earth but what was a Crocodile at Ten, a Whore at Fifteen, a Devil at Forty, and a Witch at Threescore.

Spending the Remainder of his Money in a Day or two for Vexation, Necessity (which is always the best Whetstone to sharpen the Edge of a Man's Invention) compell'd him to contrive Ways and Means for a fresh Supply; then going to one of his Comrades, whom the Sight of Line, Rope, or Halter, could not daunt with the Fear of coming home short at last, they went one Night, when the Shop was

just shut up, to one Mr. Knowles, a Woollen Draper, in *King-street, Westminster*, where, whilst Stephen was bargaining for three Quarters of a Yard of Cloth, to make him, as he said, a Pair of Breeches, his Companion had the Opportunity of taking the Feather, as Thieves call it, or Key, out of a Pin in the Window. Then going away, but without buying any Thing, and the Man not thinking any otherwise than that his Shop was fast shut, as having secured all before, they came in the dead of the Night, which was very dark by reason the Moon did not shine, and taking the Pin out which had no Key, they had an easy Access into the Shop, from whence they took away as much Cloth as came to above eighty Pounds.

When Stephen Bunce was but a Lad about 14 or 15 Years of Age, he was a Tapster at the *Nag's Head Alehouse, in Tuttle-street, Westminster*, where he had not been above a Month before he convey'd a silver Tankard privately to one of his thieving Companions, which held two Quarts. At Night, when his Master came to lock up his Plate, the Tankard was missing, which put all the House into Disorder; Mr. Nick and Froth swore like an Emperor, the Mistress scolded as bad as any Fish-Woman at *Billinggate*, and the Servants had all a Grumbling in the Gizzard, but whom to blame none could tell. However, after some small Inquisition about it, it was generally concluded, that some of the Guests had taken it away; whereupon it was agreed by a general Consent, that the next Morning the Maid and Stephen Bunce should go to *John Partridge, the Astrologer and Translator of Shoes, in Salisbury-street in the Strand*, who was cry'd up for his Dexterity in that Art, and thought to belittle inferior to *Friar Bacon*. Fortho' he could not make a brazen Head to speak, yet he had such a brazen Face of his own as could outface the D—l himself for lying.

Accordingly going to this Astrologer's House, and popping a Shilling into his Haud, he very formally set himself down in a Chair, laid half a Sheet of white Paper before him, and then taking a Pen in his Hand, he made thereon several Triangles about a Square, which he call'd the 12 Houses, and said, *Jupiter* being Lord of the Ascendant, signifies good Luck for the gaining your Tankard again, did not *Mars* interpose with an evil Aspect towards *Mercury*. Now, *Venus* being on the fiery Trigon, denotes the Party that had it, lives either East or West; and *Saturn* being retrogado, and in the Cusp of *Taurus*, it must needs be, that it is hid under Ground either North or South.

Then he asked if there was not a red hair'd Man at the House that Day? They told him, No. Nor a black hair'd Man neither? said he. They still answered, No. Nor was there not a brown hair'd Man there, with grey Cloaths, not very tall, nor very low? They told him, Yes. Then he asked whether they knew him or not? They answered, No. The *Sun* (saith he) being ill posited in the 11th House, and *Mercury* in Trine with *Virgo*, it was without all Doubt a brown hair'd Man that had the Tankard. Then Stephen asked, whether it might not be a Woman, as well as a Man? This put the Conjuror something to his Trumps; but when the Maid said that could not be, for there was never a strange Woman in the House all that Day, he grew bold, and said No, too; for *Venus* being weak in Reception with *Gemini*, and the *Moon* in her Detriment, both feminine Planets, it plainly tells that it was a Man, and one betwixt 40 and 50 Years of Age. Upon my Life, said the Maid, I saw the Party then that had it; he was a curl'd pated Fellow, with a sad coloured Sute, and about that Age; he drank in the Rose; but if ever I see the Rogue again, I'll teach him to steal Tankards, with a Murrain to him. Stephen could not but laugh in his Sleeve at the Maid's Confidence; so taking their Leave of the Astrologer, they went homewards, with

with a deal of News to tell their Master ; but by the way *Stephen* dropt the Maid, to go and take Share of his Booty, and never went any more to his Place.

We should not have rehearsed so much of this Astrological Cant, but to expose both the Professors of that pretended Science, and those who consult them ; neither of whom can ever be sufficiently ridicul'd. But to proceed :

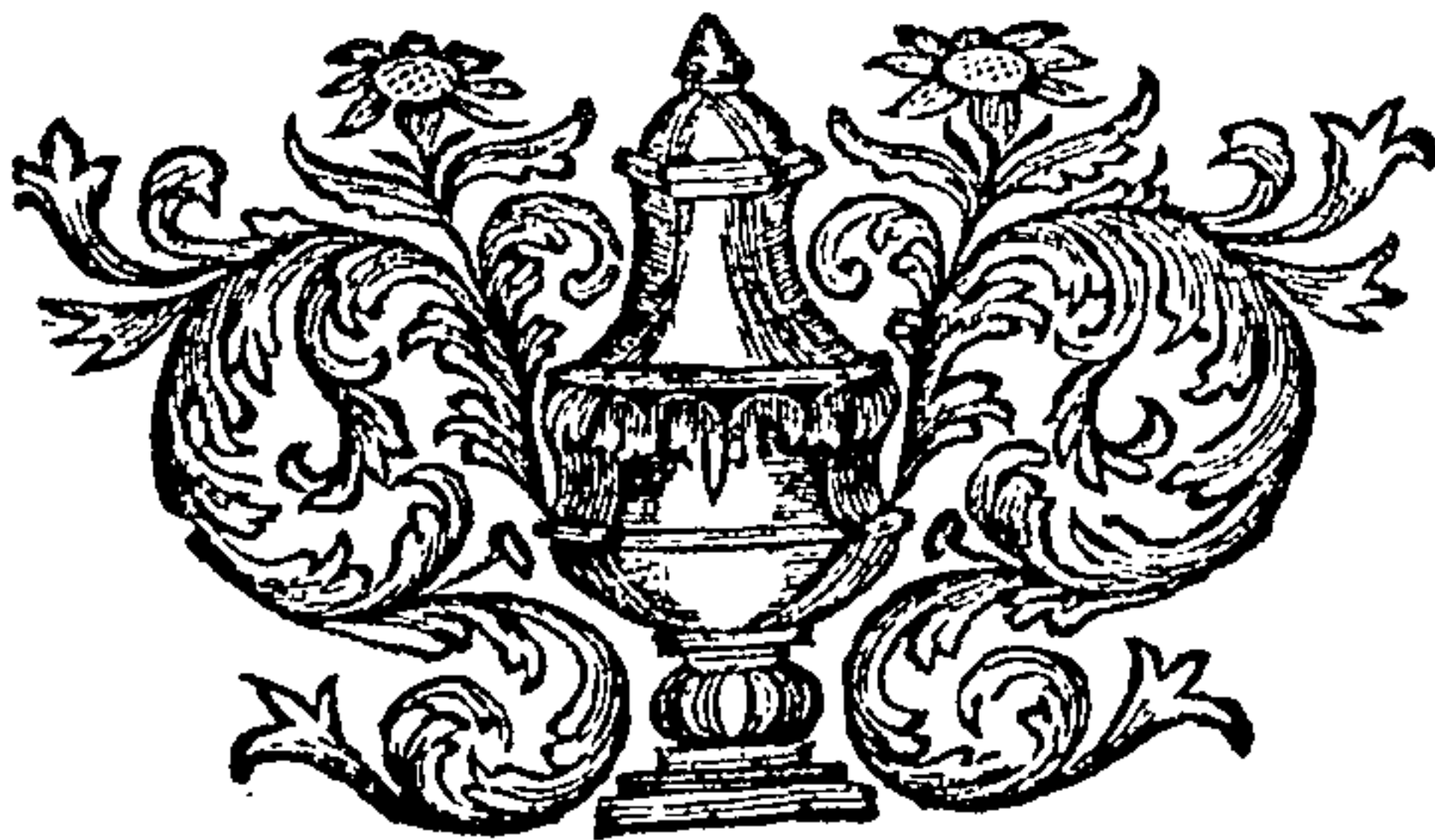
This notorious Fellow being once, by an Order of Court at the Sessions-House in the *Old-Bailey*, sent for a Soldier into *Spain*, while he was there, in an Enemy's Country, he was so much upon the Duty of fasting, that the civil War which the Wind made in his empty Stomach, oblig'd him very often to look out sharp for some Employment for his Teeth. So one Day *Stephen*, and a Comrade he had got, being as hungry as two Tarpaulins kept upon short Allowance, but altogether Moneyless, they went loitering up and down the Market in *Barcelona*, to see what Fortune might offer in Relief of their Bellies, which had been mere Strangers to any Sustenance for above forty eight Hours. At length they espy'd a Country Man going out of Town on an Afs : They follow'd him at some Distance, and about half a Mile from the Town, there being a very high Hill, the Country Man alighted, and led the Afs up leisurely by a loose Bridle. Hereupon *Stephen Bunce* going with his Comrade softly after them, he dexterously slippt the Bridle off the Afs's Head, and puts it on his own ; then the other going off with the Boory, *Stephen* crawls upon all Fours, 'till he ascended on the Top of the Hill ; when the Country-Man turning about to mount again, he was almost frighten'd out of his Wits, to see a Man bridled instead of an Afs. *Stephen* perceiving his great Consternation, quoth he, *Dear Master, don't be troubled at this strange Alteration which you see in your Beast, for indeed was no Afs, as you suppos'd it, but a Man, real Flesh and Blood, as you may be ; but you must know, that it being my Misfortune to commit a Sin against the Virgin Mary once, she resented it so heinously, that she transform'd me into the Likeness of an Afs for seven Years ; and now the Time being expired, I assume my proper Shape again, and am at my own Disposal. However, Sir, I return you many Thanks for your Goodness towards me ; for since I have been in your Custody, you put me to no more Labour than what I, you, or any other Afs, might be able to bear.*

The Country Man was astonish'd at the Story ; but nevertheless was glad that his Afs which was

could not charge him with any ill Usage. So parting, *Stephen* went to his Comrade, who had already chang'd the Afs again into Money, to put their Teeth in use once more, for fear they should forget the Way of eating ; whilst the poor Country Man was oblig'd to return to Town again to buy him another Afs to carry him home. When he came into the Afs-Market he espied his old Afs again ; whereupon stepping up hastily to him, and whispering in his Ear, he said, *Oh ! Pox on you, you have committed another Sin against the Virgin Mary, I find ; but I shall take Care how I buy you again.*

He was lawfully married at *Plymouth* to a Victualler's Daughter, who had so much Education bestow'd upon her, as to read, sew, and mark on a Sampler ; after which she was kept at Home to sit in the Bar, and keep the Scores ; which Post pleas'd the young Woman very well, because there was great Variety of Guests us'd the House, especially merry drunken Sailors, who, when they had Liberty to come ashore, would lustily booze it, and sing and dance all Weathers. But *Stephen*, within a very little while after he was enter'd into the State of Matrimony, catching the Gunner of the *Swiftsure* Man of War boarding his Wife, he quickly threw'd his Spouse a light Pair of Heels, and came up to *London* ; where growing debauch'd to the highest Degree, he was very seldom out of the Powdering Tub : Nevertheless, the impairing of his Health after this profligate Way did not alienate his Inclination from keeping Company with such Cattle, who ruin both Body and Soul ; and for the Maintenance of lewd Women, he cared not what Hazards he underwent, as he confess'd when under Sentence of Death. At last, as common Whores were his Ruin, he would, but it was then too late, exclaim against 'em, and say, a Strumpet was the Highway to the Devil ; and he that look'd upon her with Lust, began his Voyage to inevitable Destruction ; he that stay'd to talk with her mended his Pace, and he who enjoy'd her was at his Journey's End.

He had been an old Offender, and was such a debauch'd Fellow in his Conversation, that he could invent no other Method of gracing his Discourse, and making it taking, but by a complaisant Rehearsal of his own, and other Mens Uncleanesses ; in fine, he could not find an Hour's Talk, without being beholden for it to a common Whore ; but his Wickedness made its Exit at *Tyburn*, in 1707, with *Jack Hall* and *Dick Low*, whose Lives immediately follow.



The LIFE of DICK LOW.

THIS Person took to thieving in his Minority, and was become very expert in it at the Age when others usually begin. One time when he was about 11 or 12 Years old, creeping privately in an Evening behind a Goldsmith's Compter in *Cheapside*, the Goldsmith comes from a back Room, and goes himself behind the Compter; insomuch that *Dick Low* had no Opportunity of going out invisible; whereupon he cries, *Whoop, Whoop*. At this the Goldsmith cry'd, *Hey, hey, is this a Place to play at Whooper's Hide? Get you gone, you young Rogue, and play in the Streets*. But *Dick* yet lying still, cry'd again, *Whoop, Whoop*; which made the Goldsmith in a great Passion cry, *Get you gone, Sirrah, or I'll Whoop you with a good Cane, if you want to play here*. Whereupon *Dick* went away with a Bag of fifty Pound, which the Goldsmith miss'd next Day.

But as he grew up in Years, his Statue made him past those Exercises which they call the Morning, Noon, or Night *Sneak*, which is privately sneaking into Houses at any of those Times, and carrying off what next comes to Hand; for all's Fifth that comes to Net with them, who are term'd Saint *Peter's* Children, as having every Finger a Fish-hook. He went also upon other Lays, such as taking *Lobs* from behind *Rattlers*; that is to say, Trunks or Boxes from behind Coaches; and upon the *Mill*, which is breaking open Houses in the Night; for which Purpose they have their Tinder-Boxes, Matches, Flints, Steels, Dark-Lanterns, Bags, Cords, Betties, and Chissels to wrench. This was then the manner, but at present they have a new Way, of using a large turning Gimlet or Orgor, with which boring Holes thro' a wooden Window, they presently with a Knife cut out a Hole big enough to put in their Hand to unbolt it; whereby an honest Man is soon undone by these fly Rascals, who call themselves *Prigs*, which, in their canting Language, denotes a Thief. As for the Religion of these People, they term themselves but half Christians, because of the two principal Commandments they keep but one, which is to love God, but in no Case their Neighbour, from whom it is their Livelihood to steal. These Thieves have a quick Eye to take hold on all Advantages of obtaining an unlawful Prize; and Highwaymen have commonly their Spies in all Fairs, Markets, and Inns, who view all that go and come, and learn what Money they carry, how much, where they leave it, and in what Hands, whereby they for whom they spy may be masters of it.

When *Richard Low* was a Foot Soldier in *Flanders*, he and his Comrade being one Day very peckish, and meeting with a Boor in *Ghent*, loaded with Capons, Partridges, and Hens, they struck up a Bargain with him for half of them, which *Dick's* Comrade carry'd off, whilst he was fumbling and pulling out all his Things in his Pockets to find out his Money. His Coin amounting to nothing answerable to the Poultry he had bought, he order'd the Boor to follow him, till at length he brought him into a Cloyster of *Capuchin-Friers*, where some

of them were confessing Folks; then he told the Boor, that the Provision he had bought of him was for this House, and a certain Father, who was there confessing, was the Superior, to whom he would go, and acquaint his Reverence that he must pay him. Accordingly going up to the Confessor, and privately putting Sixpence in his Hand, he whisper'd him in the Ear, saying, *Reverend Father, this honest Country Man here is a particular Acquaintance of mine, who's come hither to be confess'd; but living six Miles off, and Business requiring him Home this Evening, I beseech you to be so kind as to confess him as soon as you can*.

The good Father, oblig'd by the Alms given aforehand, promis'd him, that when he had ended the Penitent's Confession whom he had at his Feet, he should dispatch him presently; and at the same Time calling to the Boor, quoth, *Dick, Go not hence and the Father will perform what you want presently*.

So *Dick* going after his Comrade, when the afore-said Penitent had made an End of his *Canterbury* Story to the Priest, the spiritual Juggler called the Clown to him, who stood bolt upright, looking very wishfully on the Confessor, to see if he put his Hand in his Pocket to pay him. The Father Confessor look'd as wishfully on the Boor, to see him stand with so little Devotion to be confess'd; but imputing the Cause thereof to his Simplicity, he bids him kneel, which the Clown did with some Reluctancy, as thinking it to be an insulting Ceremony for a Man to kneel to receive his own Money. However, obeying the Order with grumbling, the Priest bids him make the Sign of the Cross; at which the Boor being out of Patience, believing the Confessor to be out of his Wits, he chatter'd, and rav'd, and swore like a mad Man, which made the Confessor imagine the Boor was possess'd with the Devil. Upon this he put his hempen Girdle about the poor Fellow's Neck, and making the Sign of the Cross over his Head, began to conjure him, by saying some devout Prayers. This made the Man so mad indeed, that he tore off the Confessor's Habilitments, and throwing him down on the Ground, demanded loudly his Money for the Poultry.

This rustical Usage made the Father suppose he had the Devil himself to deal with; so that with a weak and affrighted Voice, he began to commend himself to all the Saints in the Almanack for their Assistance; and at the Clamour and Noise that was betwixt him and the Priest, the whole Convent of Friers came out in Procession with Crosses and hal-low'd Lights in their Hands, and casting holy Water about on every Side, as believing there was a Legion of Devils in their Chapel. But the Boor still crying out for his Money for his Poultry, the Prior made a strict Enquiry into the Matter, and found some Knave had impos'd on the Fellow, who had no other Satisfaction, than that of the Convent's cursing him that had cheated the Boor, by Bell, Book, and Candle.

In a short Time *Dick* came home again, and there being one Mr. *Pemmell*, an Apothecary, living in *Drury-*

Drury Lane, it was his Misfortune to have a Wife who kept Company with one *Davis* a Glazier; but bad Circumstances obliging him to fly for Sanctuary to *Thornbury* in *Gloucestershire*, his *Madona* was in great Want of another Gallant. However, the being naturally prone to Liberality, and always extravagantly rewarding Kindnesses of this Nature, it was not long 'ere a particular Acquaintance of her's undertook to supply her with a new Lover, which was *Dick*.

As soon as he was introduced into the Company of the Apothecary's Wife, she took a huge Fancy to him; for he behaved himself so pleasantly, and his Caresses were so agreeable, that his Mistress esteemed herself the happiest Woman in the World, in the Enjoyment of a Person so facetious, and accomplished with all the Mysteries of Love. Whenever he came to her House, which was always when her Husband was from Home, she entertained him with such an unreserved Freeness, that she concealed nothing from her Spark, that might either please his Fancy or Curiosity. But one Day opening a Chest of Drawers to take out somewhat, *Dick* espy'd a couple of Bags of Money, at which his Mouth instantly water'd; for altho' his Mistress told him, that as long as one Penny was in them, his Pockets should never be unfurnished, yet he wanted to be Master of them presently; and indeed it was not long before he had them at his Command; for Business requiring the Apothecary in the Country for about a Week, *Dick* then lay in his House at Rack and Manger; and having two other Rogues like himself at a great Supper prepared for them there, they began about 12 of the Clock at Night, to declare their Intention with Sword and Pistol, saying, That whoever presumed to speak but one Word, suffered present Death.

To Work they now went, gagging and tying first the Procurer. In the mean Time the Apothecary's Wife seeing how her Friend was served, she fell on her Knees, and heartily beseeched them not to use her so. Quoth *Dick*, No, no, *Madam*, we'll only tie your Hands, lest you should ungag that serious, and now silent, *Bar* there.

After she was secured, they went down into the Kitchen, and gagg'd and ty'd the Maid and Apprentice; then rifling the House, they carry'd away two hundred and fifty Pounds. and some Plate, to a considerable Value. But *Dick* thinking it unmannerly to go away without saying any Thing, he went to his late beloved Mistress, and giving her a *Judas* Kiss, Quoth he, *Dear Madam*, farewell, and when I am gone, say, I've done more than ever your Husband did; for I've bound you to be constant now.

After this, *Dick Low* going one Morning into the *Rose* and *Crown* Alehouse, kept by one Mr. *Nayland*, in *Clare-Court*, in *Drury-Lane*, he desired a private Room, by Reason he had some Company coming to him about some Business. A private Room was shew'd him, and a double Pot of Drink brought with a silver Cup to drink out of; and being alone, the Man of the House sat with him chatting, till they were both weary. At last, *Nayland* was wanted by other Company, and whilst he was gone out, *Dick* having with some soft Wax, fusten'd the Bottom of the Cup under the Board of the Table, which was covered with a Carpet hanging somewhat down all round it, he came to the Bar, saying, I see my Company will not come, therefore I'll stay no longer. Then paying his Reckoning, and the Man of the House going into the Room to bring away the Pot and the Cup (which first he could find, but not the other high nor low) he charges *Dick*, who had not yet received his Change, with downright Theft. The one curs'd and swore he had it not, and the other swore and curs'd he had it, so that between them both, they were ready to swear the House down about their Ears.

Dick was then searched, and tho' nothing was found about him, yet *Nayland* swore still he must have the Cup, or else know of the going of it; therefore he should pay for the Loss. But *Dick* standing as stiffly upon his Reputation, which was never worth any Thing, he intiled he had it not, nor knew any Thing of its being gone; whereupon, a Constable being fetch'd, he was carry'd before Justice *Negus*, where the Loser making his Complaint as truly the Matter was, and *Dick Low* alledging his Innocency, the Magistrate was in a Quandary how to do Justice: For, quoth he to the Complainant, here's a Cup lost, and the Prisoner will not deny but he had it; but then it was miss'd whilst he was in the House, and he searched without finding any Thing about him; besides, he had no Body with him, therefore it cannot be carry'd away by Conspiracy; so unless you'll lay point-blank Felony to his Charge, I can do no otherwise than discharge him.

Then the Victualler, who was an *Irishman*, reply'd, *Tis* very true, *Sbir*, what you say; but by my *Shalva*shion, rather than he should go without hanging, I will swear treachery Felonies against him, or any Thing else what your Worship pleases to command me, for I love to oblige any *swivel* *Shall*-man as you be. Indeed, said the Justice, you will not oblige me in hanging a Man wrongfully. In a Word, there being no plain Proof to justify that *Dick Low* either had the Cup, or convey'd it away to another, and it being plain that he was charg'd in Custody before ever he went out of the House, he came off with flying Colours, and soon sent an other of his Clan to fetch off the Cup, by going to drink in the same Room, and removing it from under the Table into his Breeches without any Suspicion, paying for his Liquor, and fairly returning that Cup that was brought to him.

This Fellow, when he was but seven or eight Years old, was one of those Urchins, whom a Rogue habited like a Porter, carrying on his Shoulders in a great Basket, he would, as any Gentleman came by him in an Evening, put out his Hand, and snatch off his Hat or Perriwig, and sometimes both; which would make the Person robbed, look and stare about like any wild Man, and swear to think what should become of them, for he could have no mistrust of the Porter with the Load on his Back, who would still keep going on, as if he knew nothing of the Matter.

But when *Dick* was grown too big for this unlawful Exercise, he industriously apply'd himself to picking of Pockets; and one Day, he and two others of that Profession, having been eight or nine Miles in the Country, where they were so extravagant as to spend all their Money, as they were coming into *Hammer-smith*, they bethought themselves on the following Stratagem to get more before they entered *London*. Two of them acted the Parts of drunken Men in the Town, reeling, tumbling, and abusing several People; who, believing them to be really drunk, let them pass on without much Interruption. Hereupon, their sober Companion *Dick Low*, seeing no Body would take them up, he was resolv'd to do it himself; so meeting them, as if by Chance, they gave him the Jostle; which not taking so patiently as the others had done, he not only had high Words with them, but from Words they fell to Blows. At last, two being against one, it was thought unequal, and they having been abusive to others, a great Company was assembled, and among them the Constable, who seizing on all three, carried them before a Justice, who hearing the Matter, and finding by the Testimony of the People who went with them, that only the two who were drunk were wholly to blame, his Worship ordered them to be set in the Stocks for two Hours, and discharged *Dick Low*.

This Order was obey'd, and the Delinquents were presently put into the Stocks, where they behaved themselves

themselves so pleasantly in foolish Discourse, that a great Number of People hovered about them; the mean Time *Dick* was not idle, for he made such Havock among their Pockets, that in the two Hours Time they were in the Stocks, he had gain'd about eight Pounds by the Frolick; then coming to *London*, they fell into hard drinking like so many drunken *Germans*; but in the midst of their Cups, they had the Civility, every now and then, to drink the

Health of all them by whom they had fared the better.

This Fellow, tho' he was not above 25 Years of Age, when he was hang'd at *Tyburn*, with *Jack Hall* and *Stephen Bunce*, in 1707, had reigned long in his Villany; and the fortunate Success which he had had in his manifold Sins, made him only repent that he had practis'd them no sooner.

The LIFE of JACK HALL.

THIS most notorious Villain, was bred a Thief from his Mother's Womb; and there is no sort of Theft, but what he was expert in, as breaking open Houses, going on the Foot-Pad, Shop-lifting, or pilfering any small Matter that lies in the Way; nay, if it was but Mops and Pails; the *Drag*, which is, having a Hook fastened to the End of a Stick, with which they drag any Thing out of a Shop Window in a dark Evening; and *filing a Cly*, which is picking Pockets of Watches, Money, Books, or Handkerchiefs. To this End he used to haunt Churches, Fairs, Markets, publick Assemblies, Shows, and be very busy about the Play-house. And he that performs this last Part of Thieving, commonly gives what he takes to another; that in Case he should be found with his Hand in any Man's Pocket, he might prove his Innocency, by having nothing about him, but what he can justify to be his own.

Jack Hall was as dextrous in picking a Pocket, as ever he was in sweeping a Chimney; for on a Market Day once in *Smithfield*, a Grafter having received some Money for his Cattle, and put it into his Coat Pocket in a Bag, this nimble Spark, to whose Fingers any Thing stuck like Birdlime, observing the same, he soon became Master of it, and brought it to his Comrades that were drinking at an Alehouse hard by; and to shew his farther Dexterity in *filing a Cly*, emptying the Bag, he untruss'd a Point in it, and finding out the Man, who was still in the Market selling off the rest of his Cattle, he put it into his Pocket again. A little after which, a Person coming to the Farmer for some Money, he went with him to his Inn, and pulling out his Bag, and putting therein his Hand for Money to pay the Creditor, he eagerly plucked it out in a sad stinking Pickle, swearing, That he had thirty Pounds in his Bag but just now. but, woundkins, it was now turned to a T—d.

Another Time, meeting with a Man who knew what Profession he was of, he said to *Jack*, *I wonder how People can have their Pockets picked? For I am sure no Body could ever pick mine.* Quoth *Jack*, *If you will lay a Wager of ten Shillings, to be spent here for the Good of the House, your Pocket shall be picked in Westminster-Hall, by To-morrow Noon if you'll be there.* The Stakes on both Sides were laid down in the Hands of the People of the House; and the Person who defy'd having his Pocket picked, went next Morning to *Westminster-Hall*, which being Vacation Time, there was no Body in it but two little Boys whipping a Top, who every two or three Times as the Man passed by 'em blew Quills of Lice upon his Cloaths, and then cry'd

out to him, *O! Sir, you are all Lousy!* He perceiving it, desired the Boys to pick them off, which Office they performed with great Affiduousness, till one of them pick'd his Pocket of a Purse, with some certain Pieces of Silver, which he had lain he would not lose.

The Boys then carry'd the Prize to *Jack Hall*, and the Man having walked in *Westminster-Hall* his appointed Time, he went to the People in whose Hands the Stakes were deposited, to claim his Money; but *Jack Hall* being there at the same Time, told him, he had lost the Wager, because his Purse was there before him; so giving it him again, he was in a great Surprise, to think how he should come by it; which being told him, they had the Wager spent with great Satisfaction on both Sides.

Jack Hall having a Design once to rob a great Merchant in the City of *London*, he went oftentimes hankering about his House, but could never effect it; whereupon he bethought himself of this Stratagem: He was to be put into a Bale done up like a Bale; and by the Contrivance of his Comrade, who was very well apparell'd, he was to be laid into this Merchant's House in the Evening, as so much Silk, which he was to see next Morning, and to buy off his Hands, in Case they agreed.

Accordingly this Bale full of Iniquity, wedg'd inwardly on all Sides with coarse Cloth and Fustian, was laid up in the Warehouse. Night being come, and the Apprentices weary, two of them, whilst their Master was at Supper, went to rest themselves, and by Accident lay along on this Bale, which was plac'd by some others; insomuch that the extream Anguish of their Weight being very heavy upon *Jack Hall*, he could scarce fetch his Breath. Upon this, he drew out a sharp Knife, and making a great Hole in the Fillet of the Bale, he also made a deep Wound in the Buttocks of him that lay most upon it, which made him rise, and roar out, his Fellow-Apprentice had killed him. Running out to his Master in the Agony, his Fellow-Apprentice followed him, and was innocently secur'd, till a farther Examination of the Matter. In the mean while *Jack Hall* made his Escape out of a Window, with only taking two Pieces of Velvet along with him.

At the same Time the Merchant seeing his Apprentice in a very bloody Condition, and fearing, if the Bale of Silk he lay on should be spoilt with the Blood, he must be forced to pay whatever Price was required, he ran presently into the Warehouse to prevent any Damage coming to it, where finding it mightily shrunk in its Bulk, it rais'd some Suspicion of Roguery in him; for opening it, he found therein nothing of Value, Then searching about his

Warehouse,

Warehouse, and missing the two Pieces of Velvet, he plainly perceived some Rogue had been pack'd up in the Bale, with an Intent to rob his House when he and his Family were in Bed; whereupon, the accus'd Apprentice was set at Liberty, and a Surgeon fetch'd for the wounded one, who cost his Master above five Pounds before he was well.

He was also very good for the *Lob*, which is thus: Going with a Confort into any Shop to change a *Pistole* or *Guinea*, and having about half of his Change, cries the Confort, *What need you to change? I have Silver enough to defray our Charges where we are going.* Upon this, the other throws the Money back again into the Money Box; but with such Dexterity, that he has one of the Pieces, whether Shilling or Half Crown, sticking in the Palm of his Hand, which he carries clean off, without any Suspicion of Fraud. Again, he was very expert at the *Whalebone-Lay*, which is, having a thin Piece of Whalebone daubed at the End with Birdlime, with which, going into a Shop with a Pretence to buy something, they make the Shop-keeper, by wanting this and that Thing, to turn his Back often; and then take the Opportunity of putting the Whalebone, so daubed with Birdlime, into the Till of the Compter, which brings up any single Piece of Money that sticks to it. After which, to give no Mistrust, they buy some small Matter, and pay the Man with a Pig of his own Sow.

The Year before *Jack Hall*, the Chimney-Sweeper, was hang'd, having committed Sacrilege at *Bristol*, in robbing *Ratcliff-Church* in that City, he made the best of his Way for *London*; where after a little While, his Extravagancies reducing him to the want of Money again, in order to recruit his Pockets, he went with some of his wicked Associates, upon the *Running-Smuggle*, which is this: One of them goes into a Shop, and pretending to be drunk, after some troublesome Behaviour, he puts the Candles out, and taking away whatever comes first to Hand, he runs off, whilst another flings Handfuls of Dirt and Nastiness into the Mouth and Face of the Person that cries out stop Thief, which putting him or her into a sudden Surprise, it gives them an Opportunity of going off without apprehending.

One Time *Jack Hall* being dress'd like a Gentleman, (tho' you must suppose, like *Aesop's Crow*, he was deck'd in other People's Plumes) and sitting on a Bench in the *Mall* in *St. James's Park*, a Life-Guard Man, and one Mr. *Knight* an Attorney, living in *Shandois-street*, near *Covent-Garden*, meeting one another just by the Place where *Jack* sat, after some Complements were pass'd between them, the Lawyer invited the Life-Guard Man, whom he had not seen a long Time before, to dine with him at his House the next Day, for he should be very welcome, and any Friend that he should bring along with him. The Life-Guard Man promis'd he would be sure to wait upon him; but asking his Friend whether he liv'd in the same Place still, *Yes, yes*, (quoth the Lawyer) *I still live within three Doors of the Feathers Alehouse* in *Shandois street*. They then parted; and now *Jack Hall's* Wits were on the Tenters for making some Advantage by this Invitation which he had heard given: So the next Day, above an Hour before the Time, when hungry Mortals whet their Knives on Thresholds, and the Soles of Shoes, he was lurking thereabouts, and at last, setting his Eyes on the Life-Guard Man, whom he knew again, he was no sooner entred into his Friend's House, but *Jack* was at his Heels, and entred also with him, with as much Confidence as if he had been an Acquaintance of the Lawyer. There were above half a Score Gentlemen and Gentlewomen, among whom he sat down, and soon after, Dinner being set on the Table, with great Variety of Dainties, the strange Gentleman, *Jack Hall*, did eat as heartily, and talk as boldly, as any there.

All the while the Life-Guard Man took him to be one of the Inviter's Acquaintance, and the Invi-

ter suppos'd him to be the Life-Guard Man's Friend; but in the End, he prov'd to be neither of their Friends, especially the Lawyer's; for waiting his Opportunity, he went to the Side Board, which stood in a convenient Place, and putting a dozen of silver Spoons, and as many silver Forks, into his Pockets, he walk'd off *incognito*. The Life-Guard Man, soon after, miss'd *Jack*, and the Lawyer miss'd his Friend's Friend, as he thought him; but it was not much longer ere the Spoons and Forks were missing, and altho' strict Search was made for them, yet were they not found, None but the Friend, or he that was thought so on both Sides, being missing, the Lawyer asked the Life-Guard Man for him; but the Life-Guard Man telling the Lawyer he was none of his Friend or Acquaintance, it was concluded, *nemine contradicente*, that the absent Person was the Rogue that had converted the Lawyer's Plate to his own Use.

Another Time, *Jack Hall* being very well dress'd, and pretending to be a Country Gentleman, he took Lodgings at the House of one *Dogget*, a Quaker, and Button-seller, living in *Burleigh-street*, in the Strand, where he behaved himself very soberly till an Opportunity offer'd to out-wit the Quaker, who thought it no harm to outwit every Body. For the Key of his Chamber being left one Day in the Door, he took the Impression of it in Clay, and had another made by it; a little after which, old *Dogget* and his Wife going to their Country-House, for two or three Days, leaving none at Home, but a wanton Kinswoman, an Apprentice, and Maid, *Jack* in the mean Time had the Convenience of entering their Bed-Chamber, when all in the House were in Bed, and opening a Trunk he took out above eighty Pounds in Money and Plate, and opening the Street Door went off with it. But when the old Folks came Home again, and found what had happen'd, the House was all in an Uproar; there was powerful *Hollering* forth by the Man, who storm'd and rav'd, and fell a kicking the Trunk about like a Foot-Ball, which he did with a great deal more Ease than he could when it was full.

After this Exploit, *Jack Hall*, *Stephen Bunce*, and *Dick Love*, going upon an Enterprize at *Honey*, about 12 of the Clock at Night, they, by the help of their Betties and short Crows, made a forcible Entry into the House of one *Clare*, a Baker, whose Journey-Man being ty'd Neck and Heels they threw him into the *Kneading-Trough*, and the Apprentice with him. *Jack Hall* stood Centry over them, with a great old rusty Back-Sword, which he found in the Kitchen, and swearing with a great Grace, that their Heads, both went off as round as a Hoop, if they offer'd to stir or budge. In the mean Time *Dick Love* and *Stephen Bunce*, went up to Mr. *Clare's* Room, whom they found in Bed with his Wife, and ty'd and gagg'd the old Folks, without any Consideration of their Age, which had left them but few Teeth, to barricade their Gums from the Injury they might receive from those ugly Instruments that stretched their Mouths asunder.

Finding not so much as they expected, the old Man they ungagg'd again, to bring to a Confession where he hoarded his Money; but extorting nothing out of him, *Jack Hall* being then come up to them, for fear they should sink upon him, which is an usual Thing among Thieves, to cheat one another, he took up in his Arms the old Man's Grand Daughter, about six Years old, lying in a Trundle-Bed by him, and said, *D — n me, if I won't take the Child presently in a Pye, and eat it, if the old Rogue will not be civil.* These scaring Words made Mr. *Clare* beg heartily that they should not hurt the Child, and he would discover what he had; so fetching, by his Order, a little Iron-bound Chest from under the Bed, and unlocking it, they took

took what was in it, which was about eighty Pounds; then obscuring their dark Lanthorns, they bid the Baker Good Night, and commanded him to return them Thanks that they spared his Ears, which is against the Law for any of their Occupation to wear.

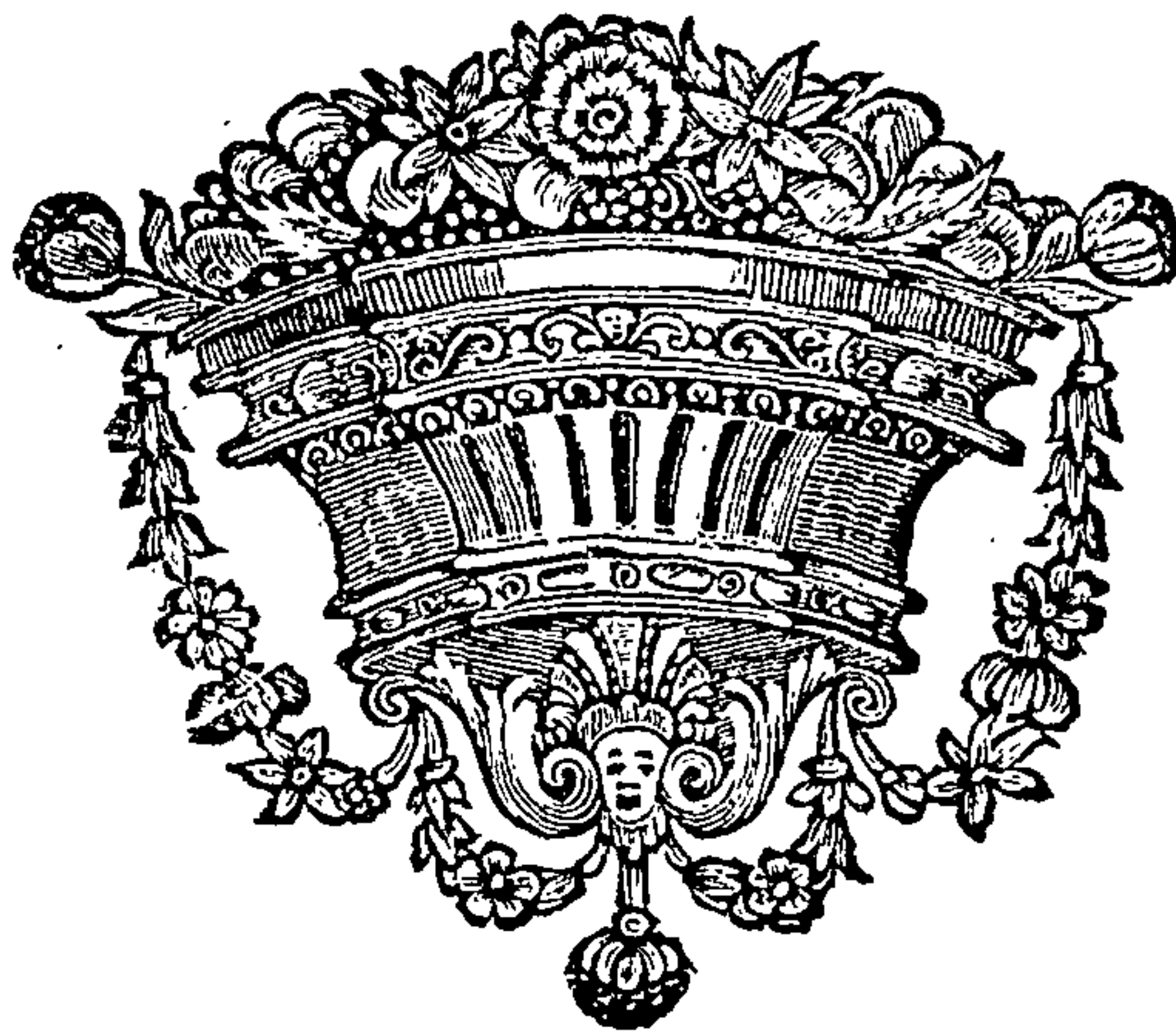
Another Time *Jack Hall* going to one Mr. *Aspin*, a Robe maker, living in *Portugal-street*, by *Lincolns-Inn Back-Gate*, he pretended that he had Occasion for a Gown for his Brother, who was a Parson in the Country, but he would have a very good one, though it cost him the more Money. *I can furnish you with all Sorts and Sizes*, said Mr. *Aspin*; and thereupon fetch'd several, and shew'd him. *Jack* turn'd many of them over, but still desired to see better. At length one was brought which he seem'd to like; but, said he to the Robe-maker, *I doubt it is too short? T'other said he did not doubt but it was long enough in all Conscience*; and thereupon he was for trying of it upon *Jack*, who said, *Alas! there will be no certain Measure by me, for my Brother is taller than I am by the Head and Shoulders,; but as he is a Man about your Pitch, I desire the Favour of you to put it upon yourself, and then I shall guess the better whether it is long enough or no.*

Mr. *Aspin*, to satisfy his Customer, did so; but as he was putting it on, *Jack* took up a Barrister's Gown, and shew'd him a fair Pair of Heels. Mr. *Aspin*, without putting off the Gown, pursu'd him; in the mean Time two of his Companions, who laid Perdue, acted their Parts; for *Stephen Bunce* went into the Shop, and taking the next Parcel of Goods which came to Hand, he marched off. And *Dick Low*, fearing that if the Shop-keeper kept his Pace he might overtake *Jack Hall*, having placed himself in the Way on Purpose, catches hold on Mr. *Aspin*, and says, *O! dear, Doctor Cross, who thought of seeing you? I am glad I*

have met you with all my Heart: But pray, Sir, what makes you run in this distracted Manner about the Streets? Pish, (quoth Mr. *Aspin*) *let me go, I am no Parson, you are mistaken in the Man, for I am running after a Rogue that has robb'd me.* Then *Dick Low* reply'd, but still holding him, *I beg your Pardon, Sir, for my Mistake, for you are as like my Friend Doctor Cross, as ever I saw two Men in my Life like one another.*

Letting him go at last, *Jack* before now was turn'd the Corner of a Street or two, and was quite out of Sight. By this Time also several of the Neighbours being gathered together, they were in an Admiration to see old *Aspin* in a canonical Habit; some saying, *Surely he was not going to christen his own Child himself, which his Maid Betty lay in with!* whilst others perswaded him to go home, and put off the Gown, and then make an Enquiry after the Thief, since he was at present got clear away. Mr. *Aspin* took their Advice; but when he came to his Shop, he found a second Loss, which made him more angry than before, and swear, that the Fellow that met him, might well call him *Doctor Cross*, for d——n him if he had not all the Crosses in the World come upon him at once.

This most notorious Malefactor thought it no Injustice to rob every Body; and all his Vices, whatever Deformity the Eye of the World apprehended to be in them, his unaccountable Wickedness look'd upon as no less excellent than the most absolute of all Virtues. But his Villainy being so unparellel'd, that Justice was obliged to unsheath her Sword against him, a shameful Catastrophe put an End to his wicked Crimes in the Year 1707, when he deservedly suffered Death at *Tyburn*, with his Companions *Low* and *Bunce*, as before-mentioned.



The LIFE of Madam CHURCHILL.

DEBORAH CHURCHILL, alias *Miller*, was born within six Miles of the City of *Norwich*, in the County of *Norfolk*, of worthy honest Parents, who gave her very good Education, and brought her up in her younger Years in the Ways of Religion and good Manners; but she had wickedly thrown off all those good Things, which were endeavoured to be fixed in her, and abandoned herself to all manner of Filthiness and Uncleaness, which afterwards proved her Shame and Ruin. She was first married to one *John Churchill*, an Ensign in Major General *Farington's* Regiment; by whose Name she commonly went, but seldom by her second Husband's; who, two or three Years before her Misfortunes, was married to her in the *Fleet Prison*, upon Agreement first made between them both, that they should not live together, nor have any Thing to do with each other. Which Agreement was strictly performed; and so she continued freely to keep Company with one *Hunt* a Life-Guard Man, as she had begun to do in her former Husband's Time.

She had liv'd with the aforesaid Bully *Hunt* for seven Years together, in a lascivious and adulterous Manner, which broke her first Husband's Heart, by whom she had two Children surviving at the Time of her unfortunate Death. She had liv'd also in Incontinency about three Months, with one *Thomas Smith*, a Cooper, who was hanged at *Tyburn*, on *Friday* the 16th Day of *December*, 1709, for breaking open and robbing the House of the Right Honourable the Earl of *Westmorland*; at which Time were likewise hanged *Aaron Jones* and *Joseph Wells*, for the Murder of one *Mr. Lamas* near *Marybone*.

This noted Jilt bore a great Sway in *Drury-Lane*, as in taking Tribute of all new Whores who presumed to walk there at Night, to venture their Souls, if Men would their Bodies, for the small Price of Two-Pence wet, and Two-Pence dry. She was here a common Strumpet, and prostituted herself to all Comers and Goers, whose Pockets she constantly pick'd. An Instance of her Manner, was what she did with one *Mr. Jeffery W——*, a Bookseller, living lately in *St. Paul's Church-Yard*, from whom taking a Pocket-Book, in which were several Notes and Bills of Value, *Hunt* her Bully, went the next Day to his Shop, and returning the Pocket-Book to him, said, *By this I understand you have been more familiar with my Wife than became you; but take Notice, I shall require Satisfaction for the Affront, or otherwise take what follows.* The Bookseller being conscious of what was laid to his Charge, rather than the Scandal should come to his Wife's Ears, to whom he was newly married, he gave him ten Guineas, with a Promise of paying him thirty more the next Day. But in the mean Time acquainting a Bookbinder, living in *Little-Britain*, with the Matter, he, knowing the World pretty well, met *Hunt* at the Place where *Mr. W——* was to give

him thirty Guineas, and threatening to secure him with a Constable, the Sharper was forced not only to surrender his Pretensions to the thirty Guineas, but to return the former Ten, for fear of being carry'd before his Betters.

As she was once going thro' *Cheapside*, upon the *Buttock* and *File*, she pick'd up a Linnen-Draper living in *Cornhill*, who being as sharp as she, he found he had lost his Watch in the Tavern where they were drinking, which was at the *Three Tuns* in *Nexgate-street*, and charged her with it. She deny'd it stiffly, neither could it be found upon her, tho' the Maids of the House had stript her stark naked. But the Linnen-Draper swearing point-blank that she had it, and sending for a Constable to secure her, she discovered the Watch, which was hid in the Bottom of a Leather Chair; whereupon she was committed to *Wood-street Compter*.

But the aforesaid Linnen-Draper never appearing against *Madam Churchill*, when under Confinement, she was at last discharged; but had not long enjoy'd her Liberty before she was committed to *New-Prison*, for picking a Gentleman's Pocket of a Purse, wherein was an hundred and four Guineas. Whilst she was there, she seemed to be really a pious Woman; but only her Religion was of five or six Colours; for this Day she would pray that God would turn the Heart of her Adversary, and To-morrow curse the Time that ever she saw him.

She at last got out of this Mansion of Sorrow also, but soon forgetting her Afflictions, she pursued her Wickedness continually, till she had been sent no less than 20 Times to *Clerkenwell Bridewell*; where receiving the Correction of the House every Time, by being whipt, and kept to beating Hemp from Morning till Night, for the small Allowance of so much Bread and Water, which will but just keep Life and Soul together, she commonly came out like a Skeleton, and walked as if her Limbs had been ry'd together with Packthread; yet let what Punishment would light on this common Strumpet, she was no Changling, for as soon as she was out of Gaol, she was still running into greater Evils, by deluding, if possible, all Mankind.

One Night picking up one *William Fowler*, a Barber, living in *Bull-Inn-Court*, in the *Strand*, and carrying him to her Lodging in *Castle-street*, behind the North Side of *Long-Acre*, they went to Bed, where the amorous Folly of these two Lovers consisted, no doubt, more of Action than Expression: But in the Height of these Enjoyments, Bully *Hunt* unexpectedly came Home, and knocking hard at the Door, startled our two Inamorato's, who were more strictly entangled in each others Arms, than *Mars* was by *Vulcan's* crafty Net, when entwined in amorous Folds with the *Cyprian Goddess*. In the mean Time *Del. Churchill*, being otherwise employ'd than to come out of a warm Bed, and endanger the catching of Cold, was as mute as a Fish; neither could

could she in Reason make Answer to the Disturber of her Joys, till the Business she was about was consummated.

But Bully *Rock*, impatient of Delay, repeating his Strokes on the harmless Door, Madam found herself constrained to demand *Who was there?* tho' in Words imperfect, as one waked out of a profound Sleep. Knowing the Voice, upon Reply, she capitulated with *Hunt*, till she might hide her Cully, for whom there was no other Refuge but crawling under the Bed; where being secured, she jumped out, and in great Haste ran to the Door, speaking as she was wont, *Oh! my Soul! Oh thou most welcome Man to me alive!* When in herself she thought, *What envious Devil has brought thee hither at this Juncture to disturb my Pleasure?*

The Bully thus entered, began to salute her in his usual Language, *You Whore, you Bitch, what Rogue have you got in Bed with you now?* But finding no Body there, he kicked her about the Room like a Foot ball, saying again, *Where have you hid the Scoundrel, that durst presume to bestow a Citizen's Fate upon my Honour, in making me a Cuckold?* Then drawing his Sword, quoth he, *I've not killed a Man this great while, but by G—d I'll send one out of the World now.* So thrusting his Sword under the Bed, poor *Tonsor* began to cry out for Quarter; at the same Time creeping out of his Nest so extremely powder'd with Dust and Feathers, that Bully *Hunt* taking him rather for a Devil than a Man, the Fright he was in gave the as much frightened Cut-beard the favourable Opportunity of making his Escape out of the House, with only the Loss of his Breeches, in which was a good silver Watch, and about four Pound in Money. But for this Trick he swore, *He would never go a Whoring*

again, which was as dangerous as trusting his Arms in the Throat of a Lyon, or his Purse with a Highwayman.

Now after Madam *Churchill* had reign'd a long Time in her Wickedness, as she was coming one Night along *Drury-Lane*, in Company with *Richard Hunt*, *William Lewis*, and *John Boy*, they took an Occasion to fall out with one *Martin Were*, and the aggravating the Quarrel, by bidding them sacrifice the Man, they killed him between *King's-Head Court* and *Vinegar-Yard*. The three Men who committed this Murder made their Escape; but the being apprehended as an Accessary therein, was sent to *Newgate*, and shortly after condemned for it on the 26th of *February*, 1707-8.

After Sentence of Death was pass'd on her, her Execution was respited, by virtue of a Reprieve given her, upon the Account of her being thought to be with Child; which she pretended to be, in Hopes it might be a Means to save her Life, or at least put off her Death for a Time. But when she had lain under Condemnation almost ten Months, and was found not to be with Child, she was called to her former Judgment. Then being convey'd in a Coach to *Tyburn*, on *Friday* the 17th of *December*, 1708, she was there hang'd in the 31st Year of her Age. But, before she was turn'd off, she desired all the Spectators to pray for her; and that God would be pleas'd to be merciful to her poor Soul. Moreover, calling to one she call'd *Nurse*, an Apple-Woman's Daughter in *Drury-Lane*, she earnestly begg'd of her to take Care of her poor Children, for whom she seemed to be very much concerned. These were her last Words, which she spoke in the Cart, into which she was put as soon as she came to the Place of Execution.



The LIFE of JACK OVERT.

THIS notorious Malefactor, *John Over*, a Shoemaker by Trade, was born at *Nottingham*, where his Abode was for four or five Years, after he had serv'd his Apprenticeship. But being always of a daring, audacious Disposition, his unruly Temper induced him to keep very lewd and quarrelsome Company, and depending on his Manhood, it inspir'd him with an Inclination of laying aside his mechanical Employment, to translate himself into a Gentleman, by maintaining that Quality on the Highway.

Immediately equipping himself, as a Highwayman ought, with a good Horse, Hanger, and Pistols, he rid towards *London*; and on the Road had the good Success of robbing a Gentleman of Twenty Pounds; who being one of great Courage, told *Over*, that if he had not come upon him unawares, and surpriz'd him at a Disadvantage, he should have given him some Trouble before he would have parted with his Money. Quoth *Over*, Sir, *I have ventur'd my Life once already, in committing this Robbery; however, if you have the Vanity to think yourself a better Man than me, I'll venture once more, for here's your Money again, let it be betwixt us, and whoever of us is the best Man let him win it and wear it.* The Gentleman very willingly accepted the Proposal, and making use of their Swords on Foot, *Jack Over* had the Fortune to kill his Antagonist on the Spot.

Not long after he kill'd another Man in a Quarrel at *Leicester*; but flying from Justice, he still cheated the Hangman of his due, and without any Dread pursued his unlawful Courses to the highest Pitch of Villany. One Day in particular meeting the Pack-Horses of one *Mr. Rogers*, who goes from *Leominster* in *Herefordshire* to *London*, and being in great want of Money, he turn'd one of them out of the main Road into a narrow Lane, where cutting open the Pack, he found therein about 280 Guineas in Gold, besides three Dozen of Silver-hafted Knives and Forks, and Spoons, which he carry'd off. The other Pack-horses were gone above two Miles before *Mr. Rogers* miss'd this; and then making a strict Search after it, he found it ty'd to a Tree, and the Pack thrown off his Back, and rifled of what was most valuable; but not knowing who had done this great Injury, he was forc'd to make the Loss good to the Owner of the Plate and Money.

Another Time *Jack Over* being drinking at the *Star Inn* in the *Strand*, he overheard a Soap-boiler contriving with a Carrier how he should send an Hundred Pounds to a Friend in the Country. At length it was concluded upon, to put the Money into a Barrel of Soap; which Project was mightily approved off by the Carrier, who answer'd, *If any Rogues should rob my Waggon (which they never did but once) the Devil must be in them if they look for any Money in the Soap Barrel.* Accordingly the Money and Soap was brought to the Inn, and next Morning the Carrier going out of Town, *Jack Over* was with him in the Afternoon, and commanding him to stop, or otherwise he would shoot him and

his Horses too, he was oblig'd to obey the Word of Command. Then quoth the honest Highwayman, *I must make bold to borrow a little Money out of your Waggon, therefore if you have any direct me to it, that I may not lose any time, which you know is always precious.* The Carrier told him he had nothing but cumbersome Goods in his Waggon, as he knew of; however, if he would not believe him, he might search every Box and Bundle there if he pleas'd.

Over soon got into the Waggon, and threw all the Boxes and Bundles about, till at last he came to the Soap Barrel, which feeling somewhat heavy, quoth he to the Carrier, *What a pos do you do with this nasty Commodity in your Waggon? I'll sling it away.* So throwing it on the Ground the Hoops burst'd, out flew the Head, and the Soap spreading abroad, the Bag appear'd: Then jumping out of the Waggon, and taking it up, says he again, *Is not he that sells this Soap a cheating Son of a Whore, to put this Bag of Lead into it, to make the Barrel weigh heavy? If I knew where he lived I'd go and tell him his own; however, that he may not succeed in his Roguery, I'll take it, and sell it at the next House I come to, for it will set ones Whistle to the Tune of two or three Shillings.*

He was going to ride away, when the Carrier cry'd after him, *Hold, Hold, Sir, that is not Lead that's in the Bag, it is an Hundred Pounds, for which (if you take it away) I must be accountable.* No, no, (reply'd *Jack Over*) *this can't be Money, but if it is, tell the Owner that I'll be answerable for it if he'll come to me.* Where, Sir, (said the Carrier) *may one find you? Why, truly, (reply'd Jack) that's a Question soon ask'd, but not so soon to be answer'd; the best Directions I can give is, 'tis like you may find me in a Jail before Night; and then, perhaps, you may have again what I have took from you, and Forty Pounds to boot.*

Another Time *Jack Over* meeting with the *Worcester Stage-Coach* on the Road, in which were several young Gentlewomen, he robb'd them all; but one of them being a very handsome Person, he entertain'd such a Passion for her exquisite Charms, that when he took her Money from her, he said, *Madam, Cast not your Eyes down, neither cover your Face with those modest Blushes, your Charms have softned my Temper, and I am no more the Man I was; what I have took from you (through meer Necessity at present) is only borrow'd; for as no Object on Earth ever had such an Effect on me as you, assure yourself that if you please to tell me where I may direct to you, I'll upon Honour make good your Loss to the very utmost.* The young Gentlewoman told him where he might send to her; and then parting, it was not above a Week after that before *Jack* sent the following Letter to the afore said Gentlewoman, who had gain'd such an absolute Conquest over his Soul, that his Mind ran now as much upon Love as Robbing.

M A D A M,

THESE few Lines are to acquaint you, that tho' I lately had the Cruelty to rob you of Twenty Guineas, yet you committed a greater Robbery at the same time, in robbing me of my Heart; on which you may behold yourself enthroned, and all my Faculties paying their Homage to your unparalell'd Beauty. Therefore be pleased to propose but the Method how I may win your Belief, and were the Way to it as deep as from hence to the Centre, I will search it out: For, by all my Hopes, by all those Rites that crown a happy Union, by the Rosy Tincture of your Cheeks, and by your all subduing Eyes, I prize you above all the World. Oh! then, my fair *Venus*, can you be afraid of Love? His Brow is smooth, and his Face beset with Banks full of Delight; about his Neck hangs a Chain of golden Smiles. Let us taste the Pleasures which *Cupid* commands, and for that unmerited Favour I shall become another Man to make you happy. So requesting the small Boon of a favourable Answer to be sent me to Mr. *Walker's*, who keeps an Ale-house at the Sign of the Bell in *Thornbury* in *Gloucestershire*, give me leave to subscribe myself your most humble Servant to command for ever,

JOHN BURTON.

The Gentlewoman's Answer.

S I R,

YOURS I received with as great Dissatisfaction as when you robbed me, and admire at your Impudence of offering me yourself for a

Husband, when I am sensible 'twould not be long ere you made me a hempen Widow. Perhaps some foolish Girl or another may be so bewitch'd, as to go in White to beg the Favour of marrying you under the Gallows; but indeed I should neither venture there, nor in a Church, to marry one of your Profession, whose Vows are treacherous, and whose Smiles, Words, and Actions, like small Rivulets, thro' a thousand Turnings of loose Passions, at last arrived to the dead Sea of Sin. Should you therefore dissolve your Eyes into Tears, was every Accent a Sigh in your Speech, had you all the Spells, and Magick Charms of Love, I should seal up my Ears that I might not hear your Diffimulation. You have already broke your Word, in not sending what you villainously took from me; but not valuing that, let me tell you, for fear you should have too great a Conceit of yourself, that you are the first, to my Remembrance, whom I ever hated; and sealing my Hatred with the Hopes of quickly reading your dying Speech, in case you die in *London*, I presume to subscribe myself Yours never to command,

D. C.

This was the End of *Jack Over's* warm Amour, and he was soon after as unsuccessful in his Villany, as he was here in Love; for committing a Robbery in *Leicestershire*, where his Comrade was killed in the Attempt, he was closely pursued by the Country, apprehended, and sent to Jail. At last the Assizes being held at *Leicester*, he was condemned. Whilst he was under Sentence of Death, he seem'd to have no Remorse at all for his Wickedness, nor in the least to repent of the Blood of two Persons, which he had shed; so being brought to the Gallows, on *Wednesday* the Fifth of *May* 1708, he was justly hang'd in the thirty second Year of his Age.



The LIFE of HARVEY HUTCHINS.

THIS Malefactor, *Harvey Hutchins*, was born of honest Parents, his Father being a Sword-Blade-maker by Trade; who, when this unhappy Son came to be about fourteen Years of Age, put him Apprentice to a Silver-Smith in *Shrewsbury*; but pilfering very often from his Master, he had him sent at last, to *Shrewsbury Gaol*.

In this Prison the young Lad came acquainted with some *London Thieves*, who, occupying their Calling in the County of *Salop*, they were also committed to the same Jail; where *Hutchins* hearing them tell of the several notable and ingenious Robberies that were committed in and about *London*, by some of the chief Masters of their Profession, he was resolved to make the best of his Way thither after he obtained his Liberty.

About three or four Months after his Confinement, came the Assizes; when being try'd, and whipt at the Cart's Arse, upon his Friends paying his Fees, he got his Enlargement and came up to *Islington*, where he lurk'd about the Town, and took up his Lodging in a Barn. But his Mind still ran upon the Ingenuity of the topping Thieves in *London*, particularly one *Constantine*, who, for the fine Stories he had heard told of him, he admired above the rest. At last he moves into the great Metropolis, where getting acquainted with some young Pick-Pockets, he enquired among them for this *Constantine*, who told him he might be found at one *Snorty-Nose Hill's*, who kept the *Dog-Tavern* in *Newgate-street*.

The young *Salopian* being overjoyed he had found out where *Mr. Constantine* used, one Evening he goes to the *Dog-Tavern* to enquire, saying, after his Country Dialect or Tone, *He had vary ennest Business wud him*. The Drawer presently went up Stairs to *Mr. Constantine*, who was then drinking with a great many of his thieving Fraternity, and acquaints him, *That there was a young Country Lad below wanted earnestly to speak with him*. Quoth *Constantine*, *With me? D — n me, I don't know any Country Lad. What is he? Perhaps he's sent for some Trepan; prithee go down and ask him his Business*. The Drawer comes to the Country Lad, asking, *What he would have with Mr. Constantine, and he would go up and tell him*. Young *Shropshire* told him, *No harm, but his Business was such, that mornt tol it to eny Buddy bot himself*.

The Drawer returns again with this Message, and *Constantine* wondring who this Lad should be, ordered him to be brought up to the Stairs Head, where coming out to him, quoth he, *Do you want me, Lad?* He reply'd *Yes, Mester, vor I am come abive a Hundred Moiles to see you*. Said *Constantine*, *What is your Business with me?* He answered, *Vy, Mester, I have ben in Shrewsbury Jail, vere having a grot morny vine Stories of you, by sum Gentlemen that ware Profners with me, I am come up to London on Porpus to beand myzself Prontice to you*. Hereupon, *Constantine* could not forbear smiling at the Lad's Fancy, and taking him into the Room, where he

repeated the Story to his Company, it caused a great deal of Laughter among them.

He gives the Boy Sixpence, and a Glass or two of Wine, and bade him *be sure to come to him at the same Place about Seven the next Night, and he would take him upon Liking, and according as he found him tractable, diligent, and acute in his Business, he would take him Apprentice*. The Boy overjoyed at this good Fortune (as he unhappily thought it) took his Leave, and, according to Order, was next Night at the *Dog-Tavern* punctually at the Hour appointed, where his Master *Constantine* was ready to go with him upon a Trial of Skill; which was this. *Constantine* having stole a silver Tankard, about three Months before, out of an Ale-house in *Cheapside*, he had, nevertheless, been there in Disguise several Times after; and observing much Plate still in Use about the House, he told the Boy the Story going along the Street, and promised him, that if he could carry off another clean, and bring it to him at a certain House in *White-Chapel*, he would certainly take him Apprentice, and make a Man of him when he was out of his Apprenticeship; at the same Time intimating to him, that the House was just before him where he was going to drink.

The Boy took his Story right, but just as his Master was come to the House, pulling him by the Sleeve, quoth he, *Mester, Mester, can yow run well? Yes*, (reply'd his Master,) *as well as most Men in England; I have often out-run Hundred's together before now*. Well then, (said the Boy) *if you can run well, ne'er fear but we'll have a Tankard*.

Into the House *Constantine* goes first, and calling for a Room, the Boy followed him to the Bar, as his Servant, and with a low Voice asked the Man of the House, *If he did not lose a silver Tankard about three Months ago? Yes*, reply'd he; which *Constantine* over hearing, took as fast as he could to his Heels, the Boy at the same Time crying out, *That was the Man that stole it*. Upon which the Victualler, and the Servants, ran presently out in pursuit of him, but to no Purpose, for he was got out of Sight in an Instant, and in the mean Time the Boy took another silver Tankard out of the Bar, and got safely to the Place appointed by his Master; who so sooner saw him, but he fell a cursing, and damning, and sinking, at him, like a Madman, for putting him into such bodily Fear, withal telling him, *That if he had been taken, he should have been certainly hang'd by the best Neck he had; but*, quoth he, *Sirrah, have you got a Tankard? Yes*, reply'd the Boy, and taking it from under his Coat, gave it him; saying at the same Time, *Mester, if yow had not vist afor'd me ther yow cud run well, I cud a gut et sum uddar way*.

A little after this running Bout, young *Harvey* and his Master going through *Denmark Court* in the Strand, they espy'd a silver Tankard, Cup, Salver, and some Spoons and Forks, lying on a Side-board in the Parlour of one *William Bunworth*, a School-Master; at which *Constantine's* Mouth watering,

quoth he to his Apprentice, who was now bound to him for three Years, *Is there no possibility, Harvey, of getting that Plate, whilst that damn'd Maid is in the Parlour? Yes, Mester,* quoth he, *if you will carry me up to the Mester of the School, and pretending I am a naughty Boy, give hem sumthing to chop me, and then var menaging the Maud, I'll leve that to yow, Mester,*

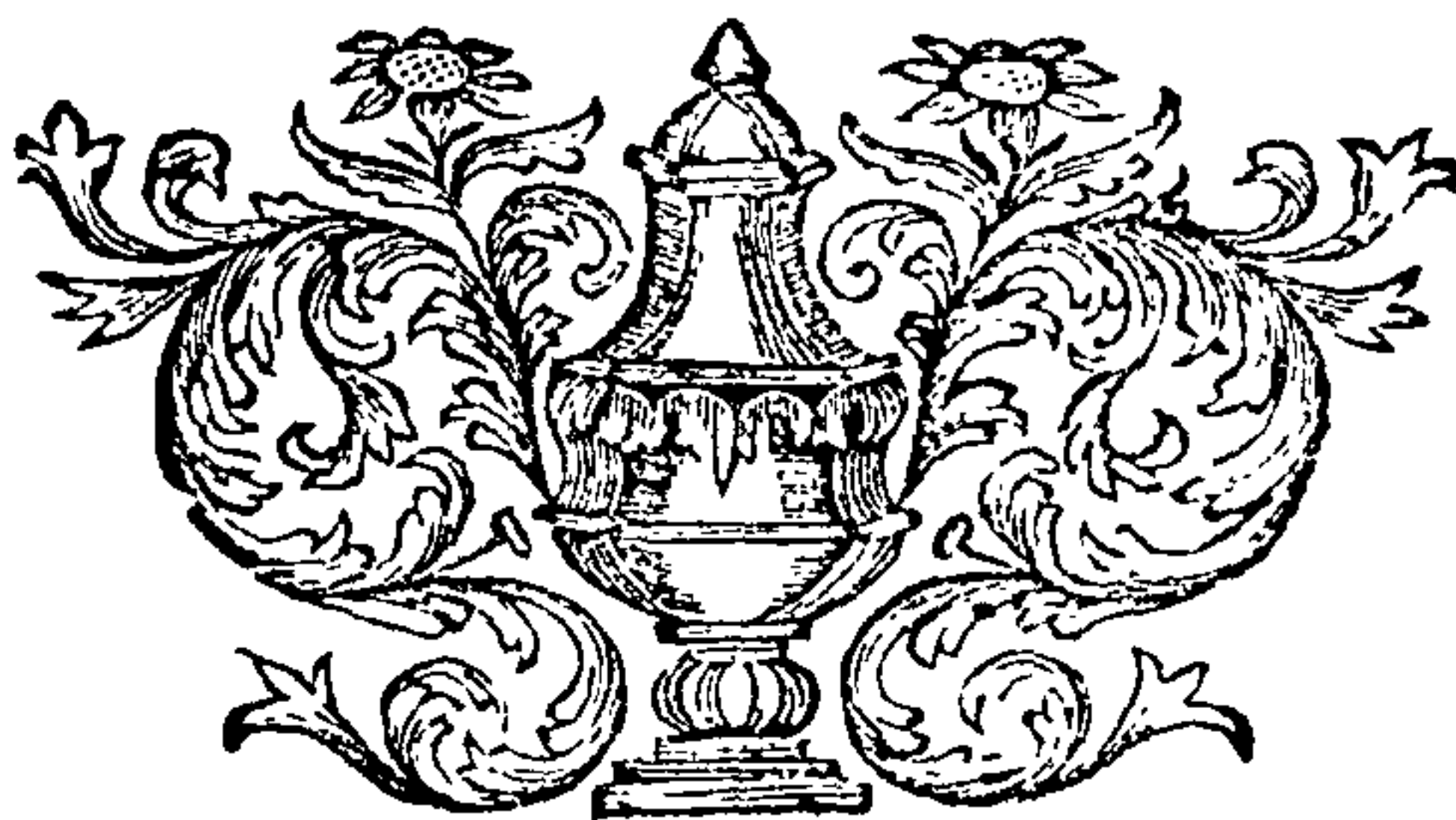
Accordingly they both went up Stairs withort asking any Questions, and coming into the School, *Constantine*, who was drest much like a Gentleman, with his long tail Wig, and Sword by his Side, address'd himself to the School-Master, saying, *Sir, I have got an unlucky Rogue of a Boy here for a Servant, who is the saddest Dog as ever was known for going of an Errand; for send him but to the next Door and he will stay two or three Hours before he returns with an Answer. I have try'd fair Means, and foul Means with him, and yet all will not do; wherefore, I humbly beg the Favour of you to do so much as give him a good whipping, and next Week I shall send him to School to you, to be instructed in Writing and casting Accompts, for I would fain have the Rascal come to good if I could.* At the same Time he flipt a Crown-Piece into *Bunworth's* Hand, who being such a miserly covetous Fellow, that he would never marry for fear of bringing a charge of Children on him, he was overjoyed at so large a Gift for doing so small a Piece of Service.

Immediately the School-Master takes *Harvey* to Task, who began to set up his Pipes, and cry'd heartily; but all to no Purpose; one of the lustiest Boys in the School was call'd out to hoist him, who getting him on his Back, the Master handsomely flank'd him. In the mean Time *Constantine* went down Stairs, desiring him before to send his Boy after him, as soon as he had given him Correction. Then approaching the Maid with fair Words, he gave her a Shilling, to fetch a Pint of Sack for him and her Master, who was just upon coming down to him upon some Business that was betwixt them. The poor Servant mistrusting no harm, takes the Shilling,

and went for the Wine; in the mean Time he went off with all the Plate, and presently came down *Harvey* and went after him.

In less than four or five Minutes, School being done, down comes *Bunworth* himself, and seeing the Maid coming in at the Street-Door with a Pint of Wine in her Hand, quoth he, *Who is that jow, Mary?* She told him, the Gentleman that was just now with him, ordered her to fetch it. Quoth he, *A very generous civil Gentleman, I woe; he gave me a Crown but for whipping that unlucky Rogue of his, who, according to the Character of him, is, indeed, a very naughty Boy.* Said the Maid again, *Ay, but Sir, where is all the Plate that was on the Sideboard here just now? Plate!* quoth *Bunworth*, *what Plate? I saw no Plate.* Away they both went searching the Closet, and every Hole and Corner of the House, but not finding it, *Bunworth* cries out, *Ruin'd and undone for ever! I'm robb'd, I'm robb'd! Oh! that damn'd Son of a Whore of a Gentleman, whilst I was whipping his unlucky Son of a Whore his Boy, he has whipt away all my Plate. Thieves! Thieves!* At this Uproar all the Neighbours came into assist him, thinking they were then in the House; but, indeed, the Thieves were farther a Field, without Doubt making merry over their Booty, whilst poor *Bunworth* was damning and sinking himself to the Pit of Hell for his Loss, which he did not long survive, for within a little while after he died with mere Vexation and Grief.

In fine, *Harvey* very truly and honestly served out his Time with his Master, when setting up for himself, he had very pretty Business in House-breaking, and liv'd very creditably and handsomely among those of his Profession, for about nine Years, in and about the Cities of *London* and *Westminster*, and in that Time had often paid Scot and Lot to *Newgate*, and other Jails about Town; but at last being apprehended for breaking open a *Few's* House at *Dukes-Place*, and robbing it of above four hundred Pounds in Money and Plate, he was hang'd at *Tyburn* in 1704, aged twenty six Years.



The LIFE of DICK HUGHES.

THIS great Villain, *Richard Hughes*, was the Son of a very good Yeoman, living at *Bettus* in *Denbighshire*, in *North Wales*, where he was born, and followed Husbandry, but would now and then be pilfering in his very Minority, as he found Opportunity. When he first came up to *London*, in his Way, Money being short, his Necessity compell'd him to steal a Pair of Tongs at *Pershore* in *Worcestershire*, for which he was sent to *Worcester Gaol*; and at the Assizes held there, the Matter of Fact being plainly proved against him, and the Judge asking the poor *Welshman* what he had to say in his Defence, he said, *Why, could her Lord Shudge, bur has nothing to say for hurself, but that bur found dem. Found them!* quoth his Lordship again, *Where did you find them?* *Taffy* reply'd, *Why truly, bur found dem in the Chimney Corner.* Whereupon the Judge telling him, that the Tongs could not be lost there, because that was the proper Place they should be in; and finding the Fellow to be Simple, he directed the Jury to bring him in guilty only of *petty Larceny*; and accordingly giving in their Verdict Guilty to the Value of ten Pence, he came off with crying Carrots and Turnips; a Term which Rogues use for whipping at the Cart's Arse.

After this Introduction to farther Villany, *Dick Hughes* coming up to *London*, he soon became acquainted with the most celebrated Villains in this famous Metropolis; especially with one *Thomas Lawson*, alias *Brownie*, a Tripe Man, who was hang'd at *Tyburn* on *Tuesday* the 27th of *May*, 1712, for Felony and Burglary, in robbing the House of one *Mr. Hunt*, at *Hackney*. In a very short Time he became noted for his several Robberies; but at last breaking open a Victualling House at *Lambeth*, and taking from thence only the Value of three Shillings, because he could find no more, he was try'd and condemned for that Fact, at the Assizes held at *Kingston upon Thames*; but was then repriev'd, and afterwards pleaded his Pardon at the same Place. Now being again at Liberty, instead of becoming a new Man, he became rather worse than before, in breaking open and robbing several Houses at *Tottenham Cross*, *Harrow on the Hill*, a Gentlewoman's House at *Hackney*, a Gentleman's at *Hammer Smith*, a Minister's near *Kingston upon Thames*, a Tobacconist's House in *Red Cross street*, and a House on *Hounslow Heath*.

This Fellow was very intimate with one *Jack Waltron*, who being a young Man, but an old Rogue, 'twill be very material to take Notice, that he was condemned to be hang'd when he was scarce in the Teens, for picking a Gentleman's Pocket; but receiving Mercy, in respect to his tender Age, he travelled to *Ireland*; where, at *Dublin*, he went upon the Glaze, which is robbing Goldsmiths Shew-Glasses on their Stalls by cutting them, as an Opportunity offers, with a Glazier's Diamond; or else waiting for a Coach coming by, and breaking them with the Hand, which sometimes is not heard, thro' the Noise which is made by the Rattling of the said Coach.

This Trade *Waltron* followed in that Country, till he was pretty well noted and punish'd there; then coming to *London* again, such was his unaccountable Impudence and Insolence, that he would in a manner rob People before their Faces; and had done more Damage to the Goldsmiths, than any six Rogues that went upon the like Villany. But after having been about 18 Times in *Newgate*, besides *New Prison*, and all the *Bridewells* in Town, often whipt at the Cart's Arse, burnt in the Hand, and once in the Face, he became very well known, whenever he came to the *Sessions-House* in the *Old-Bailey*, as an old Offender. Whereupon, the Right Worshipful *Sir Peter King*, then Recorder of *London*, was pleas'd to tell him, *That if ever he came there but for an Egg, he would hang him for the Shell.* But this notorious Villain yet taking no Warning, and coming before *Sir Peter* again, his Worship was as good as his Word; for tho' the Fact which he last committed was but simple Felony, yet he cast him for his Life, which he justly forfeited at *Tyburn* in 1711, aged but nineteen Years.

Now to *Dick Hughes* again. When he first came to *London*, he lit on a sad Mischance, for happening one Night into a Lumber House, not far from *Billinggate*, he had not been long there, before one *Joe Haynes*, the Comedian, and a broken Officer, came raking thither too, without a Farthing in either of their Pockets. *Joe Haynes* having fix'd a great deal of Dust, which he got off an old rotten Post, and wrapt it up nicely in a clean Sheet of Paper, as soon as he and his Comrade were sat down at a Table, with a Tankard of Beer before them, he pull'd out the Dust of the rotten Post, and was sealing it up in several Pieces of Paper; which occasioned some Folks that were drinking there, to enquire what it was that he was so choicely making up. *Joe Haynes* told them it was an incomparable Powder, which was the only Thing in the universal World, for a burnt Hand, a scalded Leg, or any Accident whatever that should befall a Man by Fire; nay, farthermore, it would prevent also any Hurt that might happen by that raging Element: *For proof whereof*, says he, *make a Kettle of Water presently scalding hot, and my Friend here, by rubbing a little of my Powder on his Leg, shall put it into the said Water, and receive no Damage.*

The People were very eager to try the Experiment, and a Kettle of Water was immediately made scalding hot. Then *Joe Haynes* rubbing some of his Powder but on the Stocking of his Friend's right Leg, which was artificially made of Wood, for his natural one he had lost three Years before in *Flintons*, he put it into the scalding Water, and bringing it out unhurt, it put the Spectators into such an Admiration of its Virtue, that they bought it all as fast as they could, at twelve Pence a Paper; so that *Joe Haynes* and his Friend, who had no Money before, had now above 50 Shillings to pay what they had call'd for, and something in their Pockets beside.

Dick Hughes being one of the Fools that was taken in thus, the next Day he was in some Company,

where bragging what an excellent Powder he had for a Burn or a Scald, he would lay a Wager with them of ten Shillings, that he would put his Leg into a Kettle of scalding Water, and not hurt it. Whereupon, his Companions thinking it a Thing impossible, they laid what he propos'd; and a Kettle of Water was forthwith put on the Fire, whilst *Dick* went into another Room, (because they should not see how he prepared his Leg for the fiery Trial) to rub some of the Powder on his Stocking, as *Joe Haynes* had on his Friend's. Then coming out, and putting his Leg all at once into the scalding Water, he roar'd out in a most prodigious Manner, and could not pull it out again till he was help'd. Thus he did not only lose his ten Shillings, but had like to have lost his Leg too; for he was above nine Months in *St. Bartholomew's Hospital*, before he went abroad again.

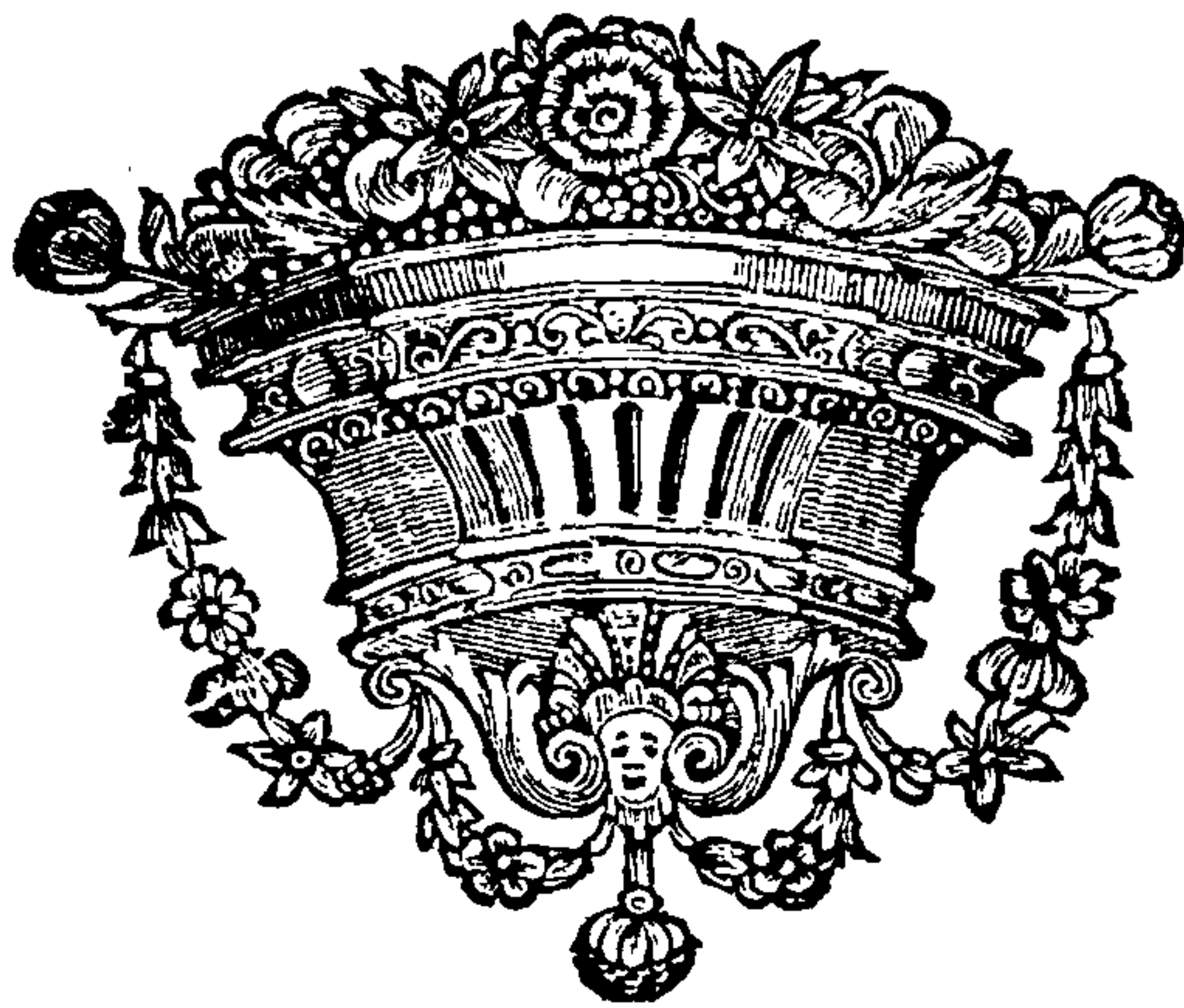
No sooner was this Villain roving about once more, but he got into *Old Bridewell*, by *Fleet Ditch*. But obtaining his Liberty after one Court Day, he still continued in his Villany, and attempted once to go on the Foot-pad. In which Enterprize, the first Person whom he attacked in this kind, was that very honest Coney-Wool Comber, *William Fuller*; taking from him about fourteen Shillings, in the Road betwixt *Camberwell* and *Southwark*, for all he might have insisted on a sort of Privilege from being robb'd, by telling *Dick Hughes*, *That tho' he was no Thief, yet he was a great Cheat; and since he first pretended to discover the Pedigree of that Son of a Whore the Prince of Wales, he had ruined more People by Tongue-Padding, than ever all the Thieves in London had done Damage by any bad Practices whatever.*

Another Time, he met on the Road betwixt *Clapham* and *Vaux-Hall*, with *D—n* the broken Book-feller; and taking from him three half Crowns, and stripping him stark naked beside, he ty'd his Hands behind him, and his Head betwixt his Legs, to

contrive, in that musing Posture, what seditious Libel might be most edifying to a Republican Party.

But Burglaries being the Master-piece of *Dick Hughes's* Villany, he went chiefly on them; till at last breaking open and robbing the House of one *Mr. George Clark*, at *Twittenham*, he was apprehended for this Fact, and committed to *Newgate*; where he led a most profligate sort of Life, till he was condemned; and then his fatal Circumstances wrought so little on his bad Manners, that he was often heard to say, *That if he could have but a Whore before he died, he should die with great Satisfaction.* But this wicked Behaviour may very well be imputed to his great Ignorance in Matters of Religion, he being not able so much as to read.

Whilst he lay under Condemnation, his Wife, to whom he had been married in the *Fleet-Prison*, constantly visited him at Chapel. She was a very honest Woman, and had such an extraordinary Kindness for her Husband, under his great Afflictions, that when he went to be hang'd at *Tyburn*, on *Friday the 24th of June, 1709*, she met him at *St. Giles's Pound*, where the Cart stopping, she stept up to him, and whispering in his Ear, she said, *My Dear, Who must find the Rope that's to hang you, we or the Sheriff?* Her Husband reply'd, *The Sheriff, Honey; for who's obliged to find him Tools to do his Work?* *Ah!* reply'd his Wife, *I wish I had known so much before, it would have saved me Two-pence, for I have been and bought one already.* Well, well, said *Dick* again, perhaps it mayn't be lost, for it may serve a second Husband. Yes, quoth his Wife, if I have any Luck in good Husbands, so it may. Then the Cart driving on to *Hyde-Park Corner*, this notorious Villain ended his Days there, in the 30th of his Age; and was after anatomiz'd at *Surgeons-Hall*, in *London*.



The LIFE of TOM MARSH.

THIS Fellow being one who, (like all other Rogues) employ'd his Wits in all manner of Villany, to support himself in the Pursuit of his unlawful Appetites, he one while used an Ale-house in *Leicester Fields*, the Man whereof having a very handsome Wife to sit in the Bar, she brought a great many Customers, who were in Hopes of qualifying her Husband for Horn Fair. But the Hostess being as cunning as her Guests, she would not be like a Glove, for every one's drawing on; for if she had any Gallants, it was her Resolution that they should be of the best, and those she counted so, who had the most Money in their Pockets. Her Carriage in all Company seemed to be varnished with a very great Modesty; but it was only counterfeited, for several having laid Siege to the Fortrefs of her Chastity, she had surrendered it for the Presents of fine Hoods, Scarves, Gloves, Rings, or other such womanish Toys.

Among the Crowd of this Woman's Admirers, was *Thomas Marsh*, who discovering his flaming Passion to her, she as soon made him sensible by what Means he must cool it, which was, by giving her a silk Night-Gown; so, after promising her one, they parted, and he went Home, to contrive how to be as good as his Word, whilst the other found out a Way to procure her Husband's Absence for a Night or two. This she accomplished by sending him fifteen Miles off, to *Watford* in *Hertfordshire*, to see her Mother, who then lay a dying.

In the mean Time *Tom* finding the Strength of his Pocket was not sufficient to accomplish his Promise, he supply'd that Defect by this Stratagem: Visiting a Woman of his particular Acquaintance, who had then lately stolen a very rich Gown (namely *Eleanor Jackson*, alias *Scotch Nell*, who was since hang'd at *Tyburn*, for stealing a calicoe Petticoat from one Mrs. *Margaret Stephens*) and acquainting her with his Design, which was more than mere Love, as you will find by the Sequel of the Story, he beg'd the Favour of her to lend it him, to facilitate his Intention. Accordingly she did as he desired, upon Assurance that he would see it forth coming; then sending it by a Porter to the Victualler's Wife, she accepted it and the following Letter, with a smiling Countenance.

MY DEAR,

HAVING sent you a Gown by the Bearer, this is also to acquaint you, that I must die or see you To-day. Never Man lov'd to such a Degree as I do; but it is true, never Man lov'd so amiable a Creature. You may be sure of my Company at the Time appointed. If I had a thousand Lives, I would expose them all for so dear a Blessing. How long will this Day seem to me! How many tiresome Minutes am I to pass, before that I arrive at that which is the Perfection of my Happiness! Thus dearly Love will make us pay for his Joy! But I shall owe him the more, if in this Time of my Pennance I can prevail upon you to believe

that never Man deserved more to possess you. I shall give a Proof of it, and if you give all your Heart, I'll venture for mine.

Your Humble Servant,

T H O. M A R S H

Towards the Evening this passionate Lover paid her a Visit, being very merry at her House till late at Night, when preparing for Bed, they took up some good Liquors, as Cyder, Stout, and Brandy, to enjoy themselves in private; but *Tom* had put a small Dose of *Laudemum* into his Beloved's Cup, which made her, after but one Enjoyment, fall so fast asleep, that you might as well awake the Dead as her Ladyship. Now *Tom*, thinking it was good to make Hay while the Sun shin'd, took three gold Rings off her Fingers; then taking the Keys of a Chest of Drawers out of her Pocket, he rifled them of the best of her Cloaths, and forty Pounds in Money; which bundling up in his Friend's Gown, he left *Madam Nick-and-Frost* to retrieve her Loss by the old Way of scoring two for one.

After this he cheated the Country up and down, by pretending to be a disbanded Soldier, or shipwreck'd Seaman; for which Purpose he made false Passes, and counterfeited their Seals, after this Manner. Going to three or four Magistrates, and procuring their Warrants, signed and sealed, by swearing the Peace against *Tom a Nokes*, or *Jack a Stiles*, he would take a Piece of Clay, which being rubb'd with a bit of Butter, that it might not stick to the Wax, the Impression thereon would come off very clean; then dry it very hard, and it gives the same Impression on Wax. But *Tom* being once detected in this sort of Forgery, he was whipt at *Tuttle-Fields Bridewell*; a Place where all the Senses of a Man may enjoy a peculiar Pleasure; by seeing nothing but the Marks of Poverty, smelling the fragrant Odour of that Commodity, which they often beat for their own Destruction, hearing the harmonious Noise made with Beetle and Punny, tasting Water without Adulteration, and feeling a good Bull's Pizzle in Case they won't work.

Once *Tom Marsh* lodging at one Mr. *Benner's* House near *Mutton-Lane*, who and his Wife were strong Presbyterians, he seemed to be a Precilian too, which made his Landlord and Landlady have a great Respect for their seemingly serious Lodger. *Tom* made Use of their good Opinion, and one Sunday in the Evening, coming Home from a Meeting-House, he sat down by the Fire, in a very devout Sort of a Posture, as having his Glove on his Head, and Arms a-cross; then desiring the old People to fetch him a Bible, they, glad to see him in this godly Frame of Mind, brought him one presently. Taking it in his Hand, he pitch'd on that Chapter of the Gospel, which tells the Evangelical Story of our Saviour's bidding the lame Man take up his Bed and walk, which he read with a great Emphasis; and afterwards going to his Repose, he,

very

very early in the Morning, bundled up his Bed, which flinging out of the Window, he carried clean away.

About Noon the Landlord's Daughter going to make Tom's Bed, she came down in a great Agony to her Mother; to whom telling what had happen'd, she made as terrible an Outcry of her Loss, in the Neighbourhood, as the People did of the wild Irish coming hither, a little before the Prince of Orange arriv'd at London; but her Husband being a moderate Man, and, for his Profession, a merry one too, he bade her be quiet, because Tom had been so civil as to prove over Night by Scripture, that he ought to walk away with it.

This wicked Person was born near Ludlow in Shropshire, a Mason by Trade, and coming up to London, married a very honest Woman, by whom he left a Girl behind him; but being of an idle lazy Disposition, he took to ill Courses, and had not only been whipt at the Cart's Tail, for stealing Lead off St. Paul's Cathedral, but for a Trespass, in entering a Man's Yard, with a Design to rob him, he was also fin'd twenty Pounds, and committed to

Newgate till he paid the Sum, where he remained 4 Years, except some little Time when he broke out, which he did twice, but was both Times soon retaken, and punish'd with Hand-Cuffs, the Neck-Collar, and double Irons.

Whilst he was under Confinement, he had a Child by one Elizabeth Key, a notorious Whore, a Prisoner in the same Gaol for Debt, whom, as being of a fickle or rather lustful Temper, he slighted, for the sake of Jane Hays, another Prisoner there for Debt. It was not long after his Correspondence with the Last, that he got his Fine remitted, and obtain'd his Liberty. But he did not enjoy it long; for committing a Burglary at Hampstead, he was committed to Newgate again, and on the 20th of December, 1710, hang'd at Tyburn, where he confessed 'twas he murdered the Farmer at Shipperdon, in the County of Middlesex, and not Mr. Charles Dean the Attorney, who, a little before was wrongfully executed for it, at that same Time that one Mr. Crouch was try'd on the same Account at Justice-Hall in the Old-Bailey, but was honourably acquitted.

The LIFE of JACK ADDISON.

THIS Fellow was born of very honest Parents, in the Parish of Lambeth, and for some Time had been in the Sea and Land Service; but for the most Part of his Life followed the Trade of a Butcher, to which he was brought up. He kept Company much with ill Women, especially one Kate Speed, a Person both Whore and Thief; and, for the Maintenance of her, he went upon the Foot-pad, committing several most notorious Robberies of that Nature, with one William Ferwel, and Peter Cartwright, the latter of which was hang'd at Tyburn, on Wednesday the 18th of July, 1711.

One Time meeting with a Parson between Westbourne-Green and Paddington, he took from him five Guineas; which putting into his own Pocket, quoth Jack, 'Tis as safe there as in yours. That I believe, reply'd the Parson, but I hope, Sir, you'll be so civil as to give me some of it back again. Said Jack then, Alas! Sir, I wonder how a Man in your Coat, can be so unconscionable as to desire any Thing out of this small Matter; but I tell you what, Sir, if you can tell me what Part of Speech your Gold is, I'll return it all again. The Parson, thinking the Money was his own again, told him it was a Noun Substantive, as any Thing was to which he could put A, or The. No, no, reply'd Jack, you are out now; I perceive you are no good Grammarian, for where your Gold is at present, it is a Noun Adjective, because it can be neither seen, felt, heard, nor understood. So leaving the Parson to ruminate on his Mistake, away Jack went about his unlawful Business again.

A little while after this, meeting on the Road betwixt Hammersmith and Kensington, with one Palmer, a Victualler, who formerly kept the King's-Head Alehouse, in King's-Head Court, in Drury-Lane, he took from him a silver Watch, and eighteen Shillings; and Mr. Palmer desiring Jack to give him some small Matter to bear his Charges

up to London, quoth he, Had you been an honest Tradesman, perhaps I might have considered you; but as I know you wear a blue Flag, I will not give you a Farthing, because all of your Profession neither eat, drink, or think, but at other Mens Charges.

Another Time meeting with a Captain of the Foot Guards, betwixt Marybone and Tottenham-Court, knocking him down, quoth Jack, Thou great Defender of Women, whose Sword is your Plough, which Honour and Geneva, two fiery metled Jades, are ever drawing, I must make bold now to bid you Stand, and doubt not but you'll forgive my Rudeness, because your Charity goes beyond the Clergy's, in loving your greatest Enemies best, that is to say, much drinking. So stunning the Officer with a second Blow, he took three Guineas from him and a gold Watch.

One Evening meeting with a Town Miss whom he knew very well, coming from Chelsea, after he stopp'd her, he said, Oh! you B—b of H—ll, where have you been all this while, that I must wait two or three Hours for your Strumpetship? I suppose you have been dressing all Day, to be tast-ed with the better Appetite at Night. Come, come, let's see what Money you have in your Pockets. So taking about three or four Shillings from her, he gave her a green Gown, by tying her Neck and Heels on the Grass, where she remained till next Morning before she was releas'd by some Hay-makers.

Afterwards meeting betwixt Hampstead and Kentish-Town, with a Barrister of Lincoln's-Inn, and taking from him a gold Watch, a silver Snuff-Box, and two Guineas, quoth he to Jack, I'd have you take Care what you do, for I am a Lawyer; and if you should come into my Hands, I should be very severe upon you. Addison reply'd, I value not the Severity of all the Lawyers in England; and only learn to frame their Cases from publick Rid-

ales.

bles, and imitating Merlin's Prophecies, and so set all the Cross Row together by the Ears, yet your whole Law is not able to decide Lucian's old Controversy, 'twixt Tau and Sigma. So binding the Lawyer Hand and Foot, he left him to plead his Cause by himself.

Another Time Jack meeting with a Chamber-Maid, whom he knew belong'd to the Dutchess of M———, betwixt Kensington and Knightsbridge, he civilly desired her to Stand and Deliver; but squawling out, and making a great Clutter, rather than part with what she had, he laid violent Hands on her, saying at the same Time, You covetous B———, how loth you are to lend an honest Man a little Money, to do him a Kindness; when I warrant you, if you had a good swinging Clap now, you would divide it equally betwixt your M——— and his Footman, as if you had cut out the getting of it by a Thread. So taking about twenty three Shillings from her, he made the best of his Way to London.

Not long after this Exploit, Jack meeting a Serjeant of the Poultry Compter, coming from Islington, he commanded him to Stand and Deliver, or else he would shoot him through the Head. The Fellow being surpriz'd, gave him forty Shillings, desiring, at the same Time, that he would be so civil as to return him what he pleased back again. But Jack knowing his rascally Function, quoth he, Sirrah, was the tenth Part of a Farthing to save your Life, nay, your Soul, I would not give it, because thou art the Spawn of a broken Shop-keeper, who rakes Delight in the Ruin of thy Fellow-Creatures! The Misery of a poor Man, is the Offals on which you feed, and Money is the Crust you leap at; your Walks in Term-Time, are up Fleet-street, but at the End of the Term, up Holborn, and so to Tyburn; for the

Gallows is your Purlieu, in which you and the Hangman are Quarter-Rangers, the one turns off, and the other cuts down." At these Words, quoth the Serjeant, And I hope I shall have the Happiness of cutting you down too, one of these Days. Perhaps so, reply'd Jack, but you shall devour a great many more of the Sheriffs Custards first. So tying him Neck and Heels, he bound the Serjeant to his good Behaviour, till some Passengers came by to release him.

He had committed 56 Robberies thus on Foot, and at last being apprehended, upon the Information of one Will. Jewel, a Prisoner in the Marshalsea Prison, in Southwark, for robbing His Excellency the Duke D'Aumont, the French Ambassador here of late, he was committed to Newgate, and try'd at Justice-Hall in the Old Bailey, for assaulting and robbing on the Queen's Highway, Mr. Matthew Beazly, Mr. William Winslow, Mr. Disney Stanniford, Mr. Robert Sherwood, and Mr. Joseph Ashton, on the 30th of November, and 20th of December, 1710, and the 6th of February, 1710-11; and for which being cast and condemned, he was hang'd at Tyburn on Friday the 2d of March following, aged 23 Years.

But before I conclude this Fellow's Life, I must not forget his once robbing mad Wigmore; whom meeting betwixt Kentish-Town and London, raving along with a Quarter-Staff in his Hand, and a great Pair of Boots on his Legs, he oblig'd him to Stand and Deliver, without much Opposition; for presenting a couple of Pistols at him, Wigmore was not so mad as to lose his Life for the Value of ten or twelve Shillings, which Jack took from him, beside cutting the Madman's Boots to Pieces, so that he was obliged to go through Thick and Thin, it being then very dirty Weather, barefoot Home.



The LIFE of TOM GERARD.

O F all the Two hundred and forty two Male-factors, which were executed at *Tyburn*, and elsewhere in and about *London*, from the Beginning of Sir *Thomas Abney's* Mayoralty, to the End of Sir *Richard Hoare's*, this *Thomas Gerrard* was not, for the short time he triumphed in his Villany, inferior to any of them for Wickedness. He was born in the Parish of *St. Giles's* in the Fields, of good and honest Parents, who kept the *Red Lion Inn* in *Holborn*. Having some small Education bestowed on him, he was, when about sixteen Years of Age, put Apprentice to a Poulterer in *Clare-Market*, where he serv'd part of his Time; but being addicted to ill Company, so as wholly leading a loose and idle Life, it drew him into many Streights and Inconveniences, which to repair he took to the Trade of Thieving; following it for a considerable Time, whereby he had often been in *Newgate*, and was condemn'd once before he committed the Fact for which he at last suffer'd Death.

Whenever he was out of a Jail, never Vessel without Sails, or without Anchor or Rudder, was more driven and tosd, by the Waves, than his Thoughts were on robbing all he could, which made him a profess'd Master in all manner of Roguery.

One time *Gerrard* having committed a great Robbery in *London*, fearing to be apprehended for it, he stole a Horse worth above thirty Pounds, and rid into *Lincolnshire*; where lying at a bye Inn within a Mile of *Grantham*, and espying a very large Punch-Bowl, made of a new fashion'd mixt Metal resembling Plate, brought to some Company, he suppos'd it to be realy Silver, and by its Bigness to be worth near Sixty Pounds. Then going to Bed, and observing this Bowl to be lock'd up in a Closet in the Room where he lay, he broke it open in the dead of the Night, and privately carried off the imaginary Plate, without his Horse, to *Newark upon Trent*; where being made sensible 'twas not Silver, he threw it into the River, but damn'd himself to the very Pit of Hell, for being such a Fool as to leave a Horse of a considerable Value, for a Bargain not worth Twenty Shillings. However, to be reveng'd on the People, who had got sufficiently by his Covetousness, he went, about a Month after, to the House, when 'twas late at Night, and setting Fire to it burnt it down to the Ground in less than two Hours; and by this villainous Action ruin'd a whole Family at once.

This base Offender had a Dog that he had learnt to pick Pockets as well as the best Artift whatever of that Profession; but after the untimely End of his Master seeking out for another, who should he pitch upon, but Dr. B—— the Presbyterian Parson, on whom he mightily fawn'd; and being a pretty Dog, as handsome as any *Bolonefe*, he was lik'd by that reverend Gentleman, who made very much of him, till one Day going thro' *Newgate-Street*, whilst he went into a Tobacconist's Shop to buy some Tobacco, his new Dog in the mean time ran into *Newgate Market*, and fetch'd him a Purse, in which was betwixt thirty and forty Shillings, which he receiv'd without asking any Questions. Presently the old

Doctor stepping in somewhere else, the Dog ran again to *Newgate-Market*, and fetch'd him another Purse, with much such another Sum of Money, and gave him that too. The Doctor looking now on his Dog to be a great Offender in that kind, as soon as he came home, he call'd this Criminal to Justice, and very fairly hang'd the poor Cur, for fear he should at last pick Pockets in his Meeting-house.

The House-breaking was the chief Villany which *Tom Gerrard* went upon, yet sometimes he counterfeited Bank-Notes, Exchequer-Bills, Malt-Tickets, Bills of Sale, or Seamens Tickets, sign'd with any intricate Hand. By these cheating Tricks he had once got so much Money by him, that being able to put fifty Pounds into the Hands of one *Mr. Thornicraft*, a Goldsmith in the Strand, he went, with another of his Accomplices, to the *Cross-Keys Tavern*, at the Corner of *Henrietta-Street*, in *Covent-Garden*, and sending for one *Mr. Blake* an Upholsterer, he made a Bargain with him for as many Goods as came to about the abovementioned Sum, asking him at the same time, if he would accept a Bill drawn upon *Mr. Thornicraft* for the Money,

THE Upholsterer knowing the Goldsmith to be a very honest Man, accepted it, and going with *Gerrard's* Friend to the Shop, he found it acceptable there. Then returning back to the Tavern again, the Person who was along with the poor Tradesman gave his wicked Comrade a wrong Bill, whilst he seemingly began to beat down the Price of the Goods for which he had bargain'd, by pretending he had over-bad himself. In the mean time the other went to the Goldsmith's with the right Bill, and receiv'd the Money. At last *Gerrard* and the Upholsterer agreed together, and a Couple of Porters were sent to carry away the Goods, for which he gave him the false Bill, as he found to his Cost, when he went to *Mr. Thornhill*, who had paid the Fifty Pounds above an Hour before he came, to the Man who had been with him there before, to see if the former Bill was good. Thus we may see that the ways of cheating honest People are infinite.

A German prophane Gentleman in *Leicester-Field* is having a Parrot, which he taught more to swear and curse than any thing else, one Day it happen'd that *Tom Gerrard* sneaking about Dinner time into the Parlour where *Poll* was hanging in a Cage, he went to the Side-board and took off several Pieces of Plate; but the Parrot having an Eye upon him, she set up her Throat, and fell a screaming out, *Thieves, G—d d—n you, Thieves, Thieves, by G—d, make haste.* This Uproar quickly alarm'd the Servants, who running to see the Cause of *Poll's* swearing and cursing after this manner, they apprehended *Tom Gerrard*, on whom they found half a dozen Silver Spoons, and as many Forks of the same Metal; for which he was burnt in the Hand.

He was much addicted to Drunkenness, being so often disguis'd with Drink, that many have thought his Father got him when he was drunk, as one may suppose his Mother was when she brought him forth. Whenever Liquor depriv'd him of his Senses, he valued not upon what villainous Enterprizes he went,

for then nothing came amiss to him; and he was not sober when he acted his last part of Roguery on this terrestrial Stage, which was breaking open a House in Company with another, and robbing it, as it appeared on his Trial, which is as follows.

Thomas Gerrard, and *Tobias Tanner*, were both indicted for breaking open the dwelling House of *William Gardiner*, in the Night-time, and taking from thence eight dozen Pair of worsted Stockings, value ten Pounds, and eight Pound weight of Thread, twenty five Shillings, with other Things of value, the Goods of the said *William Gardiner*, on the 19th of *August*, 1710. It appeared that the Prosecutor about Midnight, on the Date aforesaid, was knock'd up by the Watch, and found his House broke open, and his Goods gone. To fix it upon the Prisoners, one *John Audrey*, a Person concern'd with them, deposed, That himself, with the Prisoners, and a Person not taken, broke into the Prosecutor's Shop, thro' the Brick work, under a Window, about twelve at Night, took away the Goods, and sold them to *Mat. Bunch*, for three Pounds six Shillings, which was equally divided amongst them. *Gerrard*, upon his Trial, confess'd the Fact; but the Evidence being not strong enough against *Tanner*, he was acquitted.

By this and other Examples, the good Effects of the late Act of Parliament against House-Breakers, have visibly appeared in the many Sessions held since. It hath contributed so much toward suppressing some of the most noted Gangs of that kind, that most of the greatest Masters in Villany have been justly cut off by the Evidence of their own Companions.

Whilst this wicked Wretch lay under Condemnation in the Condemn'd Hold in *Newgate*, by the Application of some Neighbours and Friends of his Father's, who went to *Windsor* in his Behalf, a Reprieve was procur'd for him, which he first obtain'd under pretence that he could make great Discoveries of unlawful Practices, to the great Benefit of several of Her Majesty's Subjects, who had greatly suffered by Thieves; but the Time being elapsed, wherein he was to perform this Promise, and no Progress made therein, he was call'd down to his former Judgment, and accordingly ordered for Execution, which he suffered at *Tyburn*, on *Wednesday* the 24th of *August*, 1711, aged twenty four Years.

'Tis very proper to observe here, that as soon as Word was brought that the Cart wherein he rid to the Gallows, was coming by his Father's Door, his poor Mother ran distracted, at the Sorrowful News of her Son's Disaster.

The LIFE of ANDREW BAYNES.

THIS *Andrew Baynes* was from his Infancy of a vicious Inclination, and tho' he had the natural Sense to know he was in an Error, yet was he resolv'd his Heart should be still the same. When he first display'd his Vanity, he began with defrauding, and cheating all he had to deal with, especially by taking great Houses, and then getting Upholsters to furnish 'em, which when he had done, he would run away with their Goods by Night. Thus would he also trick Braiers, Peacemakers, Linners, Cabinet-Makers, and other Tradesmen; as particularly once by taking a House in *Red-Lyon Square*, from whence he carried above four hundred Pounds worth of Goods into the *Mint*; but was took out from thence by Virtue of a *Posse Comitatus*, and sent to Gaol.

Another Time being in great Want of Money, (for what such Rogues get by Villany, is always spent in Luxury and Excess, he went to a Justice of the Peace at *Norwich*, before whom he swore (tho' he had not lost a Farthing) that he was robb'd of one hundred and fifty Pounds, within five Miles of that City, betwixt Sun and Sun; and brought three or four as great Knaves as himself, to depose he had, to their Knowledge, so much Money when he left such a Place; then suing the County, he recovered his pretended Loss.

Afterwards his profligate course of Life tempting him to greater Villanies, he turned House-breaker with one *Tom Bets*, who was a notorious Offender in this kind. This *Bets* being cast once for a Felony at the Sessions-House in the *Old-Bailey*, he was, by an Order of Court, sent into the Foot Service in *Flanders*; after which he suffered a great deal of Hardship: For, being first commanded into *Germany*, he was there taken Prisoner by the *French*,

and carried to *Jerak*. After a long starving Confinement, he made his Escape, and went to *Peru* in *Sweden*, where being list'd into that King's Service to go into *Poland*, he ran away. Then coming into *Holland*, he entered himself on board a *Dutch* Man of War, that was to convoy a Fleet from *Moskovy*; where going ashore, he stole one of the Czar's Bears in the Night, and returning to *Holland* again, shew'd it, after his Discharge from five Months Service, about *Amsterdam*; and getting Money thereby, he came over to *England*; where he was hanged at *Tyburn*, on *Wednesday* the 15th of *May*, 1706, for robbing the House of the Lord *Georges* in *Covent-Garden*.

But his untimely End working no good Effects in his Comrade *Andrew Baynes*, he still followed the Faculty of House-breaking, till he was condemned for it in 1709, and had the good Fortune to be repriev'd; yet not making good Use of that Mercy, a little after his Liberty was obtain'd, he robb'd the Earl of *Westmorland's* House, taking from thence several good Medals, his Lordship's Parliament Robes, damask Curtains, Cloaths, Linnen, and other Goods, to the Value of five hundred Pounds; for which being apprehended upon the Information of one *Daniel Waters*, (a Shoemaker concern'd with him in the same Fact, and hanged in *August*, 1713, at *Maidstone* in *Kent*) he was committed to the *Marshalsea* Prison, in *Southwark*; from whence being removed by a Writ of *Habeas Corpus* to *Newgate*, he was condemned again; but saved his Life once more, by a Restitution of most part of the Goods which he had stolen from that Peer.

Having obtain'd his Enlargement a second Time, and being so unsuccessful in House-breaking, he resolv'd to try his Fortune in turning Foot-Pad; so he

heard his Comrades (who likewise followed this Exercise, which is the high Road to Hell) meeting with one Mr. Archer, a Taylor, living in Blackmore-street by Cläre-Market, coming one Evening from Highgate, they set upon him; but he having some Knowledge of Andrew Baynes, who was indebted to him for making a Coat, when once in Newgate, quoth he, Mr. Baynes, don't you know me? Yes, reply'd Baynes, I know you well enough, and therefore am resolved to send you home like a Gentleman, for you shall have no Money in your Pockets.

Searching him, they found about eight Shillings in his Breeches, and a silver Watch; which taking from him, quoth Baynes, who had a good Bull-Dog with him, *By G—d I fancy it is pretty Sport to see a live Taylor baited; therefore I'll bait this Fellow to try the Experiment.* So stripping him stark naked, they bound him to a Tree; then setting the Dog at him, he flew like a Dragon on the Taylor, who cry'd and roar'd like a Bull indeed, and had had a Mischief done him, if Baynes's Companions had not been more merciful, in timely taking off the Dog, which had grievously bit him in several Parts of the Body: But for this Civility, they kept his Cloaths, as looking upon him to be a sort of an Alchymist, who could soon extract another Sute out of Customers Apparel.

Another Time Andrew Baynes, and his Associates, meeting, betwixt Hampstead and London, with one Mr. Blanchard a Shoe-maker, formerly living in the Strand, they commanded him, without much Ceremony, to Stand and Deliver; but not obeying the Word of Command, he begg'd 'em to use Conscience, and not to ruin him and his Family at once. Quoth Baynes, *You Son of a Whore, don't talk of Conscience to us, for we shall now stretch it as large as you do your Leather.* So rifling his Pockets, they found about sixty Pounds, most in Gold, received that Evening of a Customer; then, as they were tying his Hands and Feet, quoth Baynes again, *Is this all the Money you have?* The poor Shoe-maker answer'd, *Yes, indeed.* Mr. Baynes cry'd, *You Son of a B—h, you ought to have every Bone in your Skin broke for bringing no more with you; for this small Matter is no more in our Pockets than a Man in Paul's.* In the mean Time the Shoe-maker begg'd and pray'd, that if they would not give him all his Money, they would give him but some; but Baynes said, *How can you be so unconscionable, Crispin, as to ask for our Charity out of this little Sum? Pray hold your chattering; for was you to stand as hard with us, as for a Piece of Carrot, we would not give you a Doit; so stay here till we come to unloose you, which may be about the Day of Judgment.*

Not long after this Robbery, Andrew Baynes and his Comrades meeting three Women, who were Quakers, coming from a little Way out of Town, they set upon these holy Sisters, and having first searched all their Pockets, in which was not above two Guineas, and twelve Shillings in Silver, they thought this a very small Prey, without taking their Cloaths too. So stripping them stark naked, quoth one of the Lambs, as they were tying her to a Tree, *Ye Men of Belial! what is the meaning of all this Violence, in taking away our Garments?* Andrew

Baynes reply'd, *Nothing at all, beloved Ones, but only to make your Bodies as light as your Souls; and on my Word, if ye always keep in this manner, as ye came into the World, ye will never offend the Statute made against the Excess of Apparel.*

Now Andrew's Comrades, because they were tolerably handsome, were for untying them, saying, *'Twas easy to get away, without any Danger of their having us secured.* But Andrew Baynes, in a great Passion reply'd, *They shall not be untied; for tho' I'm of no Religion myself, yet I mortally hate a Quaker, or any other Precisian, because he is a demure Creature, only full of oral Sanctity, and mental Impiety. Though he will not swear, he'll lye confoundedly; nevertheless, his Presumption is so sure of his Salvation, that he will not change Places in Heaven with the Virgin Mary. He will not stick out from committing Fornication or Adultery, so it be done for the Propagation of the Godly; and can find in his Heart to lye with any Whore, but the Whore of Babylon. He thinks every Organist is in the State of Damnation, and had rather hear a Ditty of his own making, than the best Hymn a Cherubim can sing. In fine, he had rather see Antichrist himself, than Pictures in a Church Window; and prophaneely thinks his Discourse is so good, that he durst challenge the Almighty to talk with him extempore. Truly, this Character I have heard discreet Men give of this sort of Cattle; and for this Reason the Spirit moves me to shew no Favour here to these female Hypocrites, who we'll leave in the Dark, till their own Light conducts them to a better Place.* So his Companions being satisfy'd with what he said, they left the three Teas and Nays to hold forth by themselves.

Andrew Baynes being once impress'd by Dent, the informing Constable, (who was kill'd in Covent-Garden, by one Fooly, a Soldier) and sent to Flanders, he ran away from his Colours into England, and being one Day at a House in Chelsea, where Dent was also drinking, and knowing him again, he and another way-laid him at Bloody-Bridge; where setting on him, quoth Baynes, *Thou insolent Rascal! who hast sold many a Man's Blood at twenty Shillings per Head, I am sensible, you can use your long Staff well enough, I'll see how you can exercise your short one.* So pulling out his Generation-Tool, they applied a Blister Plaster to it, bought for that Purpose at an Apothecary's in the abovesaid Town, and tying his Hands and Feet, left him in that Condition till Morning, before any Passengers came by to release him.

This Malefactor, executed at Tyburn, in 1711, aged 26 Years, was born in Essex, and served as a Drawer last at the Blue Posts Tavern, at the Corner of Portugal-street, by Lincolns-Inn Back-Gate. He was very unduriful to his ancient Mother, who went a begging; and the Woman he kept Company with, was called Flum, from her formerly selling Flummery; being the Leavings of one George Purchas, a Bailiff, condemned (but reprieved) for high Treason, with one Dammary, a Waterman, for the Infurrection made by the Rabble in London, when Dr. Henry Sacheverell was try'd by the Peers, upon several Articles exhibited against him by the House of Commons.

The LIFE of WILL MAW.

THIS noted Villain, aged 50 Years when he was hang'd, was born at *Northallerton* in *Yorkshire*, from whence he came to *London*, at about 20 Years of Age, and served his Apprenticeship with a Cabinet-maker, and for a great while followed that Occupation, in the Parish of *St. Giles's Cripplegate*, where he dwelt for above eighteen Years together; and for many Years before his Death having left off working at his Trade, he maintained himself by some illegal Ways of living, such as the buying of stolen Goods, and thereby encouraging Thieves and Robbers, he had also been addicted to coining, and for some of his irregular Actions, had a Fine of ten Pounds laid upon him, in *September 1705*, was burnt in the Hand in *April 1710*, and in *September* following, and twice ordered to hard Labour in *Bridewell*.

Having once committed a Robbery, for which he was afraid to be apprehended, when he lived in *Golden-Lane*, he pretended to be very sick at Home, and ordered his Wife to give out that he was dead. His Wife being a cunning Baggage, so ordered the Matter, that she cleanly executed his Command, bought him a Coffin, invited about 40 or 50 Neighbours to the Funeral, and followed the Corps in such a mournful Condition, as if her poor Husband had been dead indeed. As they were coming by the *Red-Cross Alehouse*, at the End of *Red-Cross-street*, to *St. Giles's Church-Yard*, near *Cripplegate*, some Company being drinking at the Door, who were inquisitive to know who was dead, they were told it was old Maw, whom they knew very well.

About five Years afterwards, one of those Persons that were drinking, as aforesaid, being a Prisoner in *Wood-street Compter*, for Debt, and Maw coming in also a little after him, the former Person was so surpriz'd at the latter, that at first he had not Power to speak to him; but, at length, recovering some Courage, as dreading he had seen a Ghost, quoth he, *Is not your Name Maw, Sir?* Maw reply'd, *Yes, Sir; as sure as your Name is Watkins.* The other said again, *Why, I thought you had been dead and buried five Years ago.* Yes, reply'd Maw, *so I was in Trespasses and Sins: But I mean, said Watkins, laid yourself corporally in the Grave.* No, (reply'd Maw) *I was not dead; but being at that Time under some Troubles, I was at the Charge of a Coffin to save my Neck, and my Wife gave out I was really deserv'd, as supposing then my Adversaries would not look for me in my Grave.*

Shortly after this Imprisonment being hang'd, as he was going up *Holborn*, another Person, who, like *Mr. Watkins*, had thought him dead and buri-

ed, seeing him in the Cart, he was in a great Admiration, calling thus out to him in the Cart, *Oh dear, Mr. Maw, I really thought you had been dead and buried five Years ago and more.* Why so I was, reply'd Maw, *but don't you know that we must all rise again at the Day of Judgment?* Yes, reply'd his Acquaintance, *but the Day of Judgment is not come yet.* Ay, but it is, quoth Maw, *and pass'd too, 12 Days ago, at the Sessions-House in the Old-Bailey; where I am sure 'twas the Judgment of the Court to send me to be hang'd now.* So his Friend wishing him a good Journey, and a safe Return, they both parted.

Will Maw having once stole a Trunk from behind a Coach, in which were several Goods, and among them a Clergyman's new Gown and Cassock, great Enquiry was made at most of the Brokers for the canonical Robes, by a Friend of the Minister who lost them. Maw had told them to one *Seabrook* in *Barbican*, with whom they were at length found. *Seabrook* offered to sell them a Pennyworth, and the Gentleman bid him bring them to the *Sw-Tavern*, in *Aldergate street*, where the Person was that wanted them. The Clergyman was there, and having view'd and tried the Robes, found them to be the same; whereupon, he asked the Broker how he came by them; who could neither give much Account of the Manner he bought them in, nor find the Person he bought them of. In a Word, but an Act of Grace having been lately pass'd, he pleaded the Benefit of it, and so escap'd the Punishment which he must otherwise have suffer'd, tho' not the Disgrace that attends such Practices.

After a long Course of Iniquities, Maw was at last committed to *Newgate* himself, and at the ensuing Sessions convicted of five Indictments. 1. For breaking open the House of *Mrs. Anne Johnson*, and taking thence eight Pewter Plates, and other Goods. 2. For breaking open the House of *Mr. John Axtz*, and taking thence 24 Pair of Leather Clogs. 3. For assaulting and robbing *Mr. Charles Potts*, on the Highway, and taking from him a silver Watch, five gold Rings, Money, and other Things. 4. For assaulting *Mrs. Anne Grover* on the Highway, and taking from her 3s. 6d. And 5. For assaulting on the Queen's Highway, and robbing, *Mr. Coleman*, of some Money, an Handkerchief, and other Goods. 'Twas impossible for him now to think of coming off; and if it had been possible for him to have expected any Grace, he had been deceived, for on *Wednesday* the 20th of *October*, 1711, this Offender met with the Punishment he so well deserv'd, at the usual Place of Execution.

The LIFE of NICHOLAS WELLS.

THIS noted Criminal, *Nicholas Wells*, was born at *Pemfworth*, in the County of *Kent*, but afterwards lived at *East-Grimstead*, with his Grandmother; and keeping a Horse, travelled from thence to *London*, and bought and sold Goods, by which he helped to keep two of his Younger Sisters. He was a Butcher by Trade, and married a Woman in *Barnaby street*, with whom he had one hundred and twenty Pounds for a Portion. Whilst this Money lasted, which was not long, he lived constant with his Wife; but having by extravagant Courses quickly consumed it, they then lived like married Quality, for they would see one another once a Week perhaps, lie together once a Month, and eat together once a Year.

Being by his Folly reduced to great Necessities, and much in Debt, he, for a Livelihood, drove a Woodmonger's Cart in *Southwark*; and one Day carrying three Loads of Faggots to a Gentleman's House at *Lambeth*, as he was making Water not far from the Door, where the Gentleman's Wife stood, her extraordinary Beauty had such an Influence on his carnal Mind, that he was overheard by the Gentlewoman to say to himself these Words: *Was I to lie with that handsome Creature, I vow and swear I'd give her my Cart and Horses.*

The Gentlewoman, who was none of the Chastest, calling him into her Parlour, she wanted to know what 'twas he said, as he was making Water, or otherwise, if he would not tell her, she would call her Footman to kick him well. Our new Carman was somewhat bashful to declare what he had said; but fearing to be ill us'd in case he did not satisfy the Gentlewoman's Demands, he very bluntly told her the Words above-mentioned. The Lady now taking him at his Word, she carried him to her Bed-Chamber, where obtaining the Pleasure, for which he had forfeited his Cart and Horses, and finding no Difference betwixt her and his Wife in that sort of Sport, he swore, *They were all alike.*

In this Tone he hankered about the Street-Door a great while, for home to his Master he durst not go, without the Cart and Horses; but, at last, the Gentlewoman's Husband coming home to Dinner, and hearing the Fellow swear, *They were all alike*, by G—d; quoth he, *What are all alike?* The Faggots, reply'd the Carman. Quoth the Gentleman again, *And what of that?* To which Nick thus answered, *An't please you, Sir, I have brought home the three Loads of Faggots which you bought, and your Lady being not satisfied, that the last Faggots are so big as the first, she hath ordered her Servants to lock up my Cart and Horses in your Coach-Yard, and says, that she will keep them.* O! fie, fie, Madam, said the Gentleman to his Wife, you must not do so; the Cart and Horses are none of the poor Man's, they're his Master's, therefore you must speak to him, if he has not us'd you well.

The Gentlewoman then presently delivered the Cart and Horses, and privately gave the Carman a Guinea besides, for his handsome Come off. But the next Day Nick bringing some Coals to the same

House, he then left the Gentlewoman his Cart and Horses for good and all; for finding an Opportunity of slipping into a Back Parlour, where a Scrutore was open, he took out of it, a rich gold Watch, several diamond Rings, and two hundred and fifty Guineas, which he carried clear off, without going to his Master any more.

Not long after this Exploit, meeting with *Handsome Fielding*, riding on Horseback by himself over *Putney-Heath*, as he came by Nick, he knock'd him off his Gelding, and seconding his Blow with another, which stunn'd him worse than the first, he ty'd his Hands and Feet, and searched his Pockets, wherein he found about twenty Guineas, which made him break forth into this Exclamation: *O! Gold almighty, thou art good for the Heart sick at Night, sore Eyes in the Morning, and for the Wind in the Stomach at Noon; indeed, thou art a never failing Remedy for any Distemper, at any Time, in all Cases, and for all Constitutions.*

Whilst Nick was expostulating to himself on the excellent Qualities of Gold, *Handsome Fielding* recovering his Senses, quoth he, *Sirrah, Dost know on whom thou hast committed this Insolence?* Not I, (reply'd Nick) nor I don't care, for 'tis better you cry than I starve. Quoth the robb'd Person again, *I'm General Fielding, who'll make you dearly suffer for this, if ever you come into my Clutches. Art thou* (reply'd Nick then) *Beau Fielding? Why truly I've heard of thy Fame and Shame long enough ago; I think thou art one of those amorous Coxcombs who never go without Verses, in praise of a Mistress, and write Elegies on the great Misfortune of losing your Buttons. Thou art one of the whining Puppies, that waste Day and Night with her that you admire for a Whore, taking up her Glove, and robbing her of a Handkerchief, which you'll pretend to keep for her Sake. In fine, let me tell you, thou art translated out of a Man into a Whimsy.* So leaving Beau Fielding to shift for himself, he made the best of his Way to *Rosemary-Lane*; where his Landlord and Landlady were transported at the sight of his Booty, for he treated them, as in Duty bound, plentifully; and there was never a Servant in the House of Inquiry but fared the better for his Villany.

Altho' Nick Wells was a Fellow that ventured his Neck in these dangerous Enterprizes, yet he was not Master of any true Courage, for he was much of the nature of those who are always challenging People that will not fight, and cuffing such as all the Town has kick'd; upon many Occasions it has appeared that he was as cautious of dealing with a Man that is truly rough, as an honest Man would have been of dealing with him. He was very Bloody-minded, where he had the Advantage of a Man, as may be perceived by an Enterprize which he once undertook for one *Elizabeth Harman*, alias *Beef Toogood*.

This Woman being condemned for picking the Pocket of one *Samuel Winfield*, a Lock Smith, living near St. George's Church in *Southwark*, such

was her implacable Malice before she was hanged, that she said she could not die satisfied, unless she had the Blood of her Prosecutor. Proposing her wicked Inclinations to Nick Wells, quoth he, Bess, not that I matter a Murder or two committing, but I don't love to work without Hire; what am I to have, first? and who am I to dispatch? But I care not who it is, if you content me. Then this wicked Wretch acquainting him where her Adversary liv'd, and giving him three Guineas to murder him, he took his last Farewell of her in the Chapel of Newgate, and that same Day going to Mr. Winfield's House, with pretence of bespeaking a Lock, that he might have a sight of the Man he was to kill, in the Evening he watch'd his going out, and coming home, which was about twelve at Night, and coming behind him as he was knocking at his own Door, he ran him thro' the Back with a Tuck, of which Wound he presently died on the Spot: But the Murderer was never known till he confess'd this barbarous Crime at the Gallows.

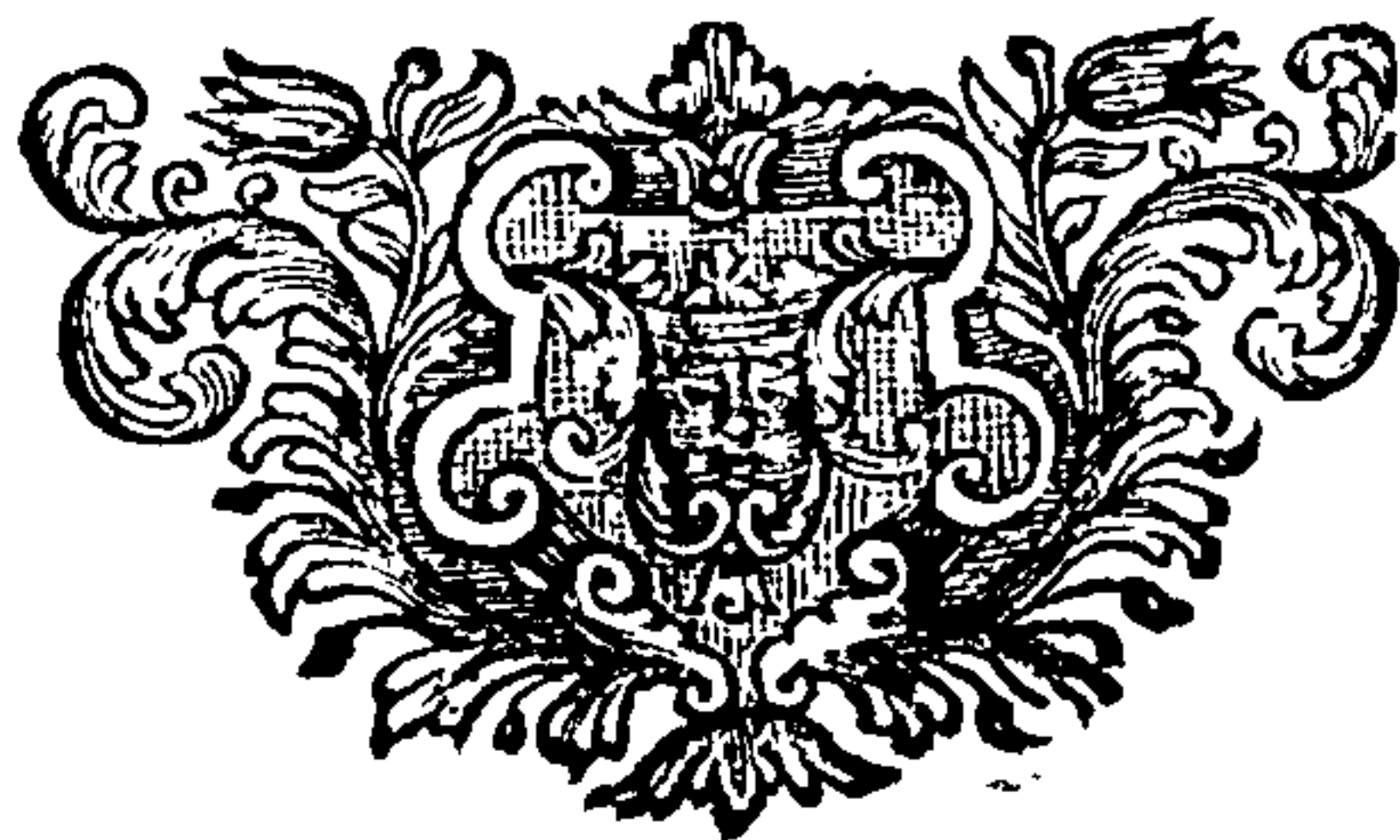
Whilst he followed these ill Courses he was much addicted to all manner of Lasciviousness, and seldom saw his Wife, whom he greatly slighted; for he was often want to say, *He was not curst with the Plague of Constancy*. Nay, how little Regard he had for his Wife, may plainly be seen by the following Contract, drawn betwixt him and William Maw, whose Life immediately precedes this.

We the Subscribers, William Maw of London, Joyner, and Nicholas Wells of Pemsworth, in

the County of Kent, Butcher, being each of us bound with an useless Moveable, the former with a Jack-Daze, and the latter with a Wife, declare, That we have thought fit, for the Convenience of one another, out of our own free and free Will, to make a Barter and Truck of the Jack-Daze for the Wife; yielding up the one to the other, all Right and Title that we have to the said Wife and Jack-Daze, and quitting for ever all Claim to them, without any Manner of Complaint or Demand hereafter to the Premises so trucked. To which Bargain and Agreement, in token of hearty Consent and Satisfaction, we have hereunto set our Hands and Seals. Dated at Deptford, the 11th Day of May, 1710.

William Maw.
Nicholas Wells.

Accordingly, the Wife went with the Buyer, and her Husband, without repenting his Bargain, pursu'd his vicious Practices still. But at length being apprehended for robbing one James Wilmot, a Butcher, near Epsom, of thirty Guineas, some Silver, and a silver Watch, he was committed to the Marshalsea Prison in Southwark. For this Fact he was hanged in the twenty eighth Year of his Age, at Kingston upon Thames, on Saturday the 28th of March, 1712. Mr. Noble an Attorney being also executed there at the same Time, for the barbarous Murder of one John Sayer, Esq.



The

The LIFE of WILLIAM HOLLOWAY.

WE before gave the Reader some Account of one of this Name, but the Criminal of whom we are now to speak, was born at *Newcastle-under-Line*, in *Staffordshire*, and was bred up to Husbandry; but not liking his Occupation, he came up to *London*, where falling into such Company as had rather be the Devil's Soldiers, than fight under the Banners of Honesty, he soon became such an Enemy to Virtue, that no sort of Theft mis'd his Inclination, to support himself in the Extravagancies of a most licentious Course of Life.

First he went upon petty Matters of Thieving, in which he was very successful; for one Day going to a Knight's House in *Bloomsbury-Square*, with an Apron before him just like a Scowrer, he had the Impudence to go up Stairs and take three or four Footmens Liveries; but just coming out with them on his Arms, the Coachman stopping at the Door with his Coach, he stopp'd *Holloway*, and ask'd him, *Whither he was going with those Coats, and Waste-coats?* Quoth *Holloway*, *The Parliament being to sit within this Week, and your Master being willing his Mens Liveries should look somewhat fresh and decent, the Steward has ordered me to scower them against then.* Here, here, then, said the Coachman, *take my Cloak too, and scower it well.* So stepping on his Coach-Box, he took his Cloak off the Seat, and gave it *Holloway*, who never took the Pains to bring it back again: But the poor Coachman was sadly jeer'd about it, for wherever the Boys met him, who knew of the Trick, they would cry to him, *Here, here, take my Cloak too.*

Another Time there being a great Stop of Coaches in *Fleet-Street*, Mr. *Holloway* stepping up to a Gentleman's Coach, and pretending to have some earnest Business with him, whilst *Holloway* was talking to the Gentleman as he lean'd over the Door of the Coach to him, one of his Comrades took out a rich Coach Seat, and got clear off with it in the Dark; and whilst the Gentleman turn'd his Head out of the other Door to look after it, *Holloway* snatch'd off the other Seat, and in the Crowd went away with that. The Gentleman being in a great Surprise to see how suddenly he had lost both his Seats, he call'd out to his Coachman, saying, *Tom, hast thou got the Horses there?* Quoth *Tom*, *Yes, Sir.* Ay, but (said the Gentleman) *are you sure you have them?* Why yes, Sir, reply'd the Coachman, *I'm sure I have them; for their Reins are now in my Hand.* Well, (quoth the Gentleman) *see and keep them there, for I have lost the Seats out of the Coach; and by Heavens, if you've not a special Care, you'll lose my Horses too.*

Not long after this Exploit, Mr. *Emes*, who kept the Punch-House in *Hemlock-Court*, having been one Day recreating himself in his Calash, *Will* observing it to come a soft Pace in the Road betwixt *Turnham-Green* and *Hammer-smith*, he perceived the Driver thereof, who had been drinking very hard where he had been, to be fast asleep. Hereupon *Will* stopp'd the Horse, which was but one,

and softly stepping up, rifled Mr. *Emes's* Pockets, unfelt of him, of a Watch and two Guineas, and so sneaked off from him, supposing that was all the Booty he could get at that Time, unless he stripped him of his Cloaths too, which he could not well carry off without some Suspicion, in that Place. However, the Road being clear of Passengers, and finding Mr. *Emes* still in a profound Sleep, he ty'd his Legs together, and, that he might have the Pleasure to see what would be the Issue of it, he pull'd the Pins out of the Axle-Tree of the Wheels, and set the Horse a going, which he had not done above an hundred Paces, but the Wheels flew off, and down came the Booby-Hutch.

Mr. *Emes* now waked in a great Consternation, whilst *Will* lay peeping behind a Hedge, and could perceive his Surprise. But the Horse's Rein being cut, and he not able to unloose his Legs, for want of a Knife to cut the Cord, the Horse never stopp'd nor staid, till, in that manner, he had drawn the Calash through Thick and Thin into *Hammer-smith*; from whence sending for the Wheels, and having them put on again, he slept no more till he got quite Home.

Now *Holloway* having cast all Honesty and Goodness quite out of Doors, he was resolv'd to prosecute his Villany to the highest Degree; so from committing small Matters of Theft, he was resolv'd to turn Highwayman, and being accoutred for this Purpose, with a good Horse, Hanger, and Pistols, he set out for such Enterprizes.

The first Action he went upon, was upon the Road betwixt *Faringdon* and *Abingdon*, in *Buckshire*; where meeting with a Country Farmer, and asking him the Time of the Day, he told him it was about twelve o'Clock. *Why then* (quoth *Holloway*), *it may be about high Time to ask one Favour of you. What's that?* (said the Farmer) *Why truly,* (reply'd *Holloway*) *understanding that you received ten Pounds at the Inn from whence you now came, (for I was drinking in the next Room when it was paid you) Necessity obliges me to borrow it; and if you are not willing to lend it me by fair Means, I shall take it by foul Means.* The Farmer being a Man of some Courage, presently drew his Hanger in his own Defence; but that being no Security against Pistols, which could kill at a Distance, *Holloway* shot his Horse under him; so dismounting his Antagonist, and riding up to him with another Pistol ready cock'd, and presenting it to the Farmer's Breast, he lent him his Money without taking a Note of his Hand for it.

Another Time *Holloway* meeting with a Gentleman on the Road, who had like to have been robb'd but a little before, he told the said *Holloway*, that there were some Highwaymen before, wherefore he advis'd him, if he had any Charge about him, to turn back. Quoth *Holloway*, *I have no great Charge about me, Sir, however, I'll take your Advice for fear of the worst.* So as they were riding along, said *Will* again, *Perhaps we may meet with more Rogues of the Gang by the Way, for this is an ugly robbing Road, therefore I'll secure that little*

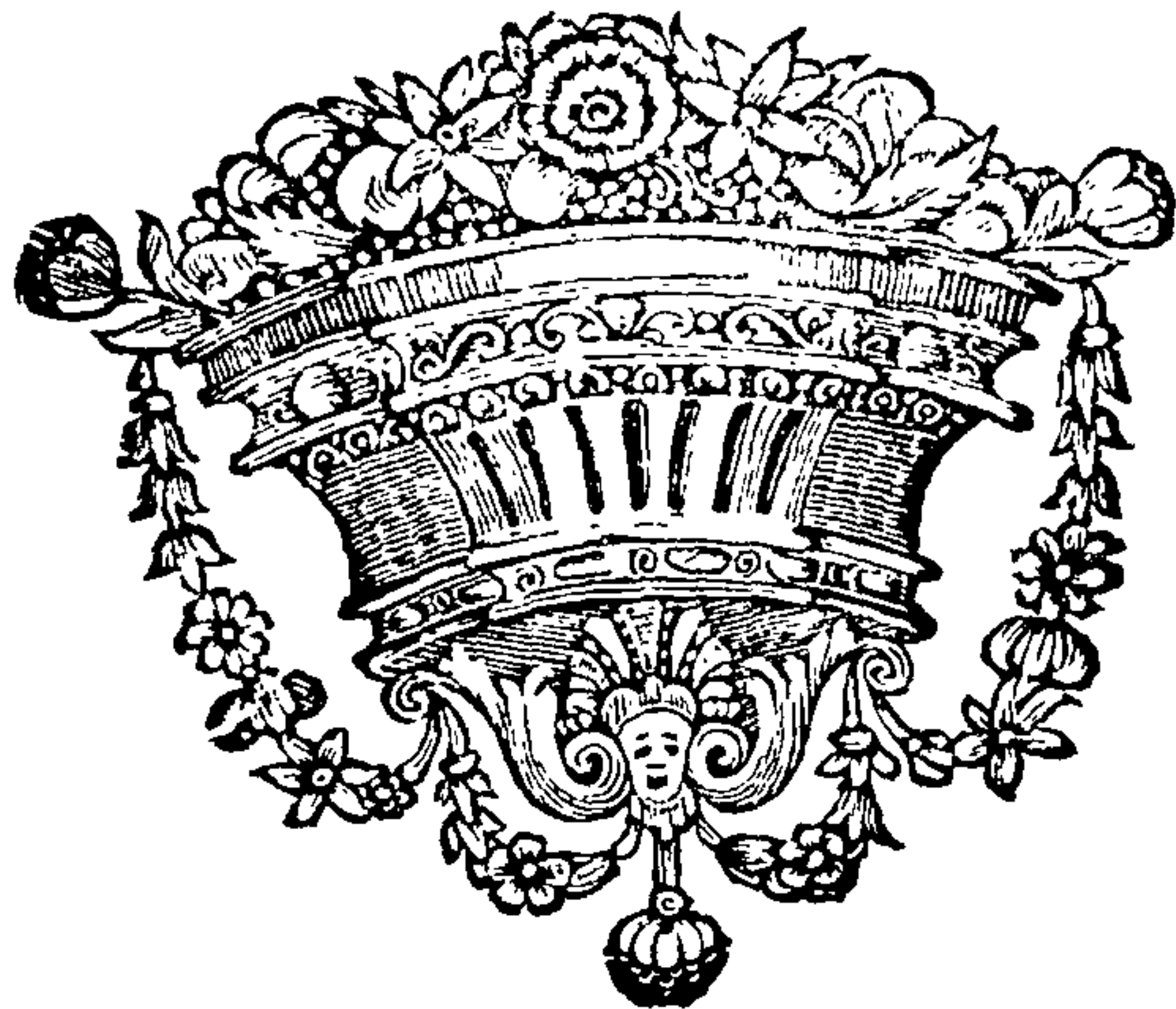
I have, which is but three Guineas, by putting it in my Mouth. Now the Gentleman thinking him not of that Profession, quoth he, But in case see should be set upon, I have hid my Gold in the Rows of my Stockings, which is no small Quantity, for I received Rent this Day of some of my Tenants. They had not gone above half a Mile farther, before they came into a very bye Place, where he bidding the Gentleman Stand and Deliver, he was in a great Surprise; however, there was no Remedy for preventing the Loss of his Gold, which was about eighty Guineas; and for fear he should have more of the same Metal in his Boots too, he ript them from Top to Bottom; but finding none there, he left the Gentleman curling and swearing, for discovering where he had laid up his Hoard.

Will for a long Time had been very successful in many Robberies on the Highway, but at length his Devil failing him, he was apprehended for one committed on Hounslow-Heath, sent to Newgate, and condemned for the same; but had the good Fortune to receive Mercy. Now having a Reprieve, and being impatient till he pleaded to Her Majesty's Pardon, he broke out of Newgate; after which having the Impudence, when he was drunk, to go to the Sessions-House in the Old-Bailey, while the Judges were sitting upon a Commission of Oyer and Terminer, some of the Turnkeys of Newgate offered to apprehend him for breaking out of Gaol, which causing a Scuffle betwixt him and them, he mortally shot Richard Spurling, a Turnkey, thro' the Body, in the Face of the whole Court, of which Wound he died within eleven Minutes. For this he was secured, with one Mrs. Houslen, who was try'd with him for the said Murder, and condemned as an Accessary to it, and to make their Punishment more

exemplary, he and the Woman were not only hanged at the End of Gilt-Spittle, in sight of Newgate, in September, 1712, but afterwards *Hellway* was also hanged in Chains at a Place call'd by his own Name, on one side of *Whittington*.

At the Place of Execution, he said he never had any Antipathy against the Person deceas'd, and did not know what he did, as being in Drink. Thus we may evidently see the fatal Consequences of Drunkenness; which odious Vice is now become so fashionable, that we may, too often, behold Scots contending for Victory over a Pot, and taking the measure of their Bravery by the Strength of their Brains, or Capacity of their Bellies. Taverns and Anchouses are the common Academies of Sin, where Drunkards make themselves expert in all those Arts whereby they gratify *Satan*, and as it were, in so many open Bravadoes, challenge the Almighty into the Field, and dare him to do the worst he can.

Doubtless *Satan* hath but too much Power over these Men when they are most seber, they need not give him the Advantage of finding them so often drunk; except in a Bravado they desire to show the World how boldly they dare defy Heaven, and how much they scorn to owe their Ruin to any but themselves. Nay, it seems very evident, that even these *Bacchanals* make this fortith Pastime their beloved Recreation, and only account him fit for their Company, that can take off his Cups handsomely, and is versed in all the Methods and Maxims of this hellish Art. Indeed, they have made it a kind of Science, and have given it so many Rules and Laws of late, that he that will now be expert in it, had need to serve out an Apprenticeship, to learn all the Circumstances and Terms, tho' he ever so perfect in the Substance before.



The LIFE of AVERY.

THIS Malefactor, *Avery* by Name, was born in *Oxfordshire*, and by his Parents was put out an Apprentice to a Bricklayer, in *London*, where, after he was out of his Time, which he served very faithfully and honestly, he married; and then following his Trade for himself, he seemed to be so industrious at his Business, that his Neighbours had no Suspicion in the least of his robbing on the Highway; which unlawful Practice he had followed for some Years, to the great Comfort of himself and all his Family; who saw him work so hard till at last it killed him, much against his Will.

One Time *Avery* going out to look for a Prize on the Road, he got one by the bye, and to make sure of what he had (for you must know it is a Maxim in Politicks, that it is a harder Matter to keep a Kingdom than to conquer one) he rid all bye Roads till he came into a Field where several Country Fellows were standing at a Gate. Now was he in a Quandary what to do. Thinks he, *Should I ride back again in any Precipitation, it will give them some Mistrust, therefore I will put on a good Face, and ride up to the Men.* But the Gate being lock'd he could not get out. However one of the Men who had the Key of it, wanting a young Colt which he had in the Field, he told *Avery* that if he would catch that Colt, he would open the Gate for him. *Avery* rid up and down the Field after the Colt, and had a long Chace before he could catch him; then bringing him up to the Owner, he let him out.

Now being in the Road together, quoth he to the Man that own'd the Colt, *What must I have for catching the Colt for you? Have?* (reply'd the Countryman) *O dear! Sir, what can you expect for such a Matter? Why, I think that was a Kindness to let you through the Gate, or else you must have rid a great Way about.* *Avery* swore most horribly he would be paid for his Trouble. The Countryman seeing him in a great Passion, he promised him a Pot or two of Ale, if he would accept it. But this would not satisfy *Avery*; for pulling out his Pistols, he swore he would not take all that Pains for nothing about his damn'd Colt, therefore, if they did not all deliver presently, he would shoot them every Man. The poor Country Fellows being in a great Consternation, and almost frighted out of their Wits, at the sight of his murdering Implements, they all pull'd out their leather Purfes, and gave him what they had; after which he rode away in great Triumph for robbing half a dozen Men by himself. And without Doubt he had made his Brags thereof to some of his intimate Cronies; for when he was going to be hang'd, one of them meeting him in the Cart, as he was riding up *Holborn*, thus call'd out to him: *So ho! Friend Avery, what are you going to catch another Colt?* But Mr. *Avery* had then so

much Business on his Hands, that he could not make him any Answer.

Another Time Mr. *Avery* roving up and down the Road, to seek whom he might devour, he met with a good honest Tradesman betwixt *Kingston upon Thames* and *Guilford* in *Surry*, with whom holding some Chat, as they rode together, *Avery* asked him what Trade he might follow when at home. Said he, *I'm a Fishmonger, pray what Occupation may you be of?* *Avery* reply'd, *Why I am a Limb of St. Peter too. What* (quoth the Fishmonger) *are you a Fisherman?* *Ay*, (said *Avery*) *I'm something towards it; for every Finger I have is a Fishhook.* Quoth the Fishmonger, *Indeed, I don't apprehend your Meaning, Sir.* Then *Avery* pulling out his Pistols, Now, says he, *my Meaning may soon be apprehended; for there's not a Finger on either of my Hands, but what will catch Gold or Silver without any Bait at all.* So taking twenty Pounds from him, and cutting the Girths and Bridle of his Horse, he rode as fast as he could for *London*.

Money growing short again with Mr. *Avery*, he was forced to seek his Fortune as usual, on the Road; and meeting with an Exciseman on *Finchley-Common*, whom he knew very well, though he was not known by him, by reason he was very much disguised, with a Mask on his Face, *Avery* followed him at some Distance, and a fair Opportunity favouring his Design, he rode up the Exciseman, demanding his Money at once. The assaulted Person being somewhat fullen and obstinate, he would not deliver any Thing till *Avery* threatened to kill him if he made any farther Refusal. The Exciseman being daunted at his Words, and almost frighted out of his Wits, to hear what dreadful Volleys of Oaths came out of his Mouth, he stopp'd it as fast as he could with a dozen Pound, saying, *Here take what I have; for if there is a Devil, certainly thou art one.* It may be so, (reply'd *Avery*) but yet as much a Devil as I am, I see an Exciseman is not such a good Bait, as People say, to catch him. No, he is not, quoth the Exciseman, the Hangman is the only Bait to catch such Devils as you. But *Avery* giving the Loofer leave to speak, he rode away for fear of being caught indeed.

And it was not long after that he was apprehended, and sent to *Newgate* with one *Waterman*, that was condemned likewise for assisting him in these Exploits on the Highway; but he was reprieved. *Avery* being to die without his Comrade, he made what Friends he could to save his Life also, which he had often forfeited for his Villany, besides sending several Petitions to the Queen, and Mr. Recorder, in Hopes of obtaining Mercy for his manifold Crimes; but all being rejected, he was executed at *Tyburn*, on Saturday the 31st of January, 1712-13.

The LIFE of DICK ADAMS.

THIS unhappy Person, *Richard Adams*, was born of very good and reputable Parents in *Gloucestershire*, who bestow'd some small matter of Education upon him, as Reading, Writing, and Casting of Accompts. Coming up to *London*, he got into the Service of a great Dutcheſs at *St. James's*, in which he continued about two Years, when for some Miſdemaneor quitting his Place, he contriv'd to live by his Wits.

Having a general Key which opened the Lodgings in *St. James's Palace*, he went one Day to a certain Mercer's on *Ludgate-Hill*, and deſired him to ſend, with all Speed, a Parcel of the richeſt Brocades and Satins, and other Silks, he had in his Shop, for his Dutcheſs to make Choice of ſome on an extraordinary Occaſion. The Mercer knowing him to have come often upon ſuch a like Errand before, he preſently ſent away ſeveral Pieces by his Man and a Porter, and being come to *St. James's*, *Dick Adams* brought them up to a Door of ſome of the Royal Lodgings, where he order'd them to wait, while he, ſeemingly, went to acquaint his Dutcheſs of their being with-out. In ſome ſhort Time after, coming out again, quoth he, *Let's ſee the Pieces preſently, for my Dutcheſs is juſt now at leiſure to look on them.* So the Mercer's Man giving him the whole Bundle, he convey'd it away backwards, and went clear off thro' *St. James's Park*. The Mercer's Man and the Porter having waited two or three Hours, and receiv'd no Anſwer about their Goods, they began to make a ſtrict Enquiry after them; and finding they were trick'd, were forced to go home much lighter than they went out.

About a Month after, *Dick Adams* having been drinking ſomewhat hard in the City, and forgetting the Prank he had play'd the Mercer, he came by his Houſe one Afternoon, and he being accidentally ſtanding at the Door, and eſpying his Chapman, he preſently ſeiz'd him, ſaying *Oh! Sir, have I caught you? you are a fine Spark, indeed, to cheat me out of two hundred Pounds worth of Goods; but before I part with you, I believe I ſhall make you pay dearly for them.* Mr. *Adams* was much ſurpriz'd at his being ſo ſuddenly apprehended, and, without doubt, curs'd his Fate to himſelf, for being ſo forgetful as to come into the very Mouth of his Adverſary; but ſeeing the late Biſhop of *London* at ſome Diſtance riding along in his Coach, and having a good Preſence of Mind at the ſame Time, quoth he to the Mercer, *I muſt acknowledge I have committed a Crime, to which I was forced by mere Neceſſity, but I ſee my Uncle, the Biſhop of London, is coming this Way in his Coach; therefore hoping you'll be ſo civil as not to raiſe any Hubbub of the Mob about me, whereby I ſhall be expoſ'd and utterly undone, I'll go ſpeak to His Lordſhip about the Matter, if you pleaſe to ſtep with me, and I'll engage he ſhall make you Satisfaction for the Damage I've done you.*

The Mercer liking his Propoſal, as thinking it far better than ſending him to Gaol, he ſtepped along with Mr. *Adams*, who boldly calling out to the Coachman to ſtop, he approach'd the Side of the Coach, and deſired the Favour of ſpeaking a few Words with the Biſhop. His Lordſhip ſeeing him have the Mien and Habit of a Gentleman, he was pleas'd to hear what he had to ſay; ſo leaning over his Coach Door, quoth *Adams*, *Begging your Lordſhip's Pardon for my Preſumption, I make bold to acquaint your Honour, that the Gentleman ſtanding behind me is an eminent Mercer, keeping Houſe juſt by here, and is a very upright godly Man; but being a great Reader in Books of Divinity, eſpecially polemical Pieces, he hath met therein with ſome intricate Caſes, which very much trouble him, and his Conſcience cannot be at reſt, till his Doubts and Scruples are cleared about them; therefore I humbly requeſt your Lordſhip would vouchſafe him the Honour of giving him ſome Eaſe before he runs farther to Deſpair.*

The Biſhop being ready to ſerve any Perſon in Religious Matters, order'd *Adams* to bring his Friend to him the next Day. But ſaid *Adams* again, *It will be more ſatisfactory to him, if Your Lordſhip would be pleas'd to ſpeak yourſelf to the Gentleman to wait upon you.* Whereupon his Lordſhip beckoning to the Mercer, who ſtood ſome Diſtance off, whiſt they diſcourſ'd together, when he came up to the Side of the Coach, quoth the Biſhop, *The Gentleman has inform'd me of all the Matter about you, and if you pleaſe to give yourſelf the Trouble of coming to my Houſe at Fulham, I will ſatisfy you then in every Point.* The Mercer making twenty Bows and Cringes, was very well pleas'd with his Security; and taking *Adams* to the Tavern, gave him a very good Treat.

Next Morning *Adams* came again to the Mercer, who was drawing out his Bill to give to the Biſhop, and pretending that his coming in haſte to go along with him to his Uncle, had made him forget to put Money in his Breeches, he deſired the Mercer to lend him a Guinea, and put it down in his Bill; which he did very willingly; and then taking Water, away they went to *Fulham*; where acquainting the Biſhop's Gentleman, that according to his Lordſhip's Order over Night, they were come to wait upon him at the Time appointed, the Gentleman introduc'd them into the Hall, and having regal'd them there with a Bottle or two of Wine and a Neat's Tongue, the Mercer was admitted into his Lordſhip's Preſence, and in the mean Time Mr. *Adams* made the beſt of his Way by Water again. The Mercer being before the Biſhop, quoth his Lordſhip, *I underſtand that you are, or at leaſt wiſe have been, much troubled, how do you find yourſelf now, Sir?* The Mercer reply'd, *My Trouble is much abated ſince your Lordſhip was pleas'd to order me to wait on you.* So pulling out a Pocket-Book, he gave His Lordſhip the following Bill.

Mr. Adams's Bill, April the 20th, 1711.

FOR a Piece of green flowered Brocade, containing 23 Yards, at 1 l. 9 s. per Yard.	l.	s.	d.
	33	07	00
For a Piece of white strip'd Damask, containing 20 Yards, at 14 s. per Yard.	18	04	00
For a Piece of Cloth of gold Tissue, containing 18 Yards, at 4 l. 15 s. per Yard.	85	10	00
For a Piece of black watered Tabby, containing 29 Yards, at 4 s. 8 d. per Yard.	06	15	04
For a Piece of blue Sattin, containing 21 Yards, at 16 s. per Yard.	16	16	00
For a Piece of crimson Velvet, containing 17 Yards, at 1 l. 18 s. per Yard.	32	06	00
For a Piece of yellow Silk, containing 25 Yards, at 8 s. per Yard.	10	00	00
May the 17th. Lent your Lordship's Nephew.	01	01	06
Sum total,	203	19	10

His Lordship staring upon this large Bill, quoth he, 'What is the Meaning of all this? The Gentleman last Night might very well say your Conscience could not be at rest; and I wonder how it should when you bring a Bill to me which I know nothing off.' Said the Mercer then bowing and scraping, 'Your Lordship last Night was pleas'd to say that you would satisfy me to Day. Yes, reply'd his Lordship, and so I would as to what the Gentleman told me; who said, that you being much troubled about some Points of Religion, you desired to be resolv'd therein; and in order thereto, I appointed you to come to me to Day. Truly, (said the Mercer again) Your Lordship's Nephew told me otherwise, for he said you would pay me this Bill off, which Goods, upon my Word, he had of me, and in a very clandestine Manner, if I was to tell Your Lordship all; but only in Respect to your Honour, I would not disgrace your Nephew. Quoth His Lordship, My Nephew! he is none of my Nephew; I never, to my Knowledge, saw the Gentleman in my Life before. Thus when they came to unriddle the Matter on both Sides, they could not forbear Laughing, the Bishop at his Nephew, and the Mercer for lending a Man that had once cheated him, a Guinea to cheat him again.

After this Dick Adams got into the Life-Guards, but his Extravagancy not permitting him to live on his Pay, he went on the Highway. One Day he and some of his Accomplices meeting with a Gentleman on the Road, they took from him a gold Watch,

and a Purse, in which was one Hundred and eight Guineas. But Adams not contented with this Booty, and seeing the Gentleman whom they robbed had a very fine Coat on, he rode a little Way back again, and saying to him, Sir, you have a very good Coat on, I must make bold to change with you, he stripped him of it, and put on his. As the Gentleman was riding along after he was robbed, and hearing somewhat jingle in the Pocket of the Coat which Adams had put on him, he felt therein, and, to his great Joy, found his Watch and Guineas again, which Adams in a Hurry and Confusion had forgot to put into the other Coat Pocket when he changed Coats with the Gentleman. But he and his Comrades coming to an Inn to snack their Booty, when they found what a Mistake had been made, there was swearing and staring, cursing and raving, damning and sinking, with one another, as if they would have sworn the House down, but above all, they were ready to knock Adams on the Head for his Forgetfulness. However, since it could not then be help'd, and Adams promising to be more careful in his Business for the Future, his Negligence was pardon'd for that Time.

Dick Adams going out the same Day again with his Comrades, they stopp'd the Canterbury Stage-Coach on the Road betwixt Rochester and Sittingborn, in which were several Gentlewomen; and for the Mistake they made last, they were very severe and boisterous upon these Passengers, one of which, saying to Dick, as he was searching her Pockets, Have you no Pity nor Compassion on our Sex? Certainly ye have neither Christianity, Conscience, nor Religion in you. Right, Madam, (reply'd Dick) we have not much Christianity nor Conscience in us but for my Part you shall presently find a little Religion in me. So falling next on some fine Jewels hanging to her gold Watch, and a fine Pair of Bobs in her Ears, quoth Dick, Indeed, Madam, supposing you to be an Egyptian, I must beg the Favour of you, as being a Jew, to borrow your Jewels and Ear-Rings, according as my Forefathers were commanded by Moses. Thus having rifled all the Gentlewomen, to above the Value of two hundred Pounds in Money and Goods, they left them to proceed on their Journey, with very sorrowful Hearts for their sad Mischance.

But at last Dick robbing a Man by himself, between London and Brainford, the Person robbed met with a Neighbour on the Road, who closely pursued this Highwayman. He made a running Fight of it, in shooting Tartar-like behind him; but they at last apprehended him, and carrying him before a Magistrate, he was committed to Newgate. Tho' he was very wicked before his Affliction fell upon him, yet whilst he lay under Condemnation, he was very devout. He was executed at Tyburn, in March, 1713.



The LIFE of NED BONNET.

EDWARD Bonnet was born of very good and reputable Parents, in the Isle of Ely, in Cambridgeſhire, who beſtowing ſome ſmall Education upon him, as Reading, Writing, and Caſting Accompts, about the Fifteenth Year of his Age, he was put out an Apprentice to a Grocer, living at *Potten* in Bedfordſhire, whom he ſerved honeſtly. When he was out of his Time, he married a Neighbour's Daughter, by whom he had two ſmall Children at the Time of his Death, and ſet up for himſelf in the Country, being at one Time worth above fix hundred Pounds. He was ruined by a Fire, which burnt all his Goods and Houſe to the Ground; and not being in a Condition to retrieve his Loſs, he came up to London, to avoid the importunate Duns of Creditors, where lighting into a Gang of Highwaymen, he took to their Courſes, to raiſe himſelf, if poſſible, once more. Having been upon ſeveral Exploits, wherein he was ſucceſſful, the ſweet Profit of his Enterprizes made him ſo in Love with robbing on the Highway, that he devoted himſelf wholly to it, and committed (as 'tis reported) above three hundred Robberies, particularly in Cambridgeſhire, inſomuch that he was as much dreaded by the People in that Country, as ever that great Tory, *Patrick Flemming*, was by the wild *Irish*.

After he was grown a good Proficient in the gainful Art and Myſtery of robbing on the Highway, he oftentimes attempted to rob by himſelf, for he was an excellent Horſeman, and kept the beſt of Horſes which would leap a Hedge, Ditch, or Five-Bar Gate, with him on his Back, and knew the Road by Day or Night, in that Country, as perfectly as if he was directed by a Compaſs.

Upon this Beaſt one Time he met a young *Cantabrigian*, who had more Money than Wit, recreating himſelf abroad in his Caluſh, with a brisk jolly Courtezan, belonging to bawdy *Barnewell*, a little Village, within a Mile of the University of Cambridge, well ſtuff with ſuch ſort of Cattle, as will ſell the foul Diſeaſe to a Gentleman at a very moderate Price. He made up to theſe Gallants, and commanding them to ſtand, he very civilly demanded their Money; which they reſuſing, he took the Sum of ſix Pounds or thereabouts from 'em by Violence; and becauſe they gave him ſome Trouble before they would part with what they had, he was reſolved to put them to ſome Shame.

To accompliſh this, he preſented a Couple of Piſtols towards them, and ſwore they ſhould ſuffer no leſs than preſent Death, if they did not ſtrip themſelves ſtark naked; and they, to ſave their ſweet Lives, obey'd his Commands. Then tying their Hands behind them, he bound their Legs one to the other, and flaſhing the Horſe, away he ran upon a full Trot with theſe *Adamites*, home to his Inn in Cambridge. But as ſoon as they came into the Town, ſuch a Multitude of Men, Women, and Children, were hallooing and hooting after them, that the like to be ſure was ſcarcely ſeen after the Lady *Goditha*, when ſhe rid naked thro' the City of Coventry. But their Shame did not end here; for the young Gen-

tleman being call'd to an Account by the Vice-Chancellor, for this Scandal which he had brought on the Collegians, by his publickly keeping Company with lewd Women, he was expell'd by the University; and the Strumpet ſent to the Houſe of Correction, to do farther Pennance by Way of Mortification for the Fleſh.

Having performed this Exploit, and removing his Quarters on t'other Side the Country, he met with his Taylor and Son, who had lately arreſted him for a Sum of four or five Pounds, which he ow'd Mr. *Stitch*. Reſolving now to be revenged on him, he requeſted him to deliver his Purſe; but the Taylor not approving of his Propoſition, he uſ'd a great many Words and Ceremonies to divert Ned Bonnet from his Project. Ned not being to be Tongue padded, he, by force of Arms, took thirty ſix Pounds away from his former Creditor, and rid off; which made the Son ſay to his Father, *I wonder what theſe Fellows can think of themſelves? Surely they muſt go to Hell for committing theſe notorious Offences.* *God forbid*, reply'd the Taylor, *for to have Converſation of ſuch Rogues there, would be worſe than all the reſt.*

After this, Ned Bonnet meeting on the Road betwixt Cambridge and Ely, Mr. *Piggot*, the Anabaptiſt Preacher in *Little Wilſtreet*, he commanded him to ſtand and deliver; whereupon, this pious and much Pains-taking Propagator of the Goſpel, being very loath to part with his *Ummen* to this D—l of a Robber, as thinking it falſe Herauldry to put Metal to Metal, he dropp'd a great many devout Sayings to divert him from his intended Purpoſe. This putting Ned Bonnet into a great Paſſion, he ſaid, 'Pray, Sir, keep your Breath to cool your Porridge, and don't talk of religious Matters to me, for I'll have you to know, that, like all other true bred Gentlemen, I believe nothing at all of Religion; therefore deliver me your Money, and beſtow your laborious Cant upon your female Auditors, who'll never ſcold at their Maids without cudgelling them with broken Pieces of Scripture, which flow very fluently upon them on all Occaſions.' So taking from him a good Watch, worth eight Pounds, and as many Guineas, he ty'd his Legs under his Horſe's Belly, and left him to ſteer his Courſe as well as he could.

Another Time Ned and his Associates meeting with a Perſon of Quality, attended by four Servants, on the deſcending of a Hill into a hollow Way, the one Side whereof was incloſ'd with a craggy ſhattered Rock, and the other with a large Wood, riſing conſiderably higher than the Road, here they thought it very proper to aſſault the Nobleman and his Attendants, whom they commanded to ſtand and deliver what they had. At this the Perſon of Quality ſmil'd, (thinking, or at leaſt diſſembling that he thought ſo) that they were only in Jeſt, and told them, *He believed they were Gentleman only upon a Frolick; therefore, if they would accompany him to the next Town, they ſhould be entertained with the beſt the Place would afford.* To this Ned and his Comrades reply'd ſurlily, *They muſt con-*

vince him by stronger Arguments if he persisted not to deliver his Money, which nolens volens they were resolved to have. So having made ready, they bore up to seize his Horse's Bridle. Upon this, perceiving they were in Earnest, a sharp Dispute began betwixt them; but the Nobleman's Party being overpowered, they were forced to surrender themselves Prisoners at Discretion.

The Robbers then taking from the Nobleman a Purse full of Gold, a gold Snuff-Box, a gold Watch, and a rich diamond Ring, they carried him and his Servants into the adjacent Wood, where tying them Hands and Feet, they left them; but saying, *That they would bring them more Company presently.* Accordingly, they were as good as their Word, for in less than two Hours they made the Nobleman and his four Servants just a dozen Persons, whom also binding, quoth Ned Bonnet, 'There are now twelve of you, all good Men and true; so bidding you farewell, you may give in your Verdict on us as you please when we are gone; tho' it will be none of the best, yet to give as little Trouble as may be, we shall not stay now to challenge any of you: So once more farewell.

Ned Bonnet and his Comrades now going to their Place of Rendezvous, to make merry with what they had got, which was at a bye sort of an Inn standing somewhat out of the high Road between Stamford and Grantham, it happened at Night to rain very hard, so that one Mr. Randal a Pewterer, living near Marygold-Alley in the Strand, before it was burnt down, was oblig'd to put in there for Shelter. Calling for a Pot of Drink, whereon was the Inn-keeper's Name, which was also Randal, the Pewterer asked him, as being his Name sake, to sit and bear him Company.

They had not been long chattering before Ned, and one of his Comrades, with a Trull, came down Stairs and placed themselves at the same Table; and understanding, by the Means aforesaid, what this Stranger's Name was, one of the Rogues fixing his Eyes more intent than ordinary upon him, in a deal of seeming Joy, he leaped over the Table, and embracing the Pewterer, quoth he, 'Dear Mr. Randal, who would have thought to have seen you here? 'Tis Ten Years, I think, since I had the Happiness to be acquainted with you.

Whilst the Pewterer was recollecting whether he could call this Spark to mind or not, for it came not into his Memory, that he had ever seen him in his Life, the Highwayman again cry'd out, *Alas! Mr. Randal, I see now I am much altered, since you have forgot me.* So being here arrived to a *Ne plus ultra* how to go on, up starts Ned, and with as great seeming Admiration, said to his Companion, *Is this, Harry, the honest Gentleman in London, whom you so often us'd to praise for his great Civility and Liberality to all People? Surely then we are very happy in meeting thus accidentally with him.*

By this Discourse they would almost have perswaded Mr. Randal that they perfectly knew him; but being sensible of the contrary, he very seriously assured them, that he could not remember that he ever had seen any of them in his Life. No! said they, as struck with Admiration, *that's strange we should be altered so much within these few Years.* Then Mr. Randal began to ask the Spark, who pretended to know him so well, some Questions which he was certain he could not positively answer; but fearing they should then be put to a Nonplus, they waved them, and strained Compliments with Mr. Randal to sup with them; which all his Refusals could not avoid.

By that Time they had supped, in came four more of Ned's Comrades, who were invited also to sit down, and more Provisions were called for, which were as quickly brought, and as quickly devour'd. When the Fury of consuming half a dozen good Fowls and other Victuals was over, besides several Flasks of Wine, there was not less than three Pounds

odd Money to pay. At this they star'd on each other, and held a profound Silence, whilst Mr. Randal was fumbling in his Pocket. When they saw he only brought forth a Moute, which was only as much as came to his Share to pay, he that pretended to know him, started up, and protested he should be excus'd for old Acquaintance sake: But the Pewterer, not willing to be beholden, as indeed they never intended he should, to such Companions, left for this Civility they should expect greater Obligations from him, pressed them to accept his Dividend of the Reckoning, saying, *If they thought requisite he would pay more.*

At last their Trull taking the Wink, said, *Come, come, what needs all this ado? Let the Gentleman, if he so pleases, present us with this small Treat, and do you give him a larger at his taking his Farewell in the Morning.* Mr. Randal not liking this Proposal, it was started that he and Ned should throw Dice to end the Controversy; and fearing he was got into ill Company, to avoid Mischief, Randal acquiesced to throw a Main for who should pay the whole Shot, which was so managed that the Lot fell upon Jonas. For putting the Change upon him, the Dice they threw with ran all Fives and Sixes on Ned's Side, and but only Fours and Fives on the Pewterer's Side; which he perceiving, and going to detect them, their Strumpet snatched them up, and by the Art of *Hocus Pocus*, converted them into regular ones. By this Means Randal, having the Voice of the whole Board against him, was deputed to pay the whole Reckoning; tho' the dissenting Villains vow'd and protested they had rather it had fell to any of them to have had the Honour of treating him, with also making large Promises what great Things they would do the next Morning, to make him amends.

Mr. Randal dissembled his Discontent at these slinking Tricks as well as he could; and they perceiving he would not engage in Gaming, but counterfeited Drowsiness, and desired to be a bed, the Company broke up, and he was shew'd to his Lodging, which he barricado'd as well as he could, by putting old Chairs, Stools, and Tables against the Door. Going to Bed and putting the Candle out, he fell asleep; but was soon awaked by a capering up and down the Room, and an Outcry of Murder and Thieves.

Upon this surprizing Noise he leaped out of Bed, and ran to the Door, to see whether it was fast or not; and finding nothing removed (for the Highwaymen came into his Chamber by a Trap-Door which was behind the Hangings) he wondered how the Noise should be there in his Apartment, unless it was enchanted. But as he was about to remove the Barricado to run and raise the House, he was surrounded with a Crew, who tying and gagging him, they took away all his Cloaths, and left him to shift for himself as well as he could.

A little after, the Inn-keeper, the better to colour his Business, came thundering at the Door, demanding what was the Cause of this Clamour at that Time of Night? But hearing no Body answer, he jumbled open the Door, and entered the Room with a Candle, bringing also his Hostler and Tapster along with him. Finding the Gentleman in that Condition, he soon unloos'd him, with a great deal of seeming Sorrow for this Disaster; for he had not only lost his Cloaths, but also forty Pounds which he had in Gold in his Breeches. In the mean while Ned Bonnet and one of his Comrades came into Mr. Randal's Chamber, to enquire the meaning of this Disturbance there, and when they were acquainted with his Loss, they swore, in a seeming great Rage, *They would find out the Rogues, if they went to a Conjuror.* But the poor Pewterer believed they need not consult the Devil to know who had robbed him, no more than they might have doubted going to him themselves when they died.

Mr.

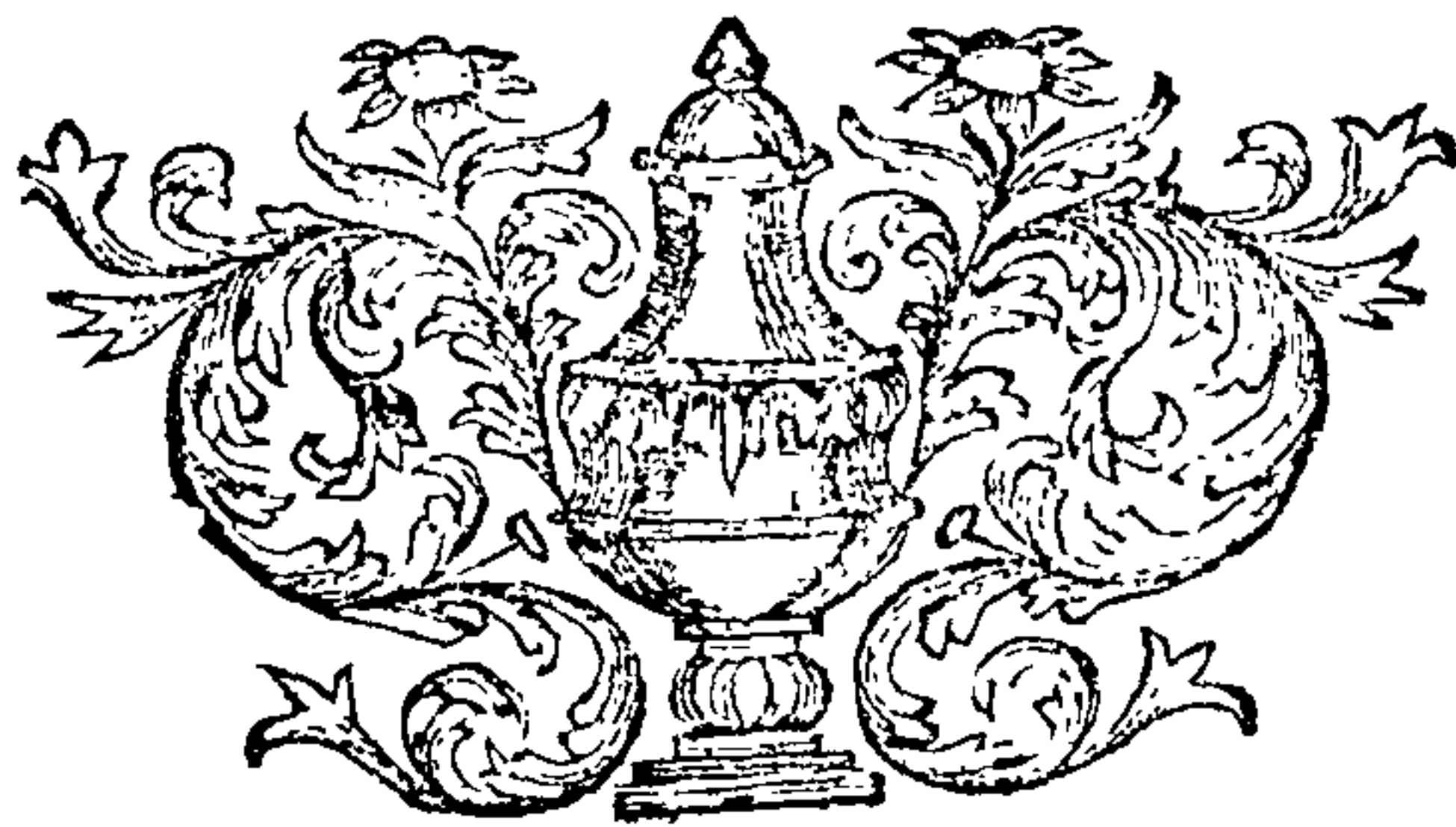
Mr. Randal being thus cheated and robbed of all he had about him, he was obliged to borrow some old Cloaths of the Inn-keeper, and then with a heavy Heart return early in the Morning home again, as being not able to prosecute his intended Journey, for want of Money to defray his Charges.

One Time Ned Bonnet, in a Rencontre on the Road, met with the Misfortune of having his Horse shot under him; whereupon, he was obliged to follow his Trade on Foot, till he could get another. But it was not long before he took a good Gelding out of the Grounds of a Man, who since kept the Red-Lyon-Inn in Hounslow; upon which, riding straight into Cambridgeshire, a Gentleman one Day overtook him on the Road, who had just like to have been robbed. Hearing Ned Bonnet to be tuning something of a Psalm, he, thereupon, took him to be a godly Man, and desired his Company to such a Place, to which he said he was also going, (for a Highwayman is never out of his Way, tho' he is going, against his Will, to the Gallows.) But at length, Ned coming to a Place convenient for his Purpose, he obliged the Gentleman to stand and deliver his Money; which being above eighty Guineas, he had the Conscience to give him half a Crown to bear his Charges, till he had Credit to recruit himself again. This Gentleman ever after could not endure the Tune of a Psalm, and had as great an Aversion against Sternhold, Hopkins, Tate, and Brady, as the Devil has to holy Water.

The Reader will observe by what precedes, that Ned Bonnet had always a sprightly Imagination, and this was yet more apparent before the Faculties of his Mind were debauched by evil Practices: We shall give one Instance, which was omitted at the Beginning, to prove the Liveliness of his Genius when he was but a Child. Being sent by his Father when he was no more than ten Years old, with a Present to the Parson of the Parish, he went and knocked manfully at the Door. The Gift was a Spear-rib, the old Man having just killed a Hog, and it was wrapped up in a Cloth, and put into a Basket. A Servant comes to the Door, and demands of young Bonnet his Business. *I want to speak with your Master* says he. Immediately the Master was informed, and, he imagining what the Affair was, comes to receive the Dole of his pious Parishoner, a Thing that

Gentlemen of the Cloth are as ready to do, as any Men in the World. *Well, my Child,* quoth he, *What is your Business? Why only my Father has sent you this,* says Ned, and gives him the Basket, without moving his Hat. *O He, he, Child,* says Levi, *I have you no Manners? You should pull off your Hat, and say, Sir, my Father gives his Service to you, and desires to see you.* *Thank you for that, Sir,* quoth Ned: *I know better; and if you teach me Manners, I'll teach you Wit.* So away he fairly went with the Spear-rib, which his Father, upon hearing the Story, had Wit enough to keep, and laugh at the Parson into the Bargain.

At length one Zachary Clare, whose Father kept a Baker's Shop at Hackney, being apprehended for robbing on the Highway, and committed to Cambridge Goal, to save his own Bacon, he made himself an Evidence against Ned Bonnet, who being secured at his Lodging in Old-street, was sent to Newgate, where remaining till the Assizes held at Cambridge, before Mr. Baron Lloyd, he was carried down thither, and executed before the Castle, on Sunday the 28th of March, 1713, to the general Joy and Satisfaction of all the People in that Country; where a great Number on Horseback met him on the Road, when he was going down, to conduct him safe to Prison. Before he was turned off he shew'd himself very much troubled for the poor Condition in which he left his Wife and Children, and owned that his shameful Death was no more than what he deserved, in that he had been condemned for his Life not above three Years before, at Chelmsford in Essex, and was pardoned for the same; but not making good use of that Royal Mercy, which was extended towards him, the just Judgment of G O D had now overtook him for all his Wickedness.



The LIFE of JACK SHRIMPTON.

JOHNSHRIMPTON was born of good and reputable Parents, living at *Penns*, near *High-Wickham*, in *Buckinghamshire*, who bestowing so much Education upon him, as might qualify him for a Tradesman, he was put out an Apprentice when he was between 15 and 16 Years of Age, to a Soap-boiler in *Little-Britain*, in *London*; but not serving out his Apprenticeship there, he was turn'd over to another Soap-boiler in *Ratcliffe-high-way*; where getting acquainted with a Parcel of unlucky 'Prentices, they went one Morning early to rob an Orchard a little out of Town. *Jack Shrimpton* getting into a Tree, whilst his Companions lay perdue, to prevent his Discovery, in the mean time a Sea Captain came out with another Brother Officer's Wife to recreate themselves, and just under this Tree wherein *Jack* was hid, our Gallant being dispos'd to give his Lady a Green-gown, she denied his Civility, by Reason a great Dew being fell on the Grass, she was fearful of disoblighing her fine Clothes. Hereupon the Gentleman spread his fine Cloak on the Ground, and giving his Mistress what pleas'd her, and praising his own Activity in the Sport of *Venus*, to a high Degree, *Jack Shrimpton* shaking the Tree, threw the Apples down in Shoals about their Ears. The two Lovers, in a great Fright and Consternation, ran into the House as fast as they could, without any Thoughts of the Cloak, which *Shrimpton*, when he came out of the Tree, with all Speed carried away, and sold for Six Pounds.

When *Jack Shrimpton* was out of his Time, his Inclination not suiting with the Thoughts of getting a Livelihood by his honest Industry, he led a rakish Course of Life, and went into the Army, where he was some time in the Troop of Horse commanded by Major General *Wood*; but not finding such Preferment as he expected by being a Soldier, he came into *England*, and took to the High-way. He did always the most Damage betwixt *London* and *Oxford*, infomuch that scarce a Coach or Horseman could pass him without being robb'd.

One Time overtaking a certain Barrister at Law of the *Middle-Temple*, in the Woods betwixt *Wickham* and *Stoken-Church*, the Gentleman lik'd *Shrimpton's* Horse so extremely well, that he was pleas'd to proffer him 30 Guineas for it at first Word. But *Shrimpton* valuing his Horse at a higher Rate, would not take under 50 for him. The Gentleman told his new Companion, whom he had pick'd up upon the Road, that he had no more than 30 Guineas about him, and what would just bear his Charges to the Place whither he was going; however, because he had a great Fancy for the Horse, he would give him a Note, to be payable upon Sight in *London*, for 10 Pounds more. *Shrimpton* refus'd his Chapman's Offer, saying, *Sir, mine is a Horse worth its Weight in Gold; and, if you was to know all, has procur'd me more Money than ever Bucephalus got for Alexander; therefore I shall not part with him on any Terms: But indeed, Sir, you must part with your 30 Guineas nevertheless, or otherwise we must dispute the Matter presently at Sword and Pistol.* The Barrister was much startled at these Words;

but *Jack Shrimpton* being very resolute in his Demand, he was oblig'd to part with his Money without having the Horse, which he so much admir'd to his Cost.

Some Time after the committing of this Robbery, Mr. *Shrimpton* (whose Practice in this unlawful Course of Life, plainly shew'd his main Industry was to ruin himself, in following a Profession which demonstrated an open Defiance to his Happiness) being in *London*, he accidentally lit into the Company of the Common Hangman, where he was taking a Glas of Wine; and coming to the Knowledge of his Occupation, he ask'd him this Question: *What is the Reason, when you perform your Office, that you put the Knot just under the Ear; for in my Opinion, was you to fix it in the Nape of the Neck, it would be more easy to the Sufferer?* The Hangman replied, *If one Christian may believe another, I have hang'd a great many in my Time, but upon my Word, Sir, I never had any Complaint as yet. However, if it should be your good Luck to make use of me, I shall, to oblige you, be so civil as to hang you after your own Way.* But *Shrimpton* not approving of the Hangman's Civility, he told him, that he desir'd none of his Favours, because they generally prov'd of a very dangerous Consequence.

One Mr. *Littleton*, a Face Painter, living in *Silver street* in *London*, was acquainted with several of *Shrimpton's* Friends, by which means he had been often in his Company; and once having some Business which requir'd him into *Buckinghamshire*, he went and lodg'd at *Shrimpton's* Brother's, who kept an Inn at *Wooburn*. Now whilst Mr. *Littleton* was in the Country, *Jack Shrimpton* din'd with his Wife in *London*, on a Sunday; on the Tuesday following he din'd with Mr. *Littleton* himself, in the County of *Bucks*; and the Day after, being Wednesday, overtaking Mr. *Littleton* in a Coach, near *Gerrard's-Cross*, where likewise were three or four other Coaches, *Shrimpton* spoke first to him, after the usual Words, stand and deliver. Pray, says he, what you do, do quickly, because I have a great deal of Work lies upon my Hands to finish betwixt this and Night. So Mr. *Littleton* giving him 25 Shillings, he rid up to the Passengers in the other Coaches, from whom he took 150 Pounds: But three Days after the playing this Trick, *Shrimpton* sent to *Littleton* the following Letter by a Porter, with two Guineas inclos'd.

S I R,
THE last Time I had the Honour to see you was at *Gerrard's-Cross*, which is all from your Lumble Servant to command.

J. Parker.

Another Time *Jack Shrimpton*, who also call'd himself *Parker*, meeting a Couple of Bailiffs beyond *Wickham*, carrying a poor Farmer to Goal, he desir'd to know what the Debt might be; and being told six Pounds odd Money, he requested them to go with him to the next Ale-house, and he would pay it. They went along with him, where taking

* Bond

a Bond of the Farmer, whom he knew very well, he paid the Bailiffs their Prisoner's Debt and Fees, and then parted. But Jack Shrimpton way-laying the Bailiffs, he had no more Mercy on them, than they had on the Farmer, for he took away what Money he paid 'em, and about 40 Shillings besides; after which he rid back again to the Farmer, and regaling him with a Treat of a Guinea, cancel'd his Bond, and then went in Pursuit of new Adventures.

A little while after Shrimpton travelling the Road, he met with a poor Miller, who was going to turn Highwayman himself; for being very much indebted, so that he expected nothing but to be daily clapt up in a Jail, he was resolved to better his Fortune, or lose his Life. Thus roving along, and meeting (as above said) with Shrimpton, he held up an Oaken Plant, for he had no other Arms, and bad him stand, as thinking that Word was sufficient to scare any Man out of his Money.

Shrimpton perceiving the Simplicity of the Fellow, fir'd a Pistol at him, which (tho' he purposely miss'd him) put our new Robber into such an Agony, that he surrender'd himself to Shrimpton's Mercy; who presently said, *Surely, Friend, thou art but a young Highwayman, or else you would have knock'd me down first, and have bid me stand afterwards.* The poor Miller told him his Misfortunes; on which Shrimpton taking some Compassion, quoth he, *I am a Highwayman myself, and am now waiting in this Road for a certain Neighbour of yours, who I expect will come this way by and by with six score Pounds; therefore if you will be assisting in the Robbery of him, you shall have half the Booty.*

The Miller was very thankful for this kind Offer, and resolv'd to stand by him to the very utmost. Then Shrimpton having told him again, that it was not long since he had robb'd one of his Neighbours of 150 Pounds, he farther said, *Honest Friend, whilst I ride this Way, do you go that Way, and if you should meet him whom I have told you of, be sure knock him down, and take all he has from him, without telling him why or wherefore; and in case I should meet him, I'll serve him the same Sauce.*

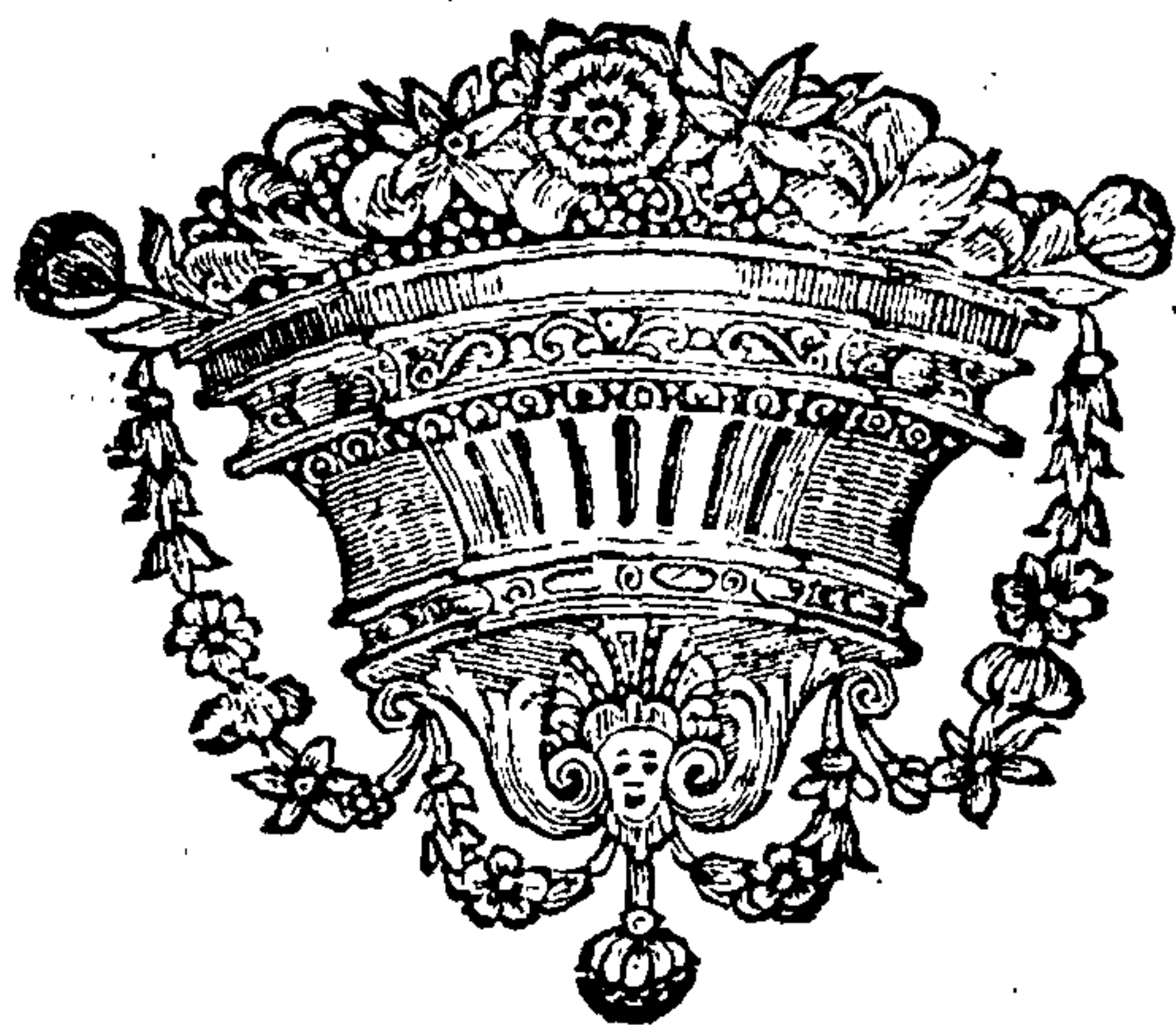
They both separated, and went in Search for their Prey, till at last, upon the joining of two Roads, they met together again. Shrimpton wondering the person he wanted should not yet come, order'd the

Miller to follow him still, saying, *Without doubt we shall catch the old Cuff anon.* But as he was thus encouraging his new Companion, who was just at his Horse's Heels, he takes up his Stick, and gave Shrimpton such a smart Blow betwixt Neck and Shoulders, that he fell'd him to the Ground; then being able to deal with him, he robb'd him of about fourscore Guineas, and bad him go quietly about his Business, or otherwise he would have him hang'd, according to his own Confession, for lately robbing his Neighbour. Thus the Biter was bit; but Shrimpton swore he would never more take upon him to learn Strangers how to rob on the Highway.

This notorious Malefactor pursu'd his wicked Courses a long while, till at last being at Bristol, where he resided for some Months, he was drinking one Night very late a Bawdy-house in St. James's Churchyard, when a Watchman going his Rounds, and hearing a great Noise of swearing and cursing in the House, he compell'd Shrimpton to go along with him to the Watch-house. As they were going together thro' Wine-street, he shot the Watch-man thro' the Body, and flung his Pistol away, that it might not be found; but some Men happening to go by at the same Time, they apprehended Shrimpton, and the Watchman dying on the Spot, they secur'd him till Morning; when carrying him before a Magistrate, he was committed to Newgate in Bristol, where he behav'd himself very audaciously.

At length being brought to a Trial, he was convicted not only for wilful Murder, but also for five Robberies on the Highway.

After Sentence of Death was pass'd upon him, he was very careless of preparing himself for another World, whilst under Condemnation; for two Divines coming to him to admonish him, and give him good Advice about his latter End, he said, *Ye need not be so officious as ye are about my Soul, for 'tis Time enough to take Care of that when I come to the Gallows.* So the Divines seeing him harden'd in his Sin, they left him to take his own Measures; and when he came to the Place of Execution at St. Michael's Hill, he was turn'd off without shewing any Signs of Repentance, on Friday the fourth of September, 1713. Thus died this incorrigible Offender, tho' he had several great Men to make Intercession to the Queen for a Pardon.



The LIFE of DAVY MORGAN.

OF all the Villains which have been obnoxious to the civiliz'd Part of Mankind, *Davy Morgan* was as great as any living in the last or present Age. He was born at *Brecknock*, the chief Town in *Brecknockshire*, in *South-Wales*, from whence he came up to *London* in the Quality of a Servingman to a *Welsh Knight*, when about 18 Years of Age; but as young as he was, he quickly learnt to rob his Master of Money and Clothes, to the Value of above 100 Pounds, and then ran away from his Service.

Being now his own Master, the Company he kept were none of the best, for they were all the greatest Housebreakers, Pickpockets, and Shoplifters, both in Town and Country; by whose Conversation becoming as wicked as the best of them, he had not long turn'd Thief before he broke open the House of a *Venerian Ambassador* in *Pall-Mall*, and robb'd him of above Two Hundred Pounds Worth of Plate, for which being shortly after apprehended, he was committed to the *Gate-House* at *Westminster*.

The following Description, or rather Character, of that Prison, cannot be disagreeable in this Place.

In this Goal, when Prisoners are disposed to drink, the Industry of Man teaches 'em to make a Pit in the Top of their Hats, and to drink in 'em more Grease than Water. If there be found among them a Pot or Kettle, it hath been used in the most base Offices, serving for a Pist-pot, for a Flagon, for an Oil-pot, or Basin. As for Napkins the Prisoners here take their Shirts, or the Outside of their Breeches; and for a Tablecloth the wrong side of an old thread-bare Cloak. In their Garments they keep a great Uniformity, going all of 'em clothed after the manner of Penitentiaries in Lent, all black enough, but most sadly rent and torn. So great Simplicity is among 'em that they cover their Body with one only Shirt, whereof many times they have no more than the Sleeves, and they never leave it off till it can go alone. If Monks should come into that Prison, he could find nothing to reprove them for, because one may see them to the very Intrails. Combs, Tooth-pickers, Wash-balls, Handkerchiefs, and Brushes, are utterly banished from this Place. Here they spend most of their Time in exercising themselves on divers Instruments of Musick, having the Itch for the Mistress of their Recreation. This Goal is reckon'd the Wicket-Door of Hell; and tho' a Prisoner should enter there fuller and richer than the Queen of Sheba when she visited King Solomon, yet should he come forth more lank, more dry, and more feeble, than the seven lean Kine which Pharaoh saw once in his Dreams.

After *Davy Morgan* had procured his Liberty again, he broke one Night into the House of Doctor *Titus Oats*, in *Ax-Tard*, in *Westminster*, and stood Centinel over that reverend Divine, whilst his Comrades rifled most of the Rooms; and then tying him Neck and Heels, after the same Manner as they do a Soldier, with a Couple of Muskets which they found in the Kitchen, *Davy* very sorely gagged him, saying, *That if his Mouth had been so well cramm'd but a few Years ago, he had not sworn so many Mens Lives away for Pastime.*

Another Time getting into a Gaming-house, frequented much by *Bully Dawson*, and perceiving he had won a great deal of Money, he requested the Favour of speaking a Word or two with him in the next Room: *Dawson* taking him to be some Chub or Cully, went along with him, where shutting the Door, *Davy* pulls out a Pistol, which presenting to his Breast, quoth he, *I want Money, Sir, upon a very extraordinary Occasion, therefore deliver what you have without any Resistance, for if you make but the least Noise soever, I'll shoot you thro' the Heart, tho' I were sure to die on the Spot.* *Bully Dawson* being strangely surpriz'd at these Words, and dreading what a desperate Man might do in his Rage, gave him all his Money, which was about eighteen Guineas. Then tying him Hand and Foot, *Davy* went about his Business. By that Time the Bully thought this bold Robber was gone, calling out for Help, several sharpening Gamesters came out of the Gaming-Room to him, and untying him, ask'd, *How that Adventure came to pass?* Which *Dawson* resolving, thro' several Volleys of loud Oaths, they fell a laughing heartily at him, and cry'd, *Dawson, 'twas a fair Nick.*

At last, *Davy Morgan* having committed a great Robbery in *London*, in breaking open a Jew's House in *Dukes-Place*, and taking from thence above two thousand Pounds in Gold, he fled into *Wales*; and in *Presteen* in *Radnorshire*, did not only rob the Church of its Communion Plate, but also broke open the House of one *Edward Williams*, whom he barbarously murdered; but being apprehended at *Bristol*, and sent to Gaol in the County where he committed this most barbarous Crime, he was executed at *Presteen*, in *April 1712*, aged 43 Years, and hanged in Chains.

Now this notorious Offender being hanged on a Gibbet, for an Example to others, it happened to be within a Mile of a Place where a very honest Man lived, whose Wife had been his Strumpet; and she was resolv'd one Evening (in Remembrance of what had formerly pass'd between them) to make his Corps a Visit as he hung on the Gallows. To that End going all alone, she came near the Gibbet in a very melancholly and lamenting Manner; where being come, and beholding the dead Corps waving in the Air, she stood still, looking stedfastly on it.

It happened at the same Time that a Country Traveller, who was a Footman, and whose Journey was intended towards that Town from whence this Woman came, being alone, and Darkness overtaking him, he grew doubtful of the Way, and fearful of being robb'd, and therefore he retir'd out of the Road, and lay close under the Gibbet, still listening if any Passenger went by to direct him in his Way, and secure him by his Company. This Person was unseen by this Night-Visitant, who thinking none had been there but the dead Corps, accosted it after this Manner: *Ab! poor Davy, how sadly art thou expos'd to all the Infortunes of Wind and Weather? How oft have you and I enjoyed sweet Pleasure in each others Arms, and then gone from our Place of meeting both together? and must I*

now part with thee here, and so go home without thee?

At these Words the Traveller starting up in haste, No, by no Means, quoth he, I shall be glad of your Company: And with that made towards her with what Speed he could; but away runs the Woman, thinking her old Companion had just dropp'd down from the Gibbet, and followed her. The Man unwilling to be left alone he knew not where, followed her hard, crying out, Stay for me, stay for me; but the faster he called, the faster she ran. Fear added to the Haste of both; down they tumbled often, but as soon got up again; still she fled, and still he pursued her: But contrary was the Issue of their Fears; for she never looked back till she came to her own House; where finding the Doors open, and her Husband set at Supper, she ran in with so much Violence, that she tumbled her Husband and his Stool down one Way, and the Table and the Meat another Way; so that her Husband, frightened as well as she, ask'd her what the Pox she

ailed, and whether she had brought the Devil to her Tail. But she was so much frighted, that it was long ere she could make him any Answer, or come to her right Senses; and then she told him she was sadly fear'd by the Devil's running after her as she came Home. But the poor Traveller, when he found himself near the Town, slackened his Pace, and so went quietly to an Inn, and there related the whole Story. If this Fright, and the Shame that followed it, made this lewd Woman to see the Foulness of her Sin, and brought her to Repentance, perhaps it was the best Nights Work that she ever made.

This Davy Morgan was a great Comrade of John Winteringham, who was born at Pomfret in Yorkshire; but for robbing the Lodgings of his Master, Thomas Wynn, Esq; of a great many valuable Goods, and his Master's Landlord, Mr. James Mottjoy, of a great Quantity of Plate, was executed at Tyburn, on Wednesday the 10th of March, 1713-14. aged 25 Years.

The LIFE of NED WICKS.

THIS wretched Person, Edward Wicks, was born of very good Parents, who kept an Inn at Coventry, and bestowed on him so much Education in Reading, Writing, and Casting Accounts, as qualify'd him to be a Clerk for extraordinary Business. He was an Exciseman about fourteen Months; but not thinking that a Post sufficient enough to cheat Her Majesty's Subjects, he was resolved to impose upon them more, by taking all they had on the Highway. Being well equipp'd for such Enterprizes, he travelled the Roads to seek his Fortune, and had the good Luck to commit two Robberies without any Discovery: But a third Time being apprehended for a Robbery committed not far from Croydon in Surrey, he was sent to the Marshalsea in Southwark.

This Prison is situated on such a cursed Piece of Land, that the Son is ashamed to be his Father's Heir in't. It is an infected Pest-House all the Year long; and, Lord have Mercy upon us, may well stand upon these Doors; for Debt here, as well as Felony, is a most dangerous and catching Pestilence. In this Place is a lively Representation of the Iron-Age, since nothing but jingling of Keys, and rattling of Shackles, Bolts, and Grates, are there to be heard; and it is the Trojan Horse, in whose Womb were shut up all the mad Greeks that were Men of Action.

However, Wicks was not long under Confinement, before he obtained his Liberty, by his Friends making up the Business with his Adversary, to whom sixty Guineas were given, for taking from him but thirty Shillings. Then running Jebu-like to his Destruction as fast as he could, he kept Company with one Joe Johnson, alias Sanders; with whom going once on the Road, they met, between Hounslow and Colebrook, with a Stage Coach, having four Gentlemen in it; who seeing them come pretty near the Coach, and perceiving they had Masks on, were apprehensive of their Intention of robbing them; and upon that, to be beforehand with them, one of them shot Joe Johnson with a Brass Piece, or Blun-

derbuss, and lodged seven or eight large Shot in his body. Wicks now rode clear off, without any Hurt, whilst his Comrade was apprehended, and, on Suspicion, sent to Newgate; where he was charged by one Mr. Woolly, with robbing him of a silver Watch, and some Money, on the Highway; for which he was hanged at Tyburn, on Wednesday the 17th of February, 1724-5, aged twenty two Years.

But the untimely End of this Fellow making no Impression on Wicks's bad Manners, he still pursues his wicked Courses with a great deal of Pleasure and Satisfaction; and one Day the Duke of Marlborough being at St. Albans, after he was in Disgrace, Ned being then in the Town, and ruminating on the old Proverb, *Fallere fallentem non est fraud*, he thought it no Injustice to finger a little of his Grace's Money; but having too great a Revenue with him when he left that Place, our Highwayman durst not venture to make an Attack; whereupon, riding towards Cheshunt, in the same County, he put into a bye sort of a House a little out of the Road, in which, finding only a poor old Woman, bitterly weeping, and asking her the Reason of shedding those Tears, she told him, That she was a poor Widow, and being somewhat indebted for Rent to her Landlord, she expected him every Minute to come and seize what few Goods she had, which would be her utter Ruin.

Wicks bid the old Woman rest contented, and he would make Things easy; so pulling off his rich lac'd Cloaths, and putting on an old Coat which his Landlady lent him, and having also secur'd his Horse in an old Barn, presently after, the old Miser of a Landlord came and demanded his Rent: Hereupon, Ned rising out of the Chimney Corner, with a short Pipe in his Mouth, quoth he, I understand, Sir, that my Sister here, poor Woman! is behind-hand for Rent, and that you design to seize her Goods; but as she is a desolate Widow, and hath not wherewithal to pay you at present, I hope you will take so much Pity and Compassion on her

mean Circumstances, as not to be too severe: Pray let me persuade you to have a little Forbearance. The Landlord reply'd, Don't tell me of Forbearance, I'll not pity People to ruin myself; I'll have my Money; I want my Rent, and if I am not paid now, I'll seize her Goods forthwith, and turn her out of my House.

When Ned found that no Intreaties nor Persuasions would prevail with the old Cuff to have Patience with the poor Woman a little longer, he said, Come, come, let's see a Receipt in Full, and I'll pay it. Accordingly a Receipt was given, and the Rent paid. Then the Landlord being upon going away, quoth Wicks, 'Tis drawing towards Night, Sir, and there is great robbing abroad, therefore I would advise you to stay here till To-morrow, and take the Day before you. No, no, reply'd the Country Fellow, I'll go home now; I shall reach seven Miles yet, by that Time it is dark. Ah! Sir, said Ned again, but let me persuade you to tarry here; for indeed there is great robbing abroad. I don't care, cry'd the Landlord, what robbing there is abroad, I'll go home now; besides, I don't fear being robbed by any one Man, let him be who he will.

So taking his Horse, away the old Fellow rid, and Wicks after him, dressed then in his fine Cloaths; and meeting him at a Pond where he knew he must pass by, he did not only bid him stand and deliver, but presenting him also with a whole Volley of first-rate Oaths, he so frightened him out of his Wits, that he delivered all the Money he had lately received, and as much more to it.

Then Wicks riding back to the old Woman again, and disguising himself as before, it was not long after, ere the Landlord came to the House again, and knocking at the Door, quoth Wicks, Who's there? The Landlord said, 'Tis I. reply'd Wicks, What I? Why, it is I, quoth the Country Fellow again. At these Words, the old Woman cried, O! 'tis my Landlord. So letting him in, he told his Grievance with a great deal of Sorrow; as how he was robbed by a Rogue in a laced Coat, who swore a thousand Oaths at him, and had certainly killed him, if he had not given him all his Money. Ay (quoth Wicks) I told you there was great robbing abroad, but you would not take my Advice; now I hope you will stay here, Sir, till Morning. However, he did not; for having given an Account of his Misfortune, he made the best of his Way homewards, having nothing more to lose.

A little after the Performance of this Exploit, Wicks being in London, and going one Night along Drury-Lane, dressed much like a Gentleman, who should make a sham stumble by him, but one Madam Toby, a noted Jilt? whereupon, catching hold on her Arm to save her from falling, she returned him many Thanks, and for his Civility, invited him to her Lodging just by, in Princes-street, where she would also make him a suitable Return for his Courtesy. Now Wicks, by his Behaviour in not speaking, seemed to be dumb, but nevertheless, by the Signs he made, he intimated that he accepted of Madam Toby's Proffer; who thinking him to be really speechless, she said as they went along, Oh! dear, Sir, 'tis a thousand Pities that such a handsome likely Man as you are, should be dumb.

As soon as he came to her Lodgings, he made a Sign for Pen, Ink, and Paper, to be brought him; whereby signifying his Desire of having a Couple of Bottles of Claret and a Fowl for Supper, he gave the Maid a Guinea to provide it. Whilst she was gone to get what was ordered, he, by writing his Mind, desired to know of Madam Toby, who was

every now and then crying, What a Pity it is such a well-bred Gentleman should be dumb, the Price of a Nights Lodging, which was two Guineas, as she signified by holding up two Fingers. — So the Bargain being made, after Supper they went very lovingly to Bed; but in the middle of the Night, Ned Wicks arising, and taking a Couple of Pistols out of his Pockets, which he presented to Madam Toby's Breast, quoth he, You sitting B——h, I must have my two Guineas again, and more to boot; therefore if you offer to make the least Noise, these fatal Instruments of Death shall send your Soul to the Devil.

Our Lady of Iniquity was in a great Surprise to hear her suppos'd Cully use his Tongue; but not daring to speak for her Life, he did not only tie her Hand and Foot, but also took from her a very good Watch, a gold Locker, a gold Bracelet, a silver Cup, half a dozen silver Spoons, a velvet Hood, and velvet Scarf, and then left her in a deep Study how to get more. When Wicks was gone, she cry'd out, Murder and Thieves, with such an audible Voice, that alarming all the House, the Landlord, Landlady, and Maid, came running naked into Madam Toby's Chamber; where finding her bound fast to her good Behaviour, after they had set her loose, she told them of her irretrievable Loss, and swore that she would never pick up dumb Men again.

Another Time Wicks meeting with the late Lord M—— on the Road betwixt Windsor and Colbrook, attended only with a Groom and one Footman, he commanded his Lordship to stand and deliver, for he was in great Want of Money, and Money he would have before they parted. His Honour pretending to have a great deal of Courage, swore he should fight for it then. Wicks very readily accepted the Proposal, and preparing his Pistols for an Engagement, his Lordship seeing his Resolution, he began to hang an Arse; which his Antagonist perceiving, he began to swagger, saying, All the World knows me to be a Man; and tho' your Lordship was concerned in the cowardly murdering of M—— and the Player, and Captain C——, yet I'm not to be frightened at that; therefore down with your Gold, or else expect no Quarter.

His Lordship now meeting with his Match, it put him into such a passionate Fit of swearing, that Wicks, not willing to be outdone in any Wickedness, said, My Lord, I perceive you swear perfectly well extempore: Come, I'll give your Honour a fair Chance for your Money, and that is, he that swears best of us two, shall keep his own, and his that loses. His Lordship agreed to that Bargain, and throws down a Purse of fifty Guineas, which Wicks matched with a like Sum. After a quarter of an Hour's swearing most prodigiously on both Sides, it was left to my Lord's Groom to decide the Matter; who said, Why, indeed your Honour swears as well as ever I heard a Person of Quality in my Life; but to give the strange Gentleman his due, he has won the Wager, if it was for a thousand Pounds. Whereupon, Wicks taking up the Gold, he gave the Groom a Guinea, and rode about his Business.

But not long after this, Wicks being apprehended in London, for a Robbery done in Warwickshire, he was committed to Newgate; from whence attempting to break out, he was quickly removed to Warwick Gaol; where being try'd the next July, he was condemned to be hang'd. His Parents made great Intercession for this their only Child; but in vain; for he was executed on Saturday the 29th of August, 1713, aged twenty nine Years.

The LIFE of WILLIAM GETTINGS.

THIS Malefactor was born in the Parish of *Wolbope*, in *Herefordshire*, where he lived with his Father, a Grazier, till he was sixteen Years of Age, and then came up to *London*. He spent, after this, about 5 Years in the Service of several Gentlemen, sometimes in the Capacity of a Butler, at other Times as a Footman. Had he continued honest, as he was at first, he might have done very well, for he was esteemed; but after these 5 Years, he took to bad Company, who soon debauch'd him, both in Principles and Practice.

When he first took to ill Courses, he went by the Name of *William Smith*, and sought his Fortune originally by other Ways of Thieving than that of robbing on the Highway; as House-breaking, Shop-lifting, or the like.

Thus one Evening going privately, dress'd like a Porter, into the House of a Doctor of Physick, living in, or near *Well-Close*, by the *Danes Church* in *Ratcliff-High-Way*, he there took down a rich Bed, and pack'd it up: Then bringing it out of the Chamber, in order to carry it off, he fell headlong down Stairs, insomuch that he had like to have broke his Neck. The Noise alarming the old Doctor and his Son, they came running out of the Kitchen to see what was the Matter; whereupon *Gettings*, who was puffing and blowing, as if he was quite tired and out of Breath, perceiving them nearer than they should be, said to the Doctor, *Is not your Name so and so?* Yes, reply'd the Doctor, *and what then?* Why then, Sir, quoth *William Gettings*, *there's one Mr. Hugh Hen and Penhenribus, has ordered me to bring these Goods hither, which have almost broke my Back, and for which he'll call about half an Hour hence, and fetch them away to a new Lodging which he has took somewhere hereabouts.* Mr. Hugh Hen and Penhenribus, reply'd the Doctor again, pray who's he? for to the best of my Knowledge, I don't know any such Gentleman. I can't tell for that, said *Gettings*, but indeed the Gentleman knows you, and ordered me to leave the Goods here. I don't care, quoth the Doctor, how well he knows me, I tell you, I'll not take in People's Goods, unless they were here themselves, therefore I say carry them away. Nay, pray Sir, said *Gettings*, let me leave the Goods here, for I am quite weary already in bringing them hither. I tell you, reply'd the Doctor, there shall none be left here, therefore take them away, or I'll throw them into the Street else. Well, quoth *Gettings*, I'll take the Goods away then, but I'm sure the Gentleman will be very angry, because he ordered me to leave them here. I don't care, reply'd the Doctor, for his Anger, nor yours neither, I tell you I'll take no Charge of other People's Goods, unless they were here themselves to put them into my Custody. Very well, Sir, quoth *Gettings*, but since I must carry them away, I beg the Favour of you, and the Gentleman there, to lift them on my Back. Ay, ay, with all my Heart, reply'd the Doctor, come Son, and lend's a Hand to lift them on the Fellow's Back.

In a Word, the Goods being lifted on *Gettings's* Shoulders, it was not long ere the Doctor's Wife came from Market, and going into the Room where the Bed was taken down, she came running open-mouth'd at her Husband, and said, *Why truly this is a most strange Thing, that I can never stir out of Doors, but you must be making one whimsical alteration or other in the House.* What's the Matter, reply'd the Doctor, with the Woman? Are you beside yourself? No, said the Wife, but truly you are, in thus altering Things as you do almost every Moment. Certainly, my Dear, reply'd the Doctor, you must have been spending your Market Penny, or else you would not talk at this Rate as you do of Alterations, when none in the least have been made since you have been gone out. Quoth the Wife, I am not blind, I think; for I am sure the Bed is took out of the Room one Pair of Stairs backwards, and pray, Husband, where do you design to put it now? At these Words the Husband and Son going presently up Stairs, they found the Bed was stollen, which, to be sure, fretted them; but nevertheless, they durst not tell the old Woman that they had a Hand in the losing it, by helping the Thief to carry it away and so they now made the best of a bad Market, since all the fretting in the World would not bring it back again.

Tho' *Gettings* was so successful in robbing this House, yet his Genius not agreeing with this sort of Theft, he was resolved to try his Fortune on the Highway; and one Day meeting with a noted Evidence, that pretended to make a Discovery of the World in the Moon, by telling who was the Pretender's Father and Mother, trudging it on Foot along the Road betwixt *Isleworth* and *Bromley* in *Kent*, he commanded the Sharper to stand and deliver; then taking from him two Pence halfpenny, for which he stood as hard as a Shoemaker would for a Piece of Carrot, but to no Purpose, he said, *The World was come indeed to a very sad Pass, that one Rogue must prey on another.*

Shortly after the robbing this incorrigible Villain, *Gettings* robbed a Man on the Way to *Chelsea*, and took from him about twelve Shillings, and a Pair of silver Buckles. Next he robbed a Stage Coach upon *Hounslow-Heath*, taking from the Passengers a silver Watch and some Money. Next he robbed another Stage Coach, not far from *Reading* in *Berkshire*, and took from the Passengers four Guineas and some Silver. And next he robbed Esq; *Dunbarrow's* Coach a little beyond *Putney*, and took from him and his Lady a gold Watch, and three or four Pieces of Gold, with some Money in Silver.

But the most notable Action he ever committed, was this which follows. Having been riding one Day into the Country for his Pleasure, as he was returning home in the Evening very well mounted, and dress'd much like a Gentleman, just at *Tooting*, by *Richmond*, he perceived from a rising Ground Sir *James B* ——— walking in his Gardens, which were very fine indeed, and of a large Extent. Then riding up to a Gardener standing at a Back-Door,

Door, he enquired of him, whether a Gentleman whom Curiosity led to see those Gardens, of which he had heard so much Talk in their Praise, might not have the Liberty of taking a Walk in them. The Gardener knowing Sir *James* was free that any Person appearing in good Fashion might walk there, he gave *Gettings* Admission into them.

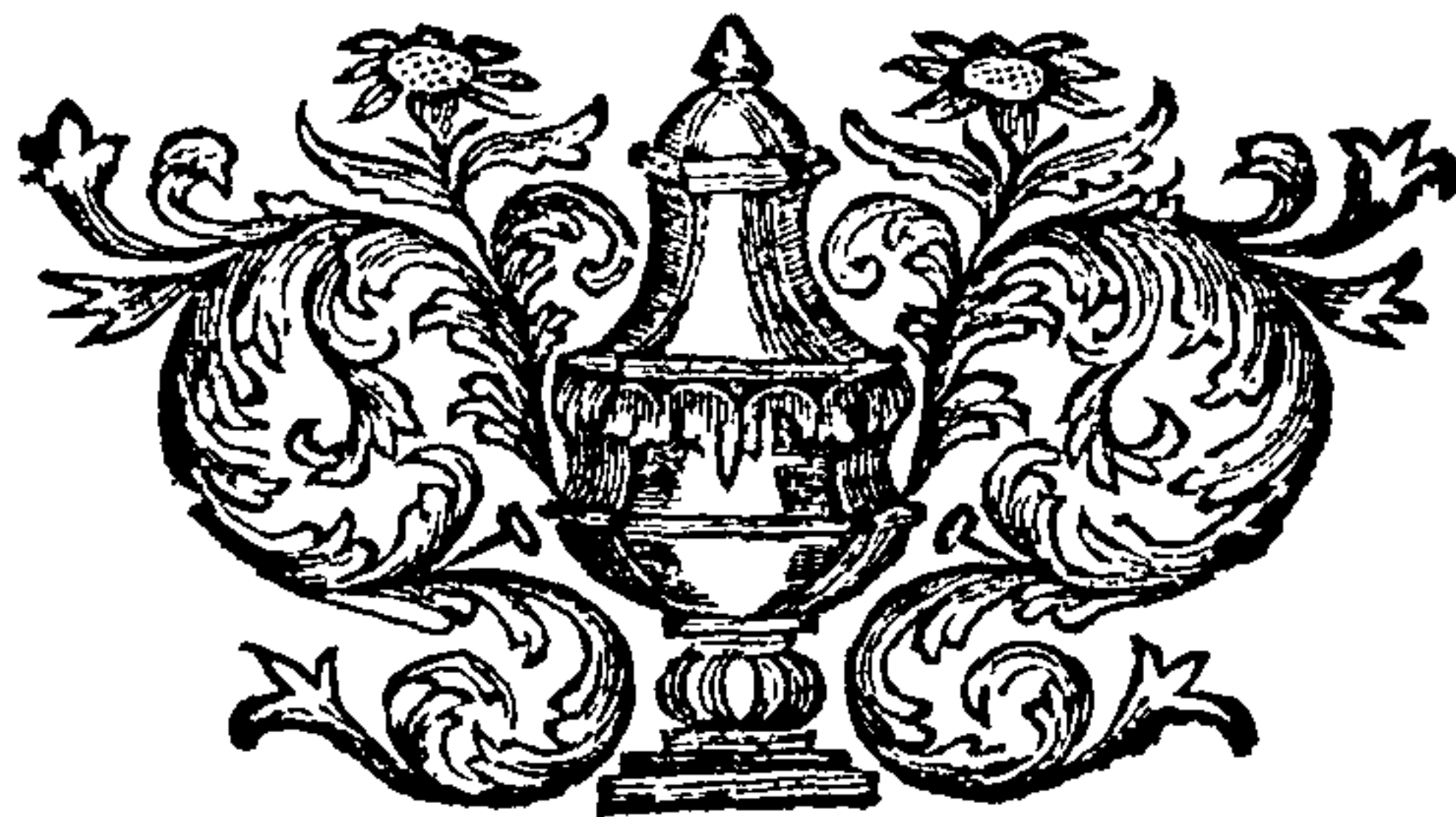
Gettings alighting, he gave the Gardener his Horse to hold; and in the Walks seeing Sir *James B—*, to whom he paid Respects in a very submissive Manner, withal hoping, that he would pardon his Presumption of coming into his Gardens, when his Worship was therein recreating himself, the courteous Knight assured him he was very welcome, and invited him to see his Wilderness; where sitting down in an Arbour, *Gettings* in their Discourse was pleas'd to say, *Your Worship has got a very fine diamond Ring on your Finger. Yes,* reply'd Sir *James*, *it ought to be a fine one, for it cost me a very fine Price: Why then,* said *Gettings* again, *it is the fitter to bestow on a Friend; therefore if your Worship pleases, I must make bold to take it, and wear it for your sake.*

At these Words Sir *James* began to startle at his Impudence; but *Gettings* clapping a Pistol to his Breast, told him, he was a dead Man if he made but the least Noise or Resistance. So taking it from him, quoth he again, *I am sensible your Lordship does not go without a good Watch too.* Converting this also to his own Use, and some Guineas out of his Pocket, he then tied his Hands and Feet, and then came away with a Booty worth ninety Pounds; but bid Sir *James* be of good Cheer, for he would send one presently to relieve him. And accordingly going to the Gardener, who held his Horse all this while, and giving him a Shilling, quoth he, *Honest Friend, Sir James wants to speak with you.* Then mounting, he rode presently off the Ground, whilst the Gardener made haste to his Master, and was in a great Surprise to see Sir *James* bound in that Manner which *Gettings* had left him in; but immediately setting him loose, his Worship returned

his Servant many Thanks, for sending a Rogue to rob him in his own Gardens.

He once went purposely from *London* into the Country, to rob the House of a dear Friend, and near Relation of his, which he effectually and easily did, as being well acquainted with all the Parts of that House, and the Ways to go into it, taking away from thence a Horse, some Money, gold Rings, and other Things. And lastly, he robbed Esq; *Harri-son* and his Lady, riding in their Calash towards *Fulham*, and took from them a Purse with four Guineas in it, and some Money in Silver. For this Fact being apprehended by the Right Honourable the Lord *Bolingbroke*, one of whose Servants he shot in taking him, he was committed to *Newgate*, and hanged in the twenty second Year of his Age, at *Tyburn*, on Friday the 25th Day of September, 1713.

At the same Time were also justly executed the following Criminals, 1. *George Hollinsby* for House-breaking. 2. *Thomas Turner* for stealing a Gelding. 3. *John Joyner* for breaking open the House of one Mr. *John Kelly*. 4. *Sarah Clifford*, alias *Atkins*, for picking the Pocket of a Drover, whom she made so dead drunk, that he died in his Drunkenness. 5. *Jane Wells*, alias *Elizabeth Wells*, alias *White*, alias *Dyer*, for Shop-lifting. 6. *John Heath*, alias *James How*, for stealing a Mare. This last Person was about twenty two Years of Age, born at *Thornwood* in *Essex*, in which County his Mother kept a Turn-Pike, or a Gate, thro' which Coaches, Carts, Waggon, and Horses, pay Toll for passing. He was married to, or at least kept Company with, a Pipe-maker's Daughter living at *Saffron-Hill*. He was a most abominable Swearer, and was justly condemned for stealing a Horse or Mare once before; but abusing the Mercy of the Queen's Pardon, to which he, and other notorious Malefactors, pleaded at the *Old-Bailey*, on the 12th Day of August, 1713, he was deservedly hanged in less than seven Weeks after the receiving of that royal Indulgence, which too many have the Benefit of, without making good use of it.



The LIFE of RICHARD KEELE.

A more impudent Villain was never heard of than this of whom we are now to give some Account, who was born of very good and reputable Parents at *Rumsey* in *Hampshire*; and having no other Education bestowed upon him than meer Reading and Writing, he was put Apprentice to a Barber and Perriwigmaker living at *Winchester*, whose Daughter he married; but after seven or eight Years Cohabitation, left her, and married another Woman in *London*, who had fifty Pounds *per Annum*, during Life, quarterly paid her by a Justice of the Peace, living in *St. Margaret's Church-Yard* at *Westminster*.

His sole Delight and Pleasure was ever in keeping Company with the greatest Rogues, Whores, and Thieves, from whom he had learnt so much of their bad Manners, that he exceeded them all in Villany; especially when he came to be a Bailiff, the general Character of which Office is, that the Beginning is detestable, the Course desperate, and the End damnable. Soon after he was married to his last Wife, he kept an Ale-house in *Milk-Alley*, near *St. Ann's Church*; but he had not been long in that Employment, ere he was arrested at the Suit of one *Thomas*, a Soldier in the First Regiment of Foot-Guards, in an Action of one hundred Pound, for keeping Company with his Wife *Isabella Thomas*, a most notorious Shoplift, whom he encouraged in her Thieving till she was condemned, but obtained Mercy.

Being now arrested, as aforesaid, and so little beloved that none would bail him, he was carried to the *Gate-House Prison* at *Westminster*, where he had not been a Week, before forty Robberies were laid to his Charge, for which he was heavy loaded with Irons; but no Prosecution commencing against him, he was admitted to Bail for them before Sir *Peter King*, then Recorder of *London*. But still being a Prisoner on *Thomas's* Action, he removed himself by a Writ of *Habeas Corpus* to the *Fleet Prison*, from whence he was shortly after removed again to *Newgate*, upon an Information exhibited against him for speaking several blasphemous Expressions when in the *Gatehouse*; and being try'd for the same at the *Sessions-House* in the *Old-Bailey*, before the Lord Chief Justice *Parker*, the Sentence of the Court was, *That he should stand twice in the Pillory, once at Charing-Cross, and once without Temple-Bar, and to suffer Imprisonment for a Year.*

When the Time of Confinement was expir'd, and this notorious Fellow had procured his Liberty, he then turned a Bailiff's Follower; but his Income thereby being but very small, and supposing a Thief the more profitable Employment, he stole a Coat and Perriwig, for which he was committed to *Newgate*. On his Trial being found guilty of Felony, he was burnt in the Hand, and ordered to hard Labour at the Workhouse for twelve Months.

Accordingly being carried with one *William Lowther*, and *Charles Houghton*, two other Felons, to *Bridewell* in *Clerkenwell*, on the 19th of *September*, 1713, they made a Mutiny, upon Captain *Boreman's* going to put Irons on them, to prevent their making an Escape out of his Gaol. In this Fray *Charles Houghton* was shot dead on the Spot, *William Lowther* shot in several Parts of his Body, but not

mortally wounded, and *Dick Keele* had one of his Eyes shot out. But these Villains having killed *Edward Perry*, one of the Turnkeys of *Bridewell*, *Keele* and *Lowther* were committed by Justice *Fuller* to *Newgate* again; where the former of them was kept in the Maltster-side, at the Charge of *Isabel Thomas*, that notorious Shoplift; who being now at Liberty, by pleading to Her Majesty's Pardon but in *August* latt, and followed Shoplifting as much as ever, till at last she was apprehended and received Sentence of Death again, on *Monday* the 14th of *December*, 1713, for privately stealing 62 Yards of Silk, Value six Pounds, from the Shop of *Philip Bass*, a Mercer on *Ludgate-Hill*.

Now *Dick Keele* being afraid of coming to a Trial for the Murder of *Edward Perry* at the Sessions-House in the *Old-Bailey*, he put himself into a Salivation; and perhaps it might not be without a Cause; for he was such a common Fellow, that he would debauch himself with the very worst of Whores. But now having no other Device to delay his coming to Justice any longer, he was at the next Sessions brought to a Trial, on which the Evidence for the Queen being very full and clear to the Fact laid to his Charge, he and *William Lowther* were both found guilty of *Wilful Murder*. Notwithstanding this, such was the Assurance and Impudence of *Keele*, whilst in the *Condemned Hold*, that he was sure he should not die, and therefore made no Preparation for his approaching Death, as supposing his Sister, who lived with a Person of Quality, would procure his Pardon. However, mistaking his Aim, he and his Comrade *Will. Lowther* were executed on *Clerkenwell-Green*, on *Wednesday* the 23d of *December*, 1713; the first being 32 Years of Age, and the other but 25.

It was always the Custom of this unhappy Person to say, that he glorified in all manner of Wickedness; and if it ever was his Fate to come under the Circumstances of Death for the Breach of any Law, he should so far behave himself above the common Nature of Mankind, as not to shed Tears for his Offence, when launching into the very Gulph of Eternity; and therefore, like other whining Fools, he should not make any Confession of his Sins to any Person that presumed to ask him at the very Place of Execution, in case he was to come to such an untimely End.

But it is evidently seen, that a shameful Death commonly overtakes such Wretches for their Wickedness; and tho' this Fellow pretended to out-brave the very Terrors thereof, yet when he came under the unhappy Circumstance of being cut off by the Sword of Justice for his Crimes, no Man could bewail and bemoan himself more than he did; however, his Sorrow was not so much for the Thought of his Sins, as being sent out of the Land of the Living in his almost juvenile Years. He stood to his Resolution of Silence, tho' not of Bravery, in not making a Confession of all his Sins, to those who desired it; for according to the Papers put out of him, he never discover'd in particular his robbing of a Shoemaker living once near *Lincoln's-Inn Fields*, call'd *Bond and Judgment*: An Account whereof take as follows.

One Day *Dick Keele* being out of Money, by his paying ten, twenty, or thirty Pounds to an Adversary, whom that notorious Shoplift *Isabel Thomas* used to

rob,

rob, he was resolved to make up those pull-backs by robbing himself. So meeting with *Bond and Judgment*, as aforesaid, (a very honest Man, so called upon his lending Money to People upon such an Assignment made over to him; and as soon as the Time was expired that the Money was to be paid, upon Non-payment, instantly, taking the Advantage thereof, and turned the Person and whole Family out of Doors, by seizing on all they had) I say, meeting with him not far from *Paddington*, and having been over-reached himself before upon an Occasion by the same Fellow, he commanded him to stand and deliver. Quoth *Bond and Judgment*, 'Don't you know me, Sir? Ay, reply'd *Dick*, you Son of a Whore, I know you to be a mercenary Rogue, that would send your own Father and Mother to Gaol for the Fillip of a Farthing; therefore it is but a just Judgment befell you, to take all you have from you. So clapping a Pistol to his Breast, poor *Bond and Judgment* was obliged to stop the Fury of the Bullets, by giving him threescore Guineas; which was such a sinking of his Stock, that he went to *Newgate* quickly after, and was hard put to it to raise Money for an *Habeas Corpus*, to remove his corrupted Carcass to the *Queen's-Bench* Prison in *Southwark*.

Another Time *Dick Keele* being very well mounted on a Horse, and accoutred with Sword and Pistols, who should he meet on *Hounslow-Heath*, but C——, lately a Tradesman, but then an Officer, as well mounted as himself. Nevertheless, he having as much Courage as the pretended Son of *Mars*, he gave him an ugly Word of Command, which was, *stand and deliver*.

Here our military Man was at a Stand indeed, what to say to him; but thinking the bloody Colour of his Cloaths might frighten him, quoth he, 'Don't you see whose Livery I wear? See whose Livery you wear, replied *Dick*, why, are you a Footman? No, said C—— again, I am an Officer in the Army; therefore to your Peril be it, if you presume to stop me when I am about my lawful Occasions. Nay, replied *Dick*, if you are about lawful Occasions, I am about unlawful Ones: Therefore deliver what you have, or else we must try who is the best Man. Said, C—— I don't bear a Commission to fight with Highwaymen, I only wear Her Majesty's Cloth to fight for my Queen and Country. Why then, replied *Dick*, that Cloth, nor any other, must not be Protection

from my Arrest; therefore, as this Pistol is my Tip-staff, I demand your Money upon Pain of Death.' So taking (not finding any Money about him) his Coat, Waistcoat, and Breeches, he ordered him to take up another Sute on the regimental Account.

He utterly hated and abhorred his last Wife, for the sake of *Arabella* or *Isabel Thomas*, otherwise called *Isabel Jones*, alias *Bolton*, alias *Wildman*, alias *King*, besides several other Names, to shroud her from the severity of Justice, of which Custom she had much Occasion, especially after her robbing a great Mercer in *Cheapside*, of above sixty Pounds worth of Silk, for which she had like to have been apprehended, but only she made her Escape thro' the back Alleys to her Lodging in *Ferwin-street*.

She was about thirty three Years of Age, born at *Blackburn* in *Lancashire*, and about eight Years before her Death came up to *London*, where she was a Servant in several worthy Families, in which she behaved herself very honestly; but falling at last into wicked Company, she soon learned to be wicked too, and committed divers Felonies in the Shops of Mercers, Linnen-Drapers, and Lace-men, living in and about the Cities of *London* and *Westminster*; some of which being clearly proved upon her, she was several Times burnt in the Hand.

She formerly received Sentence of Death for stealing several Yards of Muslin out of Mr. *Warman's* Shop, a Linnen-Draper, living at the Corner of *Barbican* and *Red-Cross street*, but received Mercy, by pleading to the Queen's most gracious Pardon the August following. Next, she was apprehended for privately stealing sixty two Yards of Sarcenet, Value six Pounds, out of the Shop of Mr. *Philip Bass*, a Mercer on *Luigate-Hill*, beforementioned, for which she received Sentence of Death again, and was justly executed at *Tyburn*, on Wednesday the 23d of December, 1713, with *James Goswel*, *Thomas Hudson*, Tapster to Mr. *Richard Ferekes*, a Victualler, at the Sign of the *White Horse*, in *White Horse Yard*, in *Drury Lane*, *Giles Spencer*, *Samuel Hicks*, *James Gamelton*, *Anthony Martin*, *James Urwin*, *Richard Layton*, *Sarah Bugden*, alias *Smail*, alias *Jones*, alias *Burgis*, alias *Evans*, and *Mary Baker*, otherwise called *Jane Cook*, *Lobby*, and *Hannun*, or *Harnale*, from the four Men to whom she was marry'd, who were all alive together, for which she suffered Death.

The LIFE of WILL LOWTHER.

THIS Offender was born at *White Haven* in *Cumberland*, and from his Youth brought up at *Newcastle upon Tyne*, in *Northumberland*. He had used the Sea for almost ten Years, and once was (for a little While) Master of a small Collier, given him by his Father, trading between *Newcastle* and *London*; where becoming acquainted with ill Company, and losing his little Vessel one Night at Play, he soon learned the most enormous Vices of the Town, and became as bad as his Companions, in going very frequently upon the Water-Pad, or robbing Ships as they lie at Anchor in the River of *Thames*.

He kept Company with an ill Woman, who was a Prisoner in *Newgate*, and who once being a Servant at a Tavern in *Kingstreet* in *Westminster*, she lost a silver Spoon, and going to Doctor *Cafe*, the

famous Student in Physick and Astrology, in *Fetter-Lane*, to know what was become of it, he would not undertake the Job under ten Shillings, for which the Servant thought she could buy another; but supposing it might not be so exactly like the lost one, which was belonging to a Set highly valued by her Master and Mistress, she promised to give him ten Shillings. So being ordered by the Doctor, after telling where she lived, to call upon him in two or three Days, in the mean Time throwing off his Gown, and disguising himself in his Cloaths, he went to this same Tavern where *Lowther's* Gallant lived, and by calling for something to eat, had the Advantage of borrowing another silver Spoon, and carrying it home.

It happened that the Servant was almost at his Heels, and knocking at the Door, quoth Doctor *Cafe*,

Case, looking then out of the Window, *Open the Latch, Child, and walk into the Parlour, and I'll go and consult Lucifer about your Spoon.* So making a great Rattling and Noise over the Servant's Head, in-
 somuch that she verily thought the Doctor was rais-
 ing the Devil indeed, after he had made the silver
 Spoon red hot in the Fire, bringing it so down in a
 Pair of Tongs, *Here, here, Wench,* quoth he, *here's*
your Spoon again, which I have been forced to fetch
red hot out of Hell. This put her into a great Ad-
 miration; but after it was cold, and finding it to be
 really her Master's, she gave him ten Shillings with
 a great deal of Joy, and went home; where putting
 it to the rest, and finding still one short of her Num-
 ber, she then thought that whilst she had been at
 the Devil for one Spoon, he had come and fetched
 away another.

But soon after going away from her Service, and
 living with *Lowther*, to whom she had told the Sto-
 ry, they consulted to bite the Doctor; and accord-
 ingly, going to Doctor Case, who knew her again,
Quoth she, I am come to acquaint you, Sir, that
living now with a Lady at Highgate, she hath late-
ly lost a gold Locket, and telling her how you once
fetch'd me a Spoon red hot from Hell, her Ladyship
desires to consult you about her Loss; but being in-
dispos'd, so that she cannot wait on you herself, she
craves the Favour of your coming to her; for which
Trouble she'll make you ample Satisfaction. The
 Doctor now thinking he had a good rich Fool to deal
 with, presently dress'd himself, and went along with
 her; but going thro' *Cane-Wood*, who should meet
 them but *Lowther*. *I see, Sir,* says he, *you are*
come just red hot from Hell, by your great Sweat,
and Beard being sing'd, nay, and very Wig too;
pray what Money may you have in your Breeches?
Very little, reply'd the Doctor. But *Lowther* not
 taking his Word, he search'd him, and found in
 his Pockets four Guineas, five half Crown Pieces, a
 silver Watch, a Case of Surgeons Instruments, and a
 good Handkerchief, which he took for his own Use;
 then binding and gagging the Conjuror, he left him
 there to consult *Erra Pater* about his Deliverance,
 which was not obtained till next Morning.

Another Time *Lowther* meeting a great *Virtuoso*
 belonging to the *Royal Society*, taking a serious
 Walk in the Fields near *Paddington*, to meditate on
 the stupendious Works of Nature, he made bold to
 make him stand till he took twenty eight Guineas
 from him; for some of which begging very heartily,
 quoth *Lowther*, 'Well, I know not what ill Stars
 I am born under, but, by G——d, let me rob
 whom I will, the damned Sons of Whores are al-
 ways so unconscionable as to ask for some of their
 Money again. And now here's a Trifle I have
 took from you; why I suppose you are so unrea-
 sonable too, as to expect a Shilling or two out of it
 Why truly I can't tell well how to afford you so
 much; but nevertheless, looking upon you to be
 an ingenious Gentleman, I tell you what I'll do,
 if you can tell me what is the likeliest Thing to a
 Cat looking out of a Window, I'll give you all
 your Money again.' The *Virtuoso* put his Wits
 to work presently, and after naming several Creatures,
 quoth he at last, 'An Owl must have the nearest

'Resemblance to a Cat of any Thing I know upon
 Earth. No no, replied *Lowther*, thou art out still,
 for the likeliest Thing to a Cat looking out of a
 Window, is, a Cat looking in at a Window.' So
 binding the *Virtuoso* to his good Behaviour with a
 strong Cord, he left him to shift for himself as well
 as he could.

But not long after this, *Lowther* met with a sad
 Mischance, for going one Day to an Alehouse in *Co-*
vent Garden, in Christmas Time, where was a Box
 put up by the Servants in one of the back Rooms in
 which he was drinking, for Customers to put what
 they pleas'd into it, he being by himself, heated
 the Poker red hot, and went to unfolding the Box
 as fast as he could, which was filled with Gunpow-
 der, by reason two or three Boxes had been so open-
 ed before there, and the Money took out. As soon
 as the Heat of the Poker came to the Powder, up
 flew the Box, out fell the Money, and the Noise there-
 of giving a loud Report, the Servants went presen-
 tly into the Room, where they found *Lowther*
 frightened almost out of his Wits, with his Wig bla-
 zing about his Ears, his Neckcloth all on Fire, and
 his Face most sadly burnt. However, not pitying
 his mortify'd Condition, they were for carrying him
 before a Magistrate, but making the matter up, by
 paying the Servants three Pounds ten Shillings, he
 was discharged of his getting Box-Money of People
 without asking them for it, and went about his Bu-
 siness.

Lowther having once stolen a Black Pudding in
Clare Market, and clapp'd it into his Bosom, step-
 ping, as he was going along, into *Daniel Burges* Meeting-
 House, where placing himself opposite to that reve-
 rend Don, who was very piously delivering a Lecture
 to his zealous Congregation, in the midst of his elo-
 quent Discourse, looking wistfully towards *Lowther*,
 and saying, *Thou Man! fling that black Sin out of*
thy Bosom, *Lowther* having a guilty Conscience,
 and really thinking the Teacher had spoken to him,
 he flung it at his Head, saying, *And be pos'd to you,*
I had but one Black Pudding, and you are so uncon-
scionable as to desire it of me. Which Transaction
 put the Auditors into a sort of a Surprise, as well as
 the Doctor, who said, *That Fellow was a mere R-*
probate, excluded for ever from the Benefit of taking
hold of his Cloak in a Time of Need. But *Lowther*
 went strait out of the Conventicle, to look for a better
 Prey.

Another Time *Lowther* having stole a Watch, was
 committed to *Newgate*, where compounding the
 Felony, he then escaped the Severity of the Law,
 and procur'd his Liberty. But *Lowther* not per-
 forming his Agreement, his Adversary sent him to
 one of the Compters, where he was removed by a
 Habeas to *Newgate*. Here he first became acquainted
 with *Dick Keele*, with whom after they had got
 their Liberty he went a Thieving, till being sent to
Clerkenwell Bridewell, they there bred a Riot, in
 which *Edward Perry*, a Servant to Mr. *Boreman*
 the Keeper, was killed. For this Fact both these
 Malefactors received Sentence of Death, and was
 executed together, on *Wednesday* the 23d of *Decem-*
ber, 1713, *Lowther* being twenty three Years of Age,
 as beforementioned, in the Life of *Keele*.

The

The LIFE of TOM GRAY.

THIS Name, like that of *Will Holliday*, has had the Luck to belong to more than one of the Heroes of this History. The Gray of whom we are now to speak was born in the Parish of *St. James's Clerkenwell*, of very honest Parents, who put him Apprentice to a Taylor, with whom he served out his Time; but then not without some shrewd Suspicion of wronging his Master sometimes, which was three or four Times made up with a Sum of Money. But when the Term of his Apprenticeship was expired, taking great Delight in going to *Beveridge's Masquerade-School* in *Short's-Gardens*, which was the Nursery a long Time for bringing up a great many wicked Villains, he there got acquainted with such a Pack of Rogues, that their Fellows were not to be met with on this Side the Grave.

Here Gray, being enamoured with one *Pat King*, a most noted Strumpet, such a Familiarity was contracted betwixt them, that to secure her to himself, he took to such Irregularities, as soon brought him to be burnt in the Hand. A little after which Disgrace, his Father dying, and leaving him about eighty or ninety Pounds, he had then so much Thought in him, as to quit the Society of all his wicked Companions, by leaving *London*, and going to the City of *Oxford*, where he kept a Victualing-House for some Years; and improving his Stock there, he left off that Employment, and came up to *London* again, where, with what Money he had, he set up a Salesman's Shop in *Mmouthe-street*, in the Parish of *St. Giles's in the Fields*. This Occupation he followed about three Years, when Incumbrances with Debt lying very heavy on him, he left his House, and quickly comply'd with the wicked Insinuations of bad Men again, and embraced the unhappy Opportunities of doing a great deal of Mischief to honest People.

Now he was grown so abominably wicked, that he committed not a Fact but what was worthy of Death. Beginning first to go on the Foot-Pad, he went one Day into an Inn in *Beconsfield*, where he pull'd out an old Horse-shoe which he had found in the Road; then calling for a Flagon of Ale, he desired the Landlady to lend him a Frying-Pan, into which putting his Horse-shoe, he fell to frying of it as fast as he could, to the great Surprise of all the Company that was drinking in the Kitchen. But, quoth he, *had I now but one slice of Bacon with this Horse-shoe, I should have a Dinner fit for a Prince*. There being two or three good Fitches on a Rack over his Head, the Landlady cut him off a good handsome slice or two, perhaps not so much out of Generosity, as for fear of having her Frying-Pan burnt to Pieces, for want of Butter or Dripping with the Horse-shoe.

Now, quoth Gray, *had I but two or three Eggs too, to fry with my Horse-shoe and Bacon, I would not change Dinners with the best Man in the Town*. Said an old Farmer who sat by, and had a Bag with fifty Pounds in it before him, *I am going home, Friend, with this Money, not above half a quarter of a Mile out of the Town, and if you can stay for your Dinner a little till I come back, I'll bring thee a few Eggs*. Gray thank'd him very kindly, and setting the Frying Pan aside for the present, no sooner was the old Farmer gone away, but he making some Excuse to go into the Yard, met him back-

wards over the Fields, and pulling out a Couple of Pistols, quoth he to the Farmer, *Stand, Sir*. The Farmer reply'd, *Why how then can I fetch you Eggs for your Horse-shoe and Bacon?* Said Gray, *deliver me that Bag under your Arm, and I can buy myself Eggs, without being beholden to any Body*. The Farmer made a great many Words about his Money, but Gray offering to shoot him thro' the Head, he did not only part with it without any farther Denial, but also suffered himself to be ty'd Hand and Foot.

Not long after, a young Woman coming thro' the Field where the Farmer was bound to his good Behaviour, he desired her to go to the Inn from whence he came, and acquaint the People thereof with his Misfortune. The young Woman did as she was requested, and the Inn-keeper himself, and his Hostler, Tapster, and Chamberlain, going to the Farmer's Relief, they asked him how he came into that *Præmunire*. Quoth he, *The cormorant Son of a Whore that was frying the Horse-shoe and Bacon for his Dinner, having not Patience till I fetch'd him some Eggs, he did not only take fifty Pounds from me, but also bound me Hand and Foot, for fear I should pursue him*. The Company unbinding the Farmer, he was at his own Liberty, either to go home, or to return back again to the Inn to be drunk, purely to drive away Sorrow; which latter he chose.

Gray having obtained this Booty, he laid out twelve Pounds of it for a Horse, and a Couple of Guineas for two Pair of Pecker Pistols; and being now, (as he thought) qualified for a true-bred Highwayman, his next Attempt was upon a *Scotch Pedlar*, near *Cirencester* in *Gloucestershire*; from whom taking his whole Pack, valued at about sixty Pounds, and a Hue and Cry being expeditiously sent after him, he was apprehended and committed to *Gloucester Gaol*, from whence he made his Escape in a short Time, by setting it on Fire, and thereby smothering three of his fellow Prisoners to Death.

One Day drinking at *Pancras*, and clying a Coach and six Horses coming from *Highgate*, he presently mounted, and meeting it in a narrow bye Lane, he attacked the Gentleman that was in it, from whom he took forty eight Guineas, and then robbed the Coachman, Postillion, and two Footmen, of about fifty Shillings. Not far from the same Place, he assaulted a Justice of the Peace coming from *Hampstead*, and taking from him a silver Watch, and about sixteen Shillings, he bad him to observe what Oaths he had sworn, (which, to be sure, were not a few,) to the end his Worthip might make him pay for them in case he should ever be brought before him for any Misdemeanor.

Another Time he and two other Highwaymen meeting with one Mr. *W*— a Goldsmith, living in *Covent-Garden*, as he was riding to *Epping*, they robbed him; and cutting the Girts of his Stonehorse, he no sooner smelt the Mares of these Rogues, but he was for covering them, and continued so troublesome to them, for all their whipping and flailing him, that they leaped over some Pales, and the Stonehorse after them, and rode till they came into the Yard of a Friend of Mr. *W*— who knowing his Horse very well, and perceiving it without either Bridle or Saddle, secured them till he knew what

was become of Mr. H——. Two or three Hours afterwards the foretold Person coming also to the same House, and telling his Friends how these Fellows had robbed him, they had them before a Magistrate, who committed them to *Chelmsford* Gaol; but they did not tarry long there, for in less than a Week they all three broke out, with a great many other Felons along with them.

He had committed several Robberies in Company with *Edmund James*, and *William Biggs*, particularly on the 2d of *January*, 1713-14, when they stopped a Coach coming from *Hampstead*, and took from the Passengers that were in it about one Pound eight Shillings. But at last he was apprehended for assaulting and robbing one Mrs. *Baxter*, as she was coming from *Hampstead* towards *London* in a Coach, which he stopped near the Halfway House, and took from her three Shillings; also for robbing one Mrs. *Wilson* of some Money, as she was riding to *Hampstead*; and for robbing one Mr. *Samuel Harding* of nine Shillings near the Halfway House to *Hampstead*.

For these Facts he was committed to *Newgate*, where his Behaviour was very abominable and wicked all the while he was under Confinement: and tho' Sentence of Death was passed on him, yet was he so hardened in his Sin, that he said to the Ordinary, because he refus'd to administer the Sacrament of the Lords Supper to him, that he would certainly kill him, if ever he durst venture to come to pray with him in the Cart at *Tyburn*, where he was executed on *Wednesday* the 10th of *March*, 1713-14, aged above fifty Years.

On the same Day *Edmund James*, one of his villainous Comrades, suffered Death with him, at the same Place, for three several Robberies committed on the Queen's Highway. He was born at *Dunstable* in *Bedfordshire*, where he served an Apprenticeship of eight Years to a Chirurgeon; and what is more remarkable, is, that he was hanged on his Birth-Day, being then just thirty two Years of Age.

The LIVES of CHRISTOPHER DICKSON, JOHN GIBSON, and CHARLES WEYMOUTH.

CH R I S T O P H E R D I C K S O N, the first of these Malefactors, aged 22 Years, was born at *White-Chapel*, where he served five Years Apprenticeship with a Baker, and then by consent, parted with him. Afterwards he was Journeyman to another Baker, but staid not long there, before bad Company drew him away, and seduced him to follow wicked Courses. The chief Persons who led him astray, were *John Gibson* and *Charles Weymouth*; the first of whom aged twenty Years, was born at *Newcastle under Line*, in *Suffolshire*, and was a Sea faring Man; and the other aged twenty five Years, born at *Redriff*, had also been brought up to the Sea, and served the Queen on Board some of her Men of War, for several Years off and on.

When these wicked Wretches first launched out into the Ocean of Iniquity, they met a poor old Man going to *Brentford* Market, whom they assaulted on the Highway; but finding nothing about him but an old Pair of Spectacles, *Kit Dickson* took them away for madness: The old Man begging hard for them said, *Gentlemen, pray be so kind as to return me my Spectacles; for they are but little worth to you, and very serviceable to me, as fitting very well my Age, which is above threescore Years.* But *Dickson* swearing heartily at him, because he had no Money, told him, he would not part with them, till *Jack Gibson* said to his Comrade, *Prithee, Dickson, give the poor old Fellow his Spectacles; for if we follow this Trade, we may assure ourselves, we shall never reach his Years, to make any use of them;* whereupon *Dickson* returned the old Man his Spectacles again.

One Morning before break of Day, these Sparks lying perdue for a Prey, where was a dead Horse flea'd in a Field, they threw the Carcass cross the Road; and a little after a Country Fellow riding before it was light, a full Gallop, and not perceiving the Obstacle laid in his Way, down fell his Horse, and flung him into a Ditch. In the mean Time, these acute Rogues coming to his Assistance, they very kindly helped him out of the Mire; but

for Civility-Money, they took three Pounds odd Money of him, and bound him both Hand and Foot, whilst his Horse was run quite away. Some short Time after it being broad Day, some Passengers came by, to whom the Country Fellow crying out for Relief, they went and unbound him; and when he was on his Legs again, and saw the dead Horse lying in the Road, quoth he, *Guys that such Rogues as these were never heard of before, for they have stolen the very Skin off of the Horse I ride on.* Then going home on foot, where he found his Horse was got before him, quoth he to his Wife and Servants, *Guys that, how came Dobbin alive now? I assure it can't be him, it must be the Devil in his Shape; for my Horse was killed and does not above three or four Hours ago, by a Parcel of Rogues that robbed me of all the Money I had about me.* And ever after, let his Wife and servants say what they would to the contrary, they could never persuade him that it was the same Horse he rid out with.

Another Time these accomplished Villains riding into the Country, they there killed an Ox, and cutting off three of its Feet, about the same Length that Neats Feet are usually sold at Market, they put them into their Portmanteaus, which were only stuff'd with Straw. Then going to an Inn in *Faringdon* in *Berkshire*, they called for a very plentiful Supper, and went up to their Chamber, in which was two Beds. But before they turned into Bed, they cramm'd the Straw which they had in their Portmanteaus up the Chimney, and then filled them again with two good Pair of *Holland* Sheets, three Pillow-biers, two Pair of *Callico* Window Curtains, one fine Blanket, and a very good Quilt, and then went to their Repose.

In the Morning our Adventurers lying very late, the Chamberlain having the Curiosity of going softly up Stairs to see whether they were stirring, and peeping thro' the Keyhole of the Door, against which one of the Beds was plac'd, he perceived three cloven Feet, which they had tied to their Feet, dangling out at the Bed's Foot. At this sight running down

Stairs

Stairs again very much affrighted, (for his Hair stood on end, and the Sweat ran down his Face in Drops as big as Pease) quoth he to his Master and Mistress, *The three Strangers that came hither last Night, are three Devils; nay, I'm sure they must be Devils, for I saw their cloven Feet.*

The Master not believing this Relation without ocular Inspection himself, away he crept softly up Stairs, and peeping thro' the Keyhole too, he no sooner saw the black cloven Feet hanging out at the Bed's Foot, but he ran down Stairs faster than he went up, and told his Wife, That it was true what the Chamberlain said, furthermore adding, *I am ruined and undone; for if it should be known that so many Devils haunt my House, I shall never have a Customer come to it again; and how to be rid of those Devils I can't tell.*

The Inn-keeper's Wife being much startled at what her Husband said, after some short Pause on the Matter, quoth she, *My Dear, I would have you go and fetch the Parson of the Parish hither presently, and see if he can rid the House of these infernal Guests, by laying them.* Accordingly the Parson was fetched, who positively assured them over a Pint of Sack, that he would soon send them all to Hell again, their proper Place of Rendezvous, in spite of their Teeth.

The Parson now softly creeping up Stairs to behold them, he no sooner saw their cloven Feet too, but he ran down again in as great Precipitation as the Inn-keeper and Chamberlain had done before him, saying, *Indeed, Neighbours, them Guests in that Room are certainly all Devils; therefore the only Advice I can give you is this, That when their Devilships are pleased to come down, you must give them very good Woras, and take not one Farthing for what they have had for themselves or for their Horses.*

The Inn-keeper and his Wife promis'd to observe his Direction, altho' their Reckoning came to above a Guinea; and at last the Devils coming down into the Kitchen, where they called for a good Breakfast, they demanded what was to pay? Quoth the Host, *Not one Farthing, Gentlemen: You are kindly welcome, without paying any Thing.* They still insisted upon paying their Reckoning; but when they found that their Landlord and Landlady would not take any Money, they took Horse and rid strait towards London. Afterwards the Chamberlain going to take the Linnen off the Bed, and finding it ready took to his Hands, with divers other Things, as above specified, he acquainted his Master thereof, who said, *Why then I'm come off better still; for considering they were thieving Devils, 'tis very well they did not take the House away with them; but I hope I shall never be troubled with such Guests again.* And indeed he had his Desire, for it was their Intention not to trouble him any more.

At length the Devil indeed having left these sham Devils in the Lurch, they were met with at last, and sent to Newgate; and at Justice-Hall in the Old-Bailey, were indicted upon three special Indictments, for assaulting and robbing John Edwards, Thomas Blake, and Samuel Slap, on the Queen's Highway.

To all these Indictments Weymouth pleaded guilty; and the other two putting themselves upon their Trial, it was proved, That the several Persons robb'd, coming to Town to sell Cattle, staid to drink at the Anchor and Hope at Stepney, where the Prisoners were, with others of their Gang; and staying till near

Ten o'Clock at Night, as they were coming over the Fields, were set upon; and they robbed Edwards of a Hat, value four Shillings, eleven Shillings in Money, and a Pocket-Book; Blake of fourteen Shillings in Money, a Pocket-Book, a Pair of Scissars, and a Buckle; and Slap of twenty Shillings in Money, and a Hat. Edwards having a Stick in his Hand, oppos'd them, and defended himself as long as he could; but they beat him so very barbarously, that he was in Danger of his Life, and could not appear against them.

William James one of their Accomplices, being sworn, depos'd, That he and the Prisoners, and Charles Wade, and Henry Thompson, not taken, being at the Anchor and Hope in Stepney, were told by a Woman, that there were three Men had Money; whereupon they went to the Sign of the World's End, and stay'd till they came out, and then followed and robbed them: The Evidence being so very plain, the Jury found them Guilty.

When these Criminals were under Sentence of Death, they whistled and play'd at Cards, till the very Day before they were to die; when reflecting on the past Follies of their ill spent Lives, they then began to bewail their Misfortunes; before this they were so little concerned for the dreadful Circumstances in which they lay, that instead of preparing themselves for their latter End, they only sung and damn'd. Weymouth particularly declared, That his coming to an untimely End, was occasion'd by his keeping Company with an old Bawd in Grays-Inn-Lane, of whom, and all others of that Profession, he gave the following Character.

They are the Refuse and Sink of all human Society, who having pass'd thro' all the Degrees of Wickedness with their own Bodies, and finding they are incapable of acting any farther Wickedness themselves, do (when they are grown old) become the Devil's Factors, and tempt others to do that which they are now unable to perform, and thereby do what in them lies to take the Devil's Work out of his Hands, their whole Business being to involve others in the same Damnation with themselves. These, wherever they are found, are the very Pests and Plagues of a Nation, and above all other Offenders, deserve to be made Examples of Publick Justice.

On Wednesday the 10th of March, 1713-14, they were convey'd up Tyburn Road. At the same Time suffered Death with them, Alexander Petre, for privately stealing a great Quantity of Copper, of the value of twenty Pounds, out of the Warehouse of one Mr. Thomas Chambers. He readily confess'd that he was guilty of the Fact; but said, That one Powel, the Evidence against him, was the Person that enticed him to the Commission of that Crime. He was twenty two Years of Age, born at Newcastle upon Tyne, in the County of Northumberland; his Calling a Sailor, having for twelve Years been employ'd on board several of her Majesty's Men of War; and the last of them on board which he serv'd was the *New Advice*, a fourth Rate. And also Samuel Denny, alias Appleby, was hanged on the same Day, for stealing a Gelding from Mr. John Scagg, and robbing him of twenty seven Shillings in Money, on the Queen's Highway; he was twenty three Years of Age, born at Braintree in Essex, and a Wheelwright by his Trade; but had served four Years as a private Centinel in the Army, which being a Soldier was the Occasion of his taking to ill Courses.

The LIFE of WILL OGDEN, and TOM REYNOLDS.

THE first of these Villains was born in *Wall-nut-Tree-Alley*, in *Tooley-street*, in *Southwark*, being a Waterman by his Calling; and the other was born in *Cross-Key-Alley*, in *Bar-naby-street*, being Apprentice to a Dung-Barge Man, living between *Vaux-Hall* and the *Nine Elms*; but running away from his Master before he had served his Time, and taking ill Courses with *Ogden*, they first robbed several Ships, Hoys, and other Vessels below Bridge, for above two Years; when being very like to have been once apprehended for this sort of Theft, they left it off, and took to House breaking.

Several Houses they had broke open and robb'd in and about the Borough of *Southwark*. But at last being apprehended for breaking open a Watch-maker's Shop in the City of *London*, and stealing thence twenty six Watches, in Company of another Rogue, who made himself an Evidence against them, they were committed to *Newgate*, and condemned; however, they both had the good Fortune to be reprieved, and in *August* 1713, pleaded her Majesty's most gracious Pardon, after which they obtained their Liberty.

Nevertheless, these hardened Rogues not making good Use of that Mercy which they had received, they turned Foot-pads; and one of them, namely *Ogden*, meeting one Night, when the Moon was up, with a Parson who lived at *Peckham*, pretending to be a Seaman, out of all Business, and in great Distress, he humbly begg'd an Alms of him; whereupon the Parson taking Compassion on the dismal Story which he told him of his extream Poverty, he gave him Six-pence, and so they parted. The Parson had not gone above the length of a Field before *Ogden* met him again, going over a stile, and begging his Charity again, quoth the Gentleman, *You are the most impudent Beggar that ever I met with.* *Ogden* then telling him that he was in very great Want, and that the Six pence which he gave him would not relieve his pressing Necessities, he gave him half a Crown; whereupon *Ogden* saying, *These are very fat Times, for there's horrid robbing abroad; therefore if you have any Money about you, you may as well let me have it as another, who perhaps may abuse you, and binding you Hand and Foot, make you lie in the Cold all Night; but if you'll give me your Money, I'll take Care of you, and conduct you very safe Home.*

The Parson then gave him all his Money, which was about forty Shillings. Quoth *Ogden*, *I see you have a Watch, Sir, you may as well let me have that too.* The Parson gave him that also; and as they were trudging along, out came two or three Fellows upon them, to whom *Ogden* crying, *The Moon shines bright*, they let them pass quietly; and shortly after two or three other Fellows came suddenly on, to whom *Ogden* crying again *The Moon shines bright*, they also permitted them to pass by. At last *Ogden* brought the Parson to his Door, where the Parson invited him to walk in, with a Promise that he would not hurt a Hair of his Head on any Account; but *Ogden* refusing the Parson's Proffer, he called for a Bottle of Wine, and drinking to *Ogden*, to whom he gave the Bottle and Glass to help him-

self, he ran away with them, saying, he would carry the Wine to them that should certainly drink his Health.

Not long after this Civility shewed the Parson, *Ogden* and *Reynolds* one Evening meeting with *Beau Medlicote*, walking near *Marybone*, they commanded him to stand and deliver. He made some Refusal at first, pretending as if he would defend himself by his Sword; but presenting their Pistols at him, and knowing how a Gentleman had once caned him for making Love to his Wife, quoth they, if you do not presently deliver your Money, we shall serve you worse than *Sir Robert Atkins* did; whereupon searching his Pockets, and finding therein two half Crowns, one of which was Brass, they most grievously thrashed the Spark for carrying bad Money about him.

Another Time *Ogden* and *Reynolds* in Company with one *John Braishare*, who was Grandson of that infamous Villain, Serjeant *Braishare*, who passed Sentence on King *Charles* the First to be beheaded, watching for a Prey in a Wood near *Shooter's-Hill*, in *Kent*, one *Cecilia Fowley*, a Servant Wench, just come out of Service, happening then to be passing by with a Box on her Head, *Jack Braishare* went up to her by himself, being, as he thought, sufficient enough to deal with her, and taking her Box from her, in which was her Cloaths and fifteen Shillings in Money, which she had received for a Quarter's Wages, whilst he was rifling of it, after he had broke it open, a Hammer being therein, she takes it up, and striking him on the left Temple with it, the Blow felled him to the Ground on his Back: She then seconded it with the Claw of the Hammer, by striking it into his Windpipe, of which Wound the Rogue instantly died.

In a very short Time a Gentleman riding by, to whom she told the Story, he made up to the deceased, in whose Pockets he found eighty Guineas, and a Whistle, with which whistling, *Ogden* and *Reynolds* came presently running out of the Wood; but perceiving it to be a wrong Person that whistled, they as nimbly ran into the Wood again. Then the Gentleman carried the Maid before a Magistrate, where he was bound for her Appearance at the Assizes held at *Rocheſter*, in *March* 1714, when she came there to take her Trial, and was acquitted.

Once *Ogden* and *Reynolds*, meeting a Tallyman near *Camberwell*, very well noted for his dealing with most of the poor People in the Parish of *St. Giles's in the Fields*, especially Hawkers, whom he lay with first, and sent next to the *Marshalsea*, they commanded him to stand and deliver; he us'd many Expostulations with them, hoping they would have Pity on a poor Man, who took a great deal of Pains for his Bread. Quoth *Ogden*, *Thou Sparrow of Hell! have Pity on thee? No Sirrah, I know thee too well, and wouldest almost as soon be kind to a Bailiff, or an informing Constable, A Tallyman and a Rogue are Synonymous, or at least convertible Terms. Every Friday you set up a Tenter in the Marshalsea-Court, upon which you rack and stretch poor Prisoners like English Broad-Cloth, beyond the Staple of the Wool, till the Threads crack, and that causes them with the least Wet to shrink, and*

presently wear bear. Money is so much thy Darling, that for this you would fall down and worship the Image of a Nero, nay, of a Devil, rather than want the single Penny that bears it, yet you pretend to-Honesty; but again, I say, that you, and all your Calling, are worse Rogues than ever were hanged at Tyburn: So taking from him a silver Watch, two gold Rings, and twenty eight Shillings, they then stripped him, and binding him Hand and Foot, left him under a Hedge to shift for himself.

These Criminals were great Cronies of one *Thomas Jones*, a Victualler's Son at *Deptford*, and *John Richardson*; the former of whom was Butler, and the other Footman, to an Esquire living at *Eltham*. These Fellows one Day robbing a Gentleman on *Black-Heath*, and leaving him there bound Hand and Foot, their Master, within some few Hours after, riding by the same Place, where he saw the Gentleman bound, he ordered him to be loos'd, and taking him into his Coach, brought him to his House; where refreshing him with a Glass of Wine, the Butler had no sooner filled it out, whom he knew again, but he charged him with the Robbery. This surprising the Esquire, he could scarce believe it,

till he described what Horse he rode on, and the other Horse and Person on him, which proved to be one of his Footmen; and they not denying the Fact, they were carried before a Magistrate, committed to *Maidstone Gaol*, and hanged at *Rocheſter* on Friday the 2d of April, 1714.

As for *Ogden* and *Reynolds*, pursuing these wicked Courses, without any Fear of the Laws, either of God or Man, they were at last apprehended for robbing one *Simon Halsey*, and one *John Boyout*, committed to the *Marshalsea Prison* in *Southwark*, and hanged, the first aged twenty five Years, the other twenty two, at *Kingston upon Thames*, on Saturday the 23d of April, 1714.

Whilst they were under Sentence of Death, they attempted to break out of the *Stock-House*, in which they were confin'd at *Kingston*; and as they were riding to the Place of Execution, *Ogden* flung a Handful of Money out of the Cart to the People, saying, *Gentlemen here is poor Will's Farewell*: And when he was turning off, he gave two such extraordinary Jirks with his Legs, as was much admired by all the Spectators.

The LIFE of JACK BLEWIT.

JOHAN BLEWIT was born near *Bull-Inn-Court*, in the *Strand*: His Father was a Shoemaker, and bred him up to the same Trade. But he had not been bound above three Years before the old Man dy'd, and Jack soon after became too headstrong for his Mother to manage him. As he advanced in Years, so he did in Vice, being addicted to Drinking, Swearing, Gaming, Whoring, and, in short, every Thing that is scandalous to Mankind. In the Reign of King *James the Second*, he changed that little he had of the Protestant Religion, for about the same Quantity of the Roman Catholick, being in Hopes to get himself promoted by this Compliance with the Times. He entered under the *Earl of Salisbury* against the Prince of *Orange*, by which Means he got a Horse, and he was a protest lover of riding. But he did not long continue in this military Station; for upon King *William's* Accession to the Throne, this new rais'd Regiment being mostly *Papists*, it was presently disbanded, and he put to new Shifts to get his Bread.

Now raking up and down the Town, and letting his Tongue out-run his Wit, which was very easily done, he was often taken up for speaking disrespectful Words against the late King *William the third*, and his royal Consort Queen *Mary*, for which he was several Times committed to the *Gate-House* at *Westminster*, where he once continued above a Year upon one Stretch. At length, upon some humble Submission to the Government, he got his Liberty, and going very genteel with what Income he got by Gaming, he obtained the good Esteem of an Ale-Draper's Widow, living at *Wapping*, who was worth above 1000 Pounds; and had no Children left upon her Hands to provide for out of it. This same right worthy Lady was up to the Head and Ears in love with our worshipful Knight Adventurer, and he was not insensible of the sneaking Kindness which his Hostess had for him; for she entertained him both at Bed and Board, gratis, and put Money into his Breeches whenever he went abroad; insomuch that these extraordinary Civilities of the Woman, won Jack's Heart and Affections so much, that altho'

she was not handsome, yet her Money made her seem such a beautiful Creature in his Eye, that in a little Time he threw himself down upon the Precipice of Matrimony.

But after the nuptial Bands were ty'd, Madam proved such a Scold, that she represented in the Play called the *Taming the Shrew*, or *Sawney the Scot*, was a Fool to her; for she broke her first Husband's Heart with her Tongue, and this other too she was resolved to send the same Way of all Flesh, if it was possible to be done with that carnal Weapon. But Jack was resolved not to part with his Wife at so easy a Rate, therefore he wash'd away all Sorrow from his Heart with good Wine, staying all Day long in a Tavern, and at Night coming lovingly Home to his Wife, he would exercise a Bull's Pizzel about her Ribs, to thrash her into better Manners; which would then set her a raving worse than half a score Brace of *Billingsgate* Fish-Women; but yet in the Main she thought her dear Devil had some Love for her, or else he would never take all that Pains as he did about her. In short, they led a most uncomfortable Life together, to the great Disturbance of the Neighbourhood, which at all Hours of the Night would be alarmed with her hideous Cries of Murder; but that which broke her Heart in about two Years, was his keeping a Whore in the House with him, who must always sit at Table, whilst the other waited on them like a Servant; so that bidding adieu to the World sooner than she was willing, in less than a Month Jack went upon the Hunt for another Wife, which proved a worse Plague to him than the First, as you shall hear by the Sequel of our Story.

Jack's next Courtship was to a common Jilt of the Town, who kept a House of her own, in which she made a very good outside shew of rich Furniture, and pass'd for the Widow of an *East-India* Captain, who had left her worth above five thousand Pounds, and all her fine Apparel. This Woman tricking up with Patch and Paint, and other Materials us'd by Strumpets, to hide those Defects which their Irregularities make them contract, appeared abundantly Handsomer and Younger than she really was, so that

Jack

Jack became mightily enamoured of her, but much more without Doubt of her Money. She seemed mighty Coy, and kept him at a Distance, upon the Pretence of undervaluing herself in case she should marry with a Mechanick.

Jack was so eager upon this Match, that finding his Trade was the only Obstacle that prevented the Banns betwixt them, what does he, but one Day goes Home, lets his House for fifty Pounds good Will, sells off all his Drink, and Household Goods, for one hundred and sixty nine Pounds more, and then equipping himself like a Gentleman, with a long Wig, and a Sword by his Side, he comes to pay his Mistress a Visit, who admired to see the sudden Transformation. Jack bestowed on her all the Hyperbolies he could think upon in the *Academy of Compliments*, and swore that in a little Time he would make her sensible of the Respect and Veneration which he had for her Person, whom he admired above any Thing on this Side Heaven.

Next Day he was as good as his Word, for bringing about two hundred Pounds worth of Plate, and four hundred Pounds in Money, he threw it upon a Table by her, and said, *My dearest Angel, all this is at your Command.* Which saying made her so Complaisant, as to cry, *Dear Sir, perceiving by this Present, that your Affections for me are unfeigned, I am in Point of Honour obliged to retaliate your Sincerity with an equal Proportion of Love, and therefore I am yours whenever you please to appoint the Day of Marriage; 'till when my House is at your Service.* Jack knowing that Delays oftentimes breed Dangers, he pitched upon the Time of Marriage to be that Day Sennight, to which she readily consented; and in the mean Time he lay in her House,

The Day to make these two *One Flesh* being come, the Nuptials were celebrated at *Stepney Church*, and kept with a great deal of Splendour; at Night the Stocking was hurled, to Bed they went, and without Doubt Jack play'd his Part so well there, that he bid fair for a Brace or two of young Brungins. But early in the Morning all his Joy was turned into Sorrow and Grief; for the Bride's pretended Man coming into their Bed-Chamber, quoth he, *Madam, have you sent Bridget any where? for she is not in the House, and what is worse, I'm afraid, by the Litter I see about the House, that she has taken more than her own along with her.* Oh! Heavens, (replied the Mistress crying and shrieking out) *ruin'd and undone! I'll be hanged if the Baggage has not robbed me.*

Her screaming out in a terrible Manner awoke the Bridegroom out of a sound Sleep, which no Question on't he was fallen into thro' the Vigour of his late Performances, and upon enquiring into the Matter, being told that the Maid had robbed them, he jumped out of Bed in his Shirt, and making a Scrutiny about the House, found his two Trunks of Plate and Money gone. There was swearing, cursing, damning, and sinking himself to the Pit of Hell. In the mean Time the Drums and Musick came tuning their Instruments, after they had wished the Bridegroom and Bride much Joy and Happiness. This made him ten Times more mad than before, bidding them begon for a Parcel of Rogues; but still they played on, whilst he sent Vollics of Oaths and Curseces among them, thicker than they fly round the *Groom-Porter's Table*: At last he runs out with his Sword drawn, striking one and wounding another, breaking Hautboys and Fiddles, and serving the Drummers the same Sauce; but they being about six or eight in Number, weathered the Storm, and went off the Ground with bearing the Pioncers March of *Round about Cuckolds come dig, come dig, come dig.*

In the mean Time Madam the Bride was hiding her Imperfections by dressing herself as fast as she could; but poor Jack coming in too quick upon her, found her Head bald; which want of Hair she

had hid by the kind Assistance of some Tire-Woman. He falls now to calling her all the old Bitches he could think of, and laced her into the Bargain, crying out (as truly he might) she was a Cheat. She, in her own Defence, flew at him again, setting the Marks of her Nails and Teeth in his Flesh. Having not, thro' too much Haste, well fastened her Teeth in the Sockets of her Gums, some of them hung in his Wig, which she espying, cry's out, *Oh! ye barbarous Rogue, what do you design to murder me? See, see, you bloody Villain, you have knocked all the Teeth out of my Head.* Where, where, quoth Jack, you lying B——h, I see none of them? 'Tis, you Dog, says she, there they stick in your Wig. At this Jack pulling it off, and finding it sowed with a great many Teeth, quoth he, *Oh! you toothless Whore, what a Pox do you wear artificial Teeth? I've got a fine Piece of superannuated Mortality to lye by!* But what was still worse, in the Scuffle her Glats Eye fell off of the Table and was broke to Pieces; which made her attack him again, with crying out, *You barbarous Devil! I see you have a Mind to make an End of me; look here you Rogue, do you design to blind me? See you have knocked one of my Eyes out.* Jack now seeing a deep Concavity in her Head, and looking earnestly at his artificial Piece of Stuff, he fancied he had been betroth'd to some *Succubus*,

In the midst of this Combustion, in came a Tally-man to demand Money for the Furniture of his Wife's House. Jack then began to be in a more violent Passion than ever, swearing he would never pay him a Farthing; but the Bailiffs being called in, who stood ready planted at his Door, they arrested him in an Action of two hundred and fifty Pounds, and for want of Bail he was carried to *Newgate*. Being now under close Confinement, the dear Bit of a Groat his Wife went after her Maid, and made herself absolute Mistress of all her Husband brought her, who had lain in Gaol upwards of four Years, when the first Act for insolvent Debtors came out in the late Queen *ANNE's* Reign. He now got his Liberty once again, and then going in quest of his beloved Wife, he found she had consumed all his Substance in a short Time upon her Cronies, had often been in great Want in the *Marshalsea* and *White-Chapel* Gaol, and last of all died of the Pox at *Newgate*.

Tho' Jack was now rid of two Plagues, viz. a stinking Gaol and a bad Wife, yet being friendless and Monyless, he was resolved to try if he could better his Fortune at Sea; so going on board a Ship bound for *Guinea*, sailing to *Old-Calabar*, they entered the River called the *Cross-River*, into *Pyrates-Island*, where, after they had taken in their Negroes, and were ready to sail, the Master called up the Boatswain, and three Men more, one of which was Jack, to look out the Copper Bars that were left, and carry them on Shore to sell. The Boatswain with his small Company, desired they might have Arms, nor believing the Inhabitants were so harmless a People as reported. They took with them three Muskets and one Pistol, and so rowed towards the Shore; but their Match unhappily fell into the Water, and the Ship being fallen down lower towards the Sea; and they ashamed to go back without dispatching their Business, Jack went ashore to the first House to light the Match. Before he was twenty Rods from the Water-side, he was seized on by half a Score *Blacks*, or rather *Taxeney-Moors*, and by them hal'd half a Mile up into the Country, and thrown with great Violence upon his Belly, and so compell'd to lye till they had stripped him. In the mean Time more Company coming, they were so eager for his poor Canvas Apparel, that some they tore off, and some they cut off, and therewith several Pieces of his Flesh, to his intollerable Pain, and with those Rags they made little Aprons to cover their Privities.

While

Whilst all this was doing, *Jack's* cloathing being very scarce there, his Comrades made the best of their Way back again to their Ship, telling the Captain what had befallen them, in having *Jack* took from them by the Savage Natives. *Blewit* was now sold to a Master, who was free to Discourse, after he had learned in less than three Months, the *Tata* Language; which is easily attained, being comprehended in few Words, and all the Negroes speak it. After four Months being in the Country, his Master presented him to the King of the *Buckaneers*, whose Name was *Efme*, who immediately gave him to his Daughter *Onijah*. When the King went abroad, *Jack* attended him as his Page of Honour throughout the whole Circuit of his Dominions, which was not above twelve Miles; yet his Majesty boasted exceedingly of his Power and Strength, and gloried extremely that he had a White Man to attend him, whom he employed to carry his Bows and Arrows.

During all the Time *Jack* was a Slave to this Prince, he never knew him go abroad and come home sober. But after two Months Service, the King of *Calanach*, called *Mancha*, hearing of this *White*, courted his Neighbour Prince to sell him, and accordingly he was sold for a Cow and a Goat. This King was sober, free from the Debaucheries and Mischiefs the other was subject to, and would often enquire of him concerning the Head of his Country, and whether the Kingdom he was of, was bigger than his own, whose whole Dominions were not above twenty five Miles in length, and fifteen Miles in Breadth.

Jack told as much as was convenient, keeping within the Bounds of Modesty, yet relating as much as possible to the Honour and Dignity of his Queen, informing him of the Greatness of one of her Kingdoms, the several Shires and Counties it contained, with the Number of its Cities, Towns, and Castles, and Strength of each, the infinite Inhabitants, and Valour of her Subjects; which so amaz'd this petty Prince, that he needed to mention no more of her Majesty's Glory and Dignity. It put him into such a profound Consternation, that he resolved to find out some Way to tender his Respects to this mighty Princess, and could study none more convenient, than that if he could find a Passage he would let him go to *England*, to inform Queen *ANNE* of the great Favour and Respect he had for her, and carry her a Present, which should be two Cabareets, or Goats, which they value at a high Rate; this King having himself not above seventeen or eighteen.

Though our Captive lived happily with this Prince, yet his Desires and Hopes were still to return to his native Country: At length he promised him, that the first *English* Ship which came into the Road, should have Liberty to release, or purchase him: This much rejoic'd *Jack's* Heart, and he now thought every Day a Year, till he could hear or see some *English* Ship arrive; and often did walk down to the Sea-side, earnestly expecting the Winds of Providence would blow some in thither. About fifteen Days after this Promise he had his Wish; for then some of the *Moors* came running to the King, telling him there was a Canoe coming, for so they call our Ships. *Jack* joy'd, hoping to be releas'd, yet durst not shew it, for fear of Punishment, or Death. The Ship came in, the Commander whereof was Captain *Royden*, who was put in there for Negroes. The Day after his Arrival, the King lets *Jack* go, sending him in a Canoe, plac'd between a Negroe's Legs, with others to guide this small Vessel, for fear he should leap over Board and swim to the Ship. At a Distance he hailed her in *English*, to the great Surprise of those within her. The Negroes let him stand up and shew himself to the Captain, to whom he gave an Account of his Slavery; and being redeemed for five Iron Bars, he was taken on Board, where the Seamen charitably

apparelled him, (for he was naked) and brought him safe to *England*, after fourteen Months Slavery.

Jack being returned home again, was resolved never to venture his Carcass again at Sea, nor visit Infidels to carbonado and sacrifice his Flesh as if he had been a Prize-Fighter, and yet how to live on Shore he could not well tell; but again, thinking with himself, that as he was born, he must be kept, he resolved to try his Fortune on the Highway, and in order thereto, he stole a Horse out of a Field by *Mary le Bone*. Still wanting a Saddle, Pistols, and other Accoutrements, he was obliged to sell the Horse to buy all Materials to make him a compleat Highwayman, and propos'd to steal another. To *Smithfield* he rides, to make the best Market he could; but he had scarce rid a turn or two, before the Owner came up and challeng'd his Horse; so poor *Jack* being apprehended, and carry'd before a Magistrate, he was committed to *Newgate*.

When he was try'd, being condemned, he most earnestly begged the Court to shew him Mercy by Transportation, or any other Punishment besides Death. Whereupon Sir *S——— L———*, then Recorder of *London*, waking out of a little Nap, which he had taken upon the Bench, and hearing *Jack* cry out for Mercy, *Why you impudent Rogue, do you want Mercy? I think you may down on your Knees, and thank God it is no worse with you, for I think the Court has shew'd you a great deal of Mercy; indeed, Sirrah, a great deal more than I should have extended towards you.* But poor *Jack* thought to himself, that if Sentence of Death passing upon him, was the Recorder's Mercy, the Devil might take him and his Mercy too. However, as it was his first Crime, and the Prosecutor had his Horse again, it was his good Luck to obtain a Reprieve, and to plead to a Pardon too, within three or four Months after his Confinement.

Now *Jack* being at Liberty again, he was put to his Trumps how to live; and tho' he was unsuccessful in his first Attempt of Thieving, he would yet venture a second Time, resolving now to lose the Horse or win the Saddle. But his Thoughts not aspiring to great Matters, as they did at first, he was resolved to try how Fortune would smile on his Adventures on the *Foot-Pad*; so one Evening going over *Clapham Common*, he overtook a Gentleman riding softly along, whom unawares knocking off of his Horse, by giving him an unlucky Blow under his Ear, which killed him, he fell to rifling him, and took from him forty Guineas, and a gold Watch worth twenty Guineas more. When he had done this, putting one of the deceased's Feet into one of the Stirrups, the Horse dragged him up and down the Common an Hour or two before he was taken up. At last being carried to a House, and the Coroner sitting on his Body, the Inquest brought in his Death to be occasioned by accidentally falling off his Horse, tho' he had lost his Watch and Money, which they suppos'd were dropp'd out of his Breeches, by the Position he was in, of his Head downwards, whilst he was dragged about the Common.

Thus by this complicated Piece of Villany *Jack* having lin'd his Pockets, he made the best of his Way to *Torkshire*, where after cloathing himself, he bought him a Horse, Sword, and Pistols, and then sought out for new Adventures on the Road. In *Hertfordshire* overtaking a Farmer's Daughter, who was a very handsome young Woman, when he came to a Place convenient, he dismounted her, and having committed a Rape on her Body, shot her thro' the Head, and robbed her of fourteen Pounds in Money, which she had that Day received for her Father. The same Evening he put into an Inn at *Ware*, whither a Hue and Cry coming shortly after, he was taken up upon Suspicion, having some Spots of Blood on one of the Lappits of his Coat; and being struck then with a Remorse of Conscience, he confessed the Murder, and was forthwith carry'd before a Justice

Justice of Peace, who, after a long Examination, committed him to *Hertford* Goal.

Now *Jack* began to curse his Fate, wishing that he had been kinder to his first Wife, and not meddled with a second Venture: Nay, he now pray'd he had continued among the *Moors* still, or had been hang'd upon his first Exploit of thieving, and then he had been guiltless of two wilful Murders: But it was too late for him to wish. However, he pull'd up a good Heart still, and was resolved to make the best of a bad Market; so to drive away Sorrow from his Breast, he got drunk every Day 'till the Time of his Trial came, which was in the *Lent* Assizes 1713-14, when being condemn'd for

his Life, he earnestly begg'd of the Judge a Reprieve but for a Fortnight, in order that as his Crime was heinous, he might the better prepare himself for Death, by truly repenting of that, and other his manifold Sins, and then, he said, he should be very willing to die. This Reprieve was granted him, and indeed he did spend the short Time allow'd him in a great deal of Piety and Humiliation, having two Divines almost constantly attending him till the Day of his Death. When he was carried to the Place of Execution he confess'd his having committed the Murder on *Clapham Common*, as before related, and then, after many devout Ejaculations, he was turn'd off, in the 45th Year of his Age.

The LIVES of JACK COLLINGS, KIT MOOR, and DANIEL HUGHES.

JACK COLLINGS, alias *John Collinson*, was born of mean Parents at *Faustone*, near *Hull* in *Yorkshire*, and being brought up to no Trade, he had been a Footman to several Gentlemen, both in the Country, and here in *London*; where he was some time a Coachman to one Colonel *Kendal*. This Gentleman sending *Jack* to sell a Pair of Coach-Horses, because they were not well match'd, *Jack* obey'd his Master's Orders, and ran away with the Money. Afterwards his Master taking him, he committed him to the *Marshal's* in the *Savoy*, from whence he sent him for a Soldier into *Flanders*, but quickly deserting his Colours, he came into *England* again, where being much addicted to keep Company with lewd Women, he got sadly pox'd.

Getting himself cur'd, when the Apothecary brought in his Bill, which came to Forty eight shillings and four-pence, *Jack* swore it was a very unconscionable Bill, and if he would not be contented with a Groat, he would never pay him a Farthing. The Apothecary swore and curs'd like a Madman, saying, he would never take that, and away he flounc'd out of the Room in a great Passion: But on the Stairs pausing to himself, and considering it was better to take that Groat than to lose all, he went up again, saying, *Come, Sir, since you'll pay me no more, let's see that Groat.* So having given *Jack* a Receipt in full of all Accounts, when he was going out of the Room again, quoth he, *Let me be D—n'd, Sir, if I have got any more than one poor Two-pence halfpenny by you.* *Jack* thinking the Profit large, and it being towards Evening, he follow'd the Apothecary towards the Halfway House betwixt *London* and *Hampstead*, where a good Opportunity favouring his Design, he commanded *Galen* to stand and deliver, or else he would shoot him thro' the Head. *Jack's* Orders being obey'd, he did not only take his Groat from him again, but also robb'd him of a good silver Watch, and Twenty four shillings.

In this Exploit he had like to have been taken, and made his Escape so narrowly, that being afraid to go on the Foot-pad again, he follow'd House-breaking altogether, in which he was successful for many Years; but betwixt while he was a Soldier for six Years, and attain'd to the Office of a Serjeant in Colonel *Wing's* Regiment. However, being not satisfied with his Station, he still pursued unlawful Courses then too, even to the Time that he was disbanded; and then keeping Company with an ill

Woman, he car'd not whom he wrong'd to support her; and yet that same Strumpet, whom he maintain'd by hazarding his Neck, was a Witness against him for his Life, as it appears in his Trial, which is partly thus:

He was indicted for breaking the House of *John Holloway*, and stealing thence two *Exchequer* Notes, value a Hundred Pounds each, One hundred thirty seven pounds ten shillings in Money, and One hundred ninety four pounds in Gold. It appear'd by the Evidence, that Mr *Holloway* being at *London*, the Prisoner was at his House at *Chelsea*, to intreat his Favour for a Ticket of Re-entrance into the Royal Hospital there, and Mrs. *Holloway* permitted him to go up Stairs; and the Money and Bills being in a Closet in the Room, he found an Opportunity to break it open, and carry them off.

The Woman he kept Company with swore, That going to look for him, she met him in a Coach, and upbraiding him for riding so, while she wanted, he gave her Money to pay off her Lodging, and bid her do it, and come to him again; which she did; and she saw a great Bag of Money in the Coach, which he told her was worth Six hundred pounds, and that he had it out of the Prosecutor's Closet. They then went to a Lodging at *Wapping*, and he bought her Clothes, and himself a Coat and Wig to disguise him.

Mrs. *Griffin*, their Landlady at *Wapping*, depos'd, That the Prisoner and the Witness having taken a Lodging at her House, she suspected them to be loose People; and that the Prisoner having sent her Man to borrow the *Gazette*, he look'd upon it, and laid it down, saying, *There was nothing in it*, and so went up Stairs; and that causing her Man to look over the *Gazette*, she found the Prisoner describ'd, and so got a Constable and secur'd him.

He had Seventy pounds seventeen shillings found upon him when taken, and Twenty two Guineas and a half, and a Broad piece. He own'd to the Constable who took him, he had robb'd Mr. *Holloway*, but did not say of so much as was mention'd in the Indictment. The Fact being plainly prov'd upon him, he was found guilty.

He was also a second Time indicted for robbing Mr. *James Boyce* on the Queen's Highway, of a silver Watch, value Three pounds, and Ten shillings in Money.

Mr. *Boyce* depos'd, That coming out of *Bedfordshire* in a Coach, the Prisoner set upon him on this

side *Kentish-town*, about three of the Clock in the Afternoon; and after he had got his Watch and Money, ask'd him for his green Purse; and he telling him he had none, he made him turn his Pockets out, and pull off his Gloves, to shew he had no Rings.

The Prisoner call'd some Witneses to prove he was at another Place when that was done, but none appearing, he was found guilty too of that Indictment, and hang'd at *Tyburn*, on *Wednesday* the 10th of *March*, 1714, aged 42 Years.

On the same Day were also executed two other House-breakers, namely, *Kit Moor*, and *Daniel Hughes*.

CHRISTOPHER MOOR, the first of these, aged 20 Years, born in the Parish of *St. Giles's in the Fields*, for the most part of his Life had been a Tapster in some Victualling Houses in and about *London*; he confess'd that a little before that, he one Night robb'd a House in *Grey-Fryers*, near *Christ's-Hospital*, by lifting up a Sash Window, and entering the Parlour; that he took from thence six Silver Tea-Spoons, and a Strainer, with a Silk Handkerchief Ell-wide, which he sold for Three Shillings; and as for the Plate, that he sold it with a larger Parcel, (amounting to a hundred Ounces) for Four Shillings an Ounce. Farthermore he said, that he had wrong'd one *Mr. Johnson*, a working Silversmith, by swearing falsely heretofore that he had bought of him, and one *Roderick Audrey*, another most notorious Rogue, some Plate that he had stolen out of the Lady *Edwin's* House. But the Fact for which he was condemn'd to die, was for a Burglary committed in breaking open the House of one *Mr. Tho. Wright*, in the Night, and taking thence a Pair of Silver Branches, and eight Tea-spoons, two Tea-

pots, a Lamp, and a large Quantity of other Plate. He would not discover where it might be found, that the right Owner might have it again; for when he was press'd by the Ordinary of *Neu-gate* to make a Discovery thereof if he could, he did not so much alledge his Incapacity, as he plainly shew'd his Unwillingness of doing it; saying, *That tho' he could do it, yet he would make no such Discovery, if he was sure to be d—n'd for it.*

DANIEL HUGHES, the other Person, aged but Sixteen Years, born at *Gravesend* in the County of *Kent*, was brought up to the Sea, and condemn'd for the same Fact with *Kit Moor*; and such was their Impudence to the very last, that when they went into the Cart, which was to carry them to the Place of Execution, they were no sooner ty'd to the Copses, but they pull'd off their Shoes, and flinging them among the Spectators, repeated this common Speech of such Wretches: *Our Parents often said we should die on a Fish Day, and with our Shoes on; but tho' the former part of their Prediction is true, yet we will make them all Liars in the latter part if it.*

It is to be observ'd, that tho' the Ages of these two unfortunate Lads together made but 36 Years, yet they were as vicious as more noted Rogues, taking pride in all manner of Lasciviousness, Sabbath-breaking, Drunkenness, Swearing, Cursing, Gaming, and all sorts of Vices whatever. They had committed between them above 50 Burglaries in *London*, *Westminster*, and *Southwark*. In fine, the Obstinacy of the two young Malefactors in their Iniquity, and their impudent Behaviour towards all who came to see them, was scarce ever parallel'd; so that it was very requisite Justice should lay hold of them, and prevent their doing further Mischief.

The LIFE of TOM DORBEL.

THE Person of whom we are now going to speak, was born of very good Parents at *Shaftsbury* in *Dorsetshire*, and put out by them an Apprentice to a Glover at *Blandford*, in the same County; but being very early of a vicious Inclination, he ran away from his Master before he had serv'd half his Time, and coming up to *London*, he soon became acquainted with ill Company, and as soon learnt their Vices. To support himself in an extravagant way of Living, he ventur'd to go on the Highway when he was but seventeen Years of Age; but in his first Attempt of that Nature, he had like to have been cropt in the Bud. The Story was as follows:

Meeting a sturdy *Cambro-Briton* on the Road, and demanding his Money, otherwise he would shoot him, quoth the *Welshman*, *Hur has no Money of hur own, but has Threescore Pounds of hur Master's, but Cots plood hur must not give away hur Master's Money; what would hur Master then say for hur doing so?* Tom Dorbel reply'd, *You must not put me off thus with your Cant, for Money I want, and Money I will have, let it be whose it will, or expect to be shot presently thro' the Head.* Hereupon the *Welshman* gave Tom his Money, without saying, *What hur gives you is none of hur own; and that hur Master may not think hur has spent hur Money, hur desires you to be so kind as to shoot some Holes thro' hur Coat Lappits, that hur Master may see hur was robb'd.* So the *Welshman* pul-

ling off his Coat, and hanging it on a Tree, Tom was so civil as to fire his Pistol thro' it, which made Taffy say, *Cots splutter-a-nails, this is a pretty Pounce, pray give hur another Pounce for hur Money.* Tom fires another Pistol thro' Taffy's Coat, which made him cry out by *St. Davy*, *This is a better Pounce than t'other, pray give hur one Pounce more.* Quoth Tom, *I have never another Pounce left.* Why then, reply'd Taffy, *Hur has one Pounce left for hur, and if hur will not give hur hur Money again, hur will pounce thro' hur Pody.* Tom finding himself thus outwitted, he quietly return'd the *Welshman* his Money, who rid away without troubling himself about taking our young Highwayman.

But after this ill Success, Tom was pretty successful in his Villainy for about five Years. During this Time a certain Gentleman's Son being in *Winchester* Goal for robbing on the Highway, and fearing he should be hang'd, because he had receiv'd Mercy once before for the like Crime, Tom undertook for Five Hundred Pounds to bring him off. The Gentleman's Father paid 250 Pounds in Hand, and the other half he was to have when he had perform'd his Bargain. At last the Assizes was held at *Winchester*, when the young Gentleman coming on his Trial, the Witneses proved the Matter of Fact so plainly against him, that the Jury brought the Prisoner in guilty of robbing on the Highway. Then the Judge going to pass Sentence on him, quoth

Tom,

Tom, *Oh! what a sad Thing it is to shed innocent Blood! Oh! what a sad Thing it is to shed innocent Blood!* And repeating it over and over, with an audible Voice, insomuch that the Court took Notice thereof, he was took into Custody, and the Judge asking him what he meant by his crying out, *What a sad Thing it is to shed innocent Blood!* quoth Tom, *May it please your Lordship, it is a very hard Thing for a Man to die wrongfully; but one may see how hard-mouth'd some People are, by the Witnesses swearing that this Gentleman here at the Bar now robbed them on the Highway at such a Time, when indeed, my Lord, I was the Man that committed that Robbery.*

Hereupon the Gentleman was acquitted, and Tom took into Custody, and sent to Winchester Gaol, where he remained till the Assizes following; when being brought to his Trial, and ask'd, whether he was Guilty or not Guilty, he pleaded not Guilty. *Not Guilty!* replied the Judge, *Why did not you last Assizes, when I was here, own yourself Guilty of such a Robbery?* quoth Tom, *I don't know how far I was Guilty then, but upon my Word I am not Guilty now; therefore, if any Person can accuse me of committing such a Robbery, I desire they may appear to prove the same.* But no Witnesses appearing against him, because they must have proved themselves perjured in swearing against him, when they had sworn so positively before against another Person, he was acquitted.

Tom having lived at an extravagant Rate the six Months that he was in Winchester Gaol, he had not much of his five hundred Pounds left when he was at Liberty again; whereupon, endeavouring to recruit his Pockets, by following his old Trade, he attacked the late Duke of Norfolk's Coach, as passing over Salisbury Plain: But his Grace refusing to gratify his Desire, an Engagement soon became betwixt them, in which Tom having his Horse shot under him, his Grace's Servants soon secured him; and carrying him, with his Arms pinion'd close down, into the City of Salisbury, he was there committed to Gaol; and when the Assizes came to be held there, he was condemned for his Life.

Whilst he was under Condemnation, finding a Lawyer in that Place who engaged to procure him a Pardon for fifty Guineas, he gave him a Bond to pay him so much Money as soon as he had obtained it. Accordingly the Lawyer rid to London, and by an Interest that he had with some Noblemen at Court, procured what he had promised; then making what Haste he could back again, he came with the Reprieve just as Dorbel was going to be cast off the Gallows. The Lawyer had rid so fast, that he had no sooner delivered the Reprieve to the Sheriff, but his Horse dropp'd down dead; nevertheless, when Tom was at Liberty, he was so ungrateful as not to pay the Lawyer a Farthing, who had thus saved his Life; whereupon they went to Law; but Dorbel cast him, by reason no Writing stands good in our Laws of England, which is given by a Man under Sentence of Death.

Now Dorbel was so much affrighted by this narrow Escape of hanging, that he was resolved to live honest; and accordingly lived in several Places in the Quality of a Footman; but last of all he served for six or seven Years a Gentlewoman in Ormonde-Street, near Lambeth-Conduit-Fields; who prevailing upon her Brother Nevil Thompson, a Linen-Draper in the City of Bristol, to send his only Daughter, who was entering the 16th Year of her Age, to London, to be bettered in her Education, he took a Place for her in the Coach, on Monday the 22d of February, 1714, and also for the Messenger

Tom Dorbel, to whose Care, as being sent purposely to fetch her up, she was committed; for great Confidence was reposed in him, because he had been an old Servant of his Sister's, who had sent him very frequently upon important Messages to this her Brother at Bristol.

Now the Villain being very sensible of the great Charge which this young Gentlewoman had about her, as a gold Watch, diamond Ring, and Jewels, to the Value of one hundred and ten Pounds, his wicked Inclination was to rob her; and in order thereto, being alone with her in the Coach, he very impudently pretended Courtship to her. This piece of Freedom the young Gentlewoman most sharply reprimanded; but little valuing her Anger, he took out a Penknife, and swore, that if she did not consent to lie with him, he would immediately cut her Throat. These mighty Threats frightening the young Gentlewoman into a Swoon, the Rogue took the Advantage thereof, by tying her Hands to each Knee, and in that Manner most inhumanly debauched her, and stole away all she had, excepting one Crown and her Cloaths. Then this barbarous Villain cutting his Way thro' the Back of the Coach, he slipped out unknown to the Coachman.

Still the young Gentlewoman continued in her Swoon, from four of the Clock till six in the Evening, being the Time the Coach put up in its Inn. The Coachman opening the Coach Door, and finding the Gentlewoman in the aforesaid Posture, with the Villain's Neckcloth also tied round her Mouth, and her Face all bruised and bloody with the joggings of the Coach, he was frightened, and cried out to the People of the House for Assistance; who sending immediately for an able Surgeon, upon his coming to her, she seemed to be just expiring; but by the Skill he used, he brought her so much to herself by nine of the Clock, that she was able to speak, and declare the Abuse which had been done her.

Her surprizing Relation alarm'd the whole Town with the Horror of the Villain's inhuman Lust, and several good People pursuing the Villain several Ways on Horseback, they took him on the Monday following at Hammer-smith, near which Place he had but just robbed a Gentleman of three Pounds five Shillings. Being carried before a Magistrate, he was committed to Newgate in London, from whence he was removed within a Week after, by Virtue of a Writ of Habeas Corpus, to Newgate in Bristol.

In the mean Time, the young Gentlewoman, fearing the Reflections which the World might cast upon her, and thinking her Reputation was utterly lost, altho' the Loss of her Virginity was forced, she laid it so deeply to Heart, that at the Arrival of her Mother to her Bed side the next Day, she only changed a few Words with her, and then she died, to the great Grief of the old Gentlewoman, who ran distracted, and her sorrowful Father soon lost his Senses too.

At length, the Villain being brought to Trial, he received Sentence of Death for the perpetrating this most inhuman Crime. All the while he was under Condemnation, he shewed not the least Remorse; and when he was hanged on Saturday the 23d of March, 1714, in the 45th Year of his Age, he died with a great deal of Impenitency, and was very obstinate in not hearkening to any wholesome Advice which was given him, in order to prepare himself as he ought, before he launched out into the unfathomable Gulph of Eternity. After he was executed on St. Michael's-Hill, he was cut down, and hanged up in Chains in the Road without Lafford's Gate.

The LIFE of MACCARTNEY.

THIS Irish Villain was the Bastard Son of Major-General Maccartney, begot on the Daughter of a Presbyterian Parson at Belfast, a Sea-port Town in the North of Ireland: But as he was an illegitimate Child, respected neither by Father nor Mother, they gave Five Pounds to a poor labouring Man in the Neighbourhood, to take this Brungin as his own. When he grew up in Years, and understanding by his Foster-Father who were his right Parents, Pride inspiring him to scorn to live any longer in a poor little Cabbin, where Potatoes without Butter, and Bonny-clabber, was the chiefest of his Diet, he went first in quest of his Mother, whom finding to be dead and buried some Years past, he was upon the Scent then after his Father Maccartney; who being a Lieutenant-Colonel in a Foot Regiment, he prefer'd his natural Son to an Ensign's Post; but doing some petty, rascally Tricks, in robbing two or three Captains of Linnen, and other Things, his Commission was took from him in a most disgraceful Manner.

Now being left to the wide World, and knowing not what Course to take for a Livelihood, as being no Scholar, nor brought up to any Trade, he turn'd Thief at once, being so light-finger'd, that any Thing was his own which lay in his Reach. He was a notable House-breaker, and had done many Exploits that Way; but his greatest was in breaking open the House of Sir Thomas Rochford, Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer, in the Kingdom of Ireland, whom he and his Comrades bound, with his Lady, Back to Back, like a Spread Eagle, and all the Men and Women Servants in the House after the same Manner, without either Shirt or Smock upon 'em; then breaking open all Trunks, Cabinets, Escrutores, and Chests of Drawers, they took what Plate and Money they could find, to the value of £400 Pounds.

After the committing this notorious Robbery, his Country being too hot to hold him, he fled into Scotland; where breaking open a Stable belonging to Sir James Steward, then her Majesty's Advocate for that Kingdom, and stealing thence a Horse and Saddle, he came into England, and turn'd Highwayman; and being pretty lucky in his Roguery, he always maintain'd himself very genteel in Clothes; so that the handsome Appearance which he made in his Habit, with his fawning, cringing, and flattering Way, had brought him to be acquainted with several creditable Gentlemen, to whom he pretended he had a very good Estate in Ireland.

One Day Maccartney, with another Rogue as good as himself, meeting in the Strand one Mr. Vaughan, a Welsh Gentleman, having about 400*l.* per Annum in Pembroke-shire, he invited him to drink a Pint of Wine; and going together to a Tavern, whilst they were regaling themselves over a Glass of Claret, quoth Maccartney to his Comrade, *I vow this is a fine Day, we'll e'en ride both of us out this Afternoon.* Said Mr. Vaughan (not in the least mistrusting they were Highwaymen) *If I had a Horse, I would ride out with you too, Gentlemen.* Quoth Maccartney, *I'll help you to a Horse, Sir;* and being as good as his Word, they all three rid towards Rumford; beyond which Place about a Mile, meeting a Coach full of Passengers, Maccartney and his Comrade set upon it.

Whilst they were robbing them, quoth the Welsh Gentleman to himself, *I'll not stand idle, I'll e'en be doing something too;* so perceiving another Coach at a little Distance behind that which the others had attack'd, and in which was only one Gentleman, with his Footman behind, he made up to it, and commanding the Coachman to stop, he robb'd the Gentleman of Five Guineas in Gold, and Forty Shillings in Silver, and rode off.

The Gentleman that was robb'd calling out then to his Footman, and saying, *Tom, Didst thou see the Gentleman that was just now by the Side of the Coach with me?* Tom said, *Yes, Sir.* Quoth the Gentleman again, *Why he hath robb'd me.* Tom reply'd, *I saw the Gentleman talking to you, but I don't believe he robb'd you, Sir; you must be mistaken.* Said the Gentleman, in a great Passion, *Why you Son of a Whore, do you think I can't tell when I'm robb'd? why I say again that I am robbed, for he has took above seven Pounds from me.* Quoth Tom, *It is admirable to me, he should be guilty of such an Action, for he was always reckon'd a very honest Gentleman.* Said the robb'd Person then, *Do you know him?* *Do I know him,* reply'd Tom, *Yes, Sir, very well; for I was his Footman about a Year ago; and a very good Master, I must needs say, I had of him.* Upon this Intelligence the Gentleman promising Tom 20 Guineas, besides the Forty Pounds Reward for apprehending and convicting a Highwayman, in case he could take him, Tom was so diligent for the getting this Money, that as soon as he and his Master came to London, finding Mr. Vaughan's Lodgings, they seiz'd him, and carried him before a Magistrate, who committed him to Newgate; from whence being removed by a Writ of Habeas Corpus to Chelmsford Goal, and try'd at the Assizes held there in March, 1714, he was condemn'd. But it being the first Fact, and having good Friends, which he made upon the Expences of 500*l.* he procur'd a Reprieve, and said then, *That for the future he would stand still, before he would be guilty of such another Crime, which had like to have cost him his Life.*

Now if Maccartney had made such a Promise, without ever violating it, it had been well for him too; but instead of reclaiming, he still pursu'd his wicked Courses; for shortly after Mr. Vaughan had been brought under this unhappy Circumstance, by being in his Company, he going to Bristol, there was one Mr. Beachere of Wiltshire went also down to that City, in order to go for Ireland, where he unhappily fell in Company with this Villain, that was likewise going to that Kingdom. In the Morning, after their short Acquaintance over Night, Maccartney calling up the aforesaid Beachere to go down to the Pill to embark, when he was on Durham Down, a Mile without the City, this Irish Rogue knock'd him down, and with a Razor cut his Throat from Ear to Ear, and then pass'd over into Wales, and designed for Holy-Head. But Messengers being sent into Wales, to enquire at all the Ports, heard of, pursued, and took him in Brecknockshire, with Beachere's Clothes and bloody Shirt. He was then committed to Gloucester Goal; and being convicted for this Murder and Robbery, he was there executed on Wednesday April 7. 1714, aged 23 Years, and was afterwards hung in Chains on Durham-Down.

The LIVES of JACK CULLUM, TONY GERY, and Others.

JOHAN CULLUM, alias *Johnson*, was born at *Stow* in the County of *Suffolk*; but his Parents dying when he was young, he was brought up to no Trade, therefore he went into a Gentleman's Service, and was for some Years a Domestic in several worthy Families in *London*, where he behaved himself very faithfully. Afterwards he served at Sea as a common Sailor, and at Land in the Capacity of a private Centinel. But not being contented with what he might have got by a lawful and honest Employment, he would try his Fortune another Way, tho' it were to his utter Ruin.

After the Commission of several Robberies, having in September, 1713, committed a Felony, for which he was burnt in the Hand, and sent to *Bridewell* in *Clerkenwell*, he there was concerned in a Riot, wherein one *Edward Perry*, a Turnkey of that Gaol, was murdered; for which bloody Fact *Richard Keele* and *William Lowther* (there in Company with him) were executed on *Clerkenwell-Green*, on the 22d of *December* following, and hanged both in Chains at *Holloway*, while this *Jack Cullum* then made his Escape, by flying from Justice.

However, that exemplary Punishment inflicted on his Comrades, working no Reformation in him, he still pursu'd his wicked Courses; till at last he was apprehended and committed to *Newgate*, and indicted for stealing three Suits of Clothes, a Riding Coat, Linnen, and other Goods, out of the Stables of the Lord *Paget*, on the 17th of *March*, 1713-14. It was deposed at *Justice-Hall*, in the *Old-Bailey*, That about Nine at Night, the Stables being found open, and a Man seen to go by with a Bundle, he was pursu'd, and thereupon drew a Pistol, and fired at one of the Pursuers, but was taken, and threw down the Goods; whereupon, the Matter being very plain, the Jury found him guilty of the Indictment.

Whilst he was under Condemnation, he said, That it was more his Misfortune than his Fault, that he was like to have been brought into the Danger of suffering for the abovesaid Murder of *Edward Perry*; for he had no such Design as to assault or hurt any Person at that Time; but as for the Fact for which he now stood condemned, he owned it, and the Justice of the Sentence pass'd upon him for it. Moreover, he confess'd he had been a very ill Liver in several Respects; and when he came to the Place of Execution at *Tyburn*, on *Wednesday* the 21st of *April*, 1714, where he was hang'd in the 25th Year of his Age, he bitterly wept; by which and other Demonstrations of Sorrow for his Sins, the Spectators might have some Hopes that he was truly Penitent.

ANTHONY GERY, or rather *Gerriß*, (which was his right Name) was about 20 Years of Age, born at *Newbury* in *Berkshire*; but his Parents removing him from thence, and bringing him up to *London*, he was bound Apprentice for 7 Years to Mr. *Gurely*, a Mountebank, to learn to dance on the Rope, Tumbling, and Vaulting. However, growing very loose and wicked, he ran away from his

Master, and then went to Sea, where he served on Board the *Royal Sovereign*, the *Neptune*, and several other Men of War, in one of which he was at a way.

Afterwards coming to *London*, and getting into bad Company, he committed above 30 Felonies and Burglaries; and was in *February*, 1711-12 condemned for robbing one Mrs. *Anne Noel* on the Highway. Obtaining the Mercy of a free Pardon in *August*, 1712, he was so far from minding it, and improving it as he ought to have done, that he presently return'd to his old Trade of Thieving again. He was then re-committed to *Newgate*, and indicted for privately stealing a silver Porringer, value forty five Shillings, the Goods of *Elizabeth Fotherly*, from the Person of *Elizabeth Whaley*, on the 19th of *March*, 1713-14.

The said *Whaley* deposed, That having been to fetch some Oylers in a Porringer, as she was coming home, she met the Prisoner and another; and while the other caught hold of her, pretending to kiss her, the Prisoner snatched the Porringer; and being pursued and taken, he threw it under a Stall, where it was found. Thus the Matter being plainly proved against him, the Jury found him guilty of the Indictment; and he was hanged at *Tyburn* with *John Cullum*.

On the same Day were executed at *Tyburn*, 1. *John Ralph*, 2. *Lydia*, alias *Elizabeth Cane*, alias *Taylor*, alias *Jackson*, and 3. *Elizabeth Boyle*, alias *Young*, alias *Betty the Cook*.

The first of these Criminals was aged 21 Years, born in the City of *Durham*, of honest Parents, who bound him Apprentice to one Mr. *Amstree*, a Wine-Cooper in *London*. He was condemned for stealing a silver Tankard, value ten Pounds, two Tumblers value three Pounds, twelve silver Spoons, a silver Ladle, a Porringer, and other Goods, out of the House of *Henry Robins* a Vintner, living in the Parish of *St. Clements Dances*.

The Second aged twenty five Years, born in the Parish of *St. Dunstan's Stepney*, usually cry'd *China Ware* about the Streets; but at the same Time followed Thieving, for which she had often been whipt and burnt in the Hand. She was condemned to die for breaking open the House of one *John Hackett*, and stealing thence a cloth Coat, a druggist Sute, and other Goods of one *Thomas Bagg*, a Lodger there.

The Third aged forty Years, born in the Parish of *St. Margaret Westminster*, and call'd *Betty the Cook*, from having been formerly an under Cook in foreign Ambassadors Houses, and other honourable Families, had heretofore been burnt in the Hand for Felony, and upon that Conviction sent to hard Labour at *Bridewell*; but taking no Warning by this Punishment and Correction, she was condemned upon two Indictments; 1. for stealing three Suits of Headclothes, a Bible, and other Goods, out of the House of *Daniel Whitfield*; and 2. for stealing two gold Rings, value 30 Shillings, and other Goods, value forty Shillings, out of the dwelling-House of *Mary Lambert*.

The Cause of this Woman's following such a wicked Course as she had done, was her Pride, which

which rais'd in her a Desire of living above her Condition and Circumstances in the World ; and to compass this, she thought Thieving was the readiest Way. But herein she found herself much mistaken ; for instead of growing rich and great, and able to live at Ease, she brought Poverty, Shame, Misery, and Ruin, upon herself by those very wicked Practices, from which she expected to reap great Advantages and Satisfaction.

Whilst under Sentence of Death, she was very uneasy and restless, discovering a hot, violent, and un-

ruly Temper. Because a Fellow who had given her the *French Pox*, would not come to see her under her fatal Misfortunes, she swore she would haunt him after Death. Again, when she was going into the Cart to be executed, there being a Man and a Woman ty'd there before to be hanged with her for Company, she swore she would not be squeez'd up for any Body, and therefore would have more room to seat herself ; and having a Smock at Pawn in *Holborn*, she called to the Pawnbroker to deliver it, swearing, upon his Refusal, that she would plague him for it after she was hanged.

The LIFE of ELEONOR SYMPSON.

ELEONOR SYMPSON was born of very honest Parents, at Henly upon Thames, in Oxfordshire. She laid a Bastard, got on her by the Clerk of the Parish, to her own Father, who was a Farmer ; for which Piece of Impudence being turned out of Doors, she came up to London, and turned common Whore. Whilst she continued this wicked Course of Life, she picked up late one Night a Linnen-Draper, to whom pretending so great Modesty and Bashfulness, that she was ashamed to go with a Man into a Tavern or an Alehouse, they at last agreed to go into a dark Alley.

Here, whilst the Cully was feeling what Gender she was of, she in the mean Time was feeling for his Watch, which privately drawing half way out of his Fob, quoth she, *The Watch is coming Sir*. He being eager on the Game of *High Gammer Cook*, cry'd, *D——n the Watch, I don't value the Watch of a Farthing*. At last, when she had got the Watch out of his Fob indeed, and transported it into her own Pocket, she said again, *Pray, dear Sir, make Haste, for I vow the Watch is just here*. He still not apprehending her meaning, reply'd again, *D——n the Watch, I tell you I don't value the Watch of a Farthing*.

The Sport being over, they parted, but he had not gone far, when beginning to have a Thought about him, he felt for his Watch, and finding it out of its Precincts, he made all the Haste he could after his Mistress, and overtaking her in *St. Martins-Lane*, charged her with a Constable, who committed her to the *Round-House* all Night.

Next Morning the Linnen-Draper appeared against her at *St. Martin's Vestry*, where charging her upon Oath, before the Justices, of her robbing him of his Watch, Quoth one of the old *Mumpsimus*, *Well, Mrs. Jelliver, what have you to say for yourself now? you see the Fact is sworn positively against you*. Mrs. Jelliver, as he called her, dropping a very fine Courtesy, and looking as demure as a Whore at a Christening, said in her Defence, *That going home last Night to my Lodging, that Gentleman there, who is my Accuser, did so far prevail with me as to be naught with him in a dark Alley, and whilst he was jumbling me up against a Wall, Sirs, to pass the Time away, I play'd with his Watch, which being half way out of his Fob, I told him, let him deny it if he can, that the Watch was coming; whereupon he reply'd, D——n the Watch, he did not value the Watch of a Farthing; nay, when I had the Watch quite out of his Fob, and had put it into my own Pocket, at the same Time pointing to it, and plainly telling him the Watch was here, still he was so eager at his Work, that he said again, D——n the Watch,*

I tell you I don't value it of a Farthing; so thinking it of more Consequence than that comes to, I was carrying it home for my own Use, but since he requires it again, here it is Gentlemen, and I freely return it him again with all my Heart. At this Confession, the Justices were all ready to split their Sides with Laughing ; and making the Complainant give his Mistress a Guinea for his Folly, he had his Watch again, and she being discharged, went about her Business.

Another Time Sympson being pick'd up by a Couple of Captains in the *Coldstream*, or second Regiment of *Foot Guards*, they carried her to *Rigby's Ordinary*, at the *Roe Buck* in *Suffolk Street*, where having a good Supper, and being also much elevated with Wine, they began to act several Beastialities upon her ; but she made them pay for their Frolick in the end ; for having drank them to such a Pitch, that they both fell into a sound Sleep upon the Floor, honest Sympson began to dive into their Fobs and Pockets, whence she took a couple of gold Watches, two Purfes of Guineas, some Silver, two gold Snuff-Boxes, two diamond Rings off their Fingers, broke the silver Hilts off their Swords, then sh—t—g in both their Perukes, which she clapt on their Heads again, she went off without saying so much as a Word to any Body. When they awoke, and found their Loss, what Vollics of Oaths and Curses flew about the Room, like Peals of great Ordnance ! There was striving betwixt them, who should swear the fastest ; but all to no Purpose ; the Whore being gone they knew not whether, they were forced to be contented with their Calamity ; and what was worse too, to pay a Reckoning of four Pounds into the Bargain.

One Time Nell meeting a Butcher's Son of *Clare Market*, who was a *F——* in the same County, he being dispos'd to have a Game at *Tricke-Tracke* with her, (for you must know, that by his Father's Trade, he was given to the Flesh) she takes him into *Pissing-Alley*, in *Holywell-Street*, otherwise called the Backside of *St. Clements* in the Strand, so eminently noted for Taylors selling there their Cabage. No sooner were they arrived into that dark Hole, so fit for Fornication and Adultery, but as he was lugging out his Dagger, to whip her thro' the Beard, she at the same Time lugged out his silver hilted Sword from his Side, which he never paid for to this Day, and cry'd, *Pray Sir, don't play the Spaniard upon me, to use both Spado and Rapier upon me at once; I shall never be able to bear it*. The *F——* who was a Man of no great Metal at the best, reply'd, *My Dear, I'll use you gently, and immediately*, (being dead drunk) he fell down on his Arse. Hereupon Nell takes up her

her Coats, stops his Mouth with her T—y M—y, and pisses down his Throat. His W— now fancying himself in a Tavern, and taking *Nell's* warm Water for mull'd Wine, he said, he was very well satisfied, and would pay the Reckoning next Day to a Farthing, and so fell asleep, while *Nell* carried off his Sword, Wig, and Hat, and left him there wallowing in Sir Reverence, Urine, and other Nastiness, till somebody that came by carried him to the Place of his Habitation, laid him upon a Butcher's Block, and left him to shift for himself.

Now it happening to be about One of the Clock on a *Saturday* Morning, the Butcher who owned the Block was drinking at an adjacent Alehouse. Whilst he was there, a Calf newly killed, but not drest, was stolen from before his Shop; which missing, he fell a swearing and staring like a Devil for his Loss, and called out to the Man that was then putting out the Strands and Sheds against the Market-People came, and ask'd him if he knew any Thing of his Calf. D—n me, reply'd the Fellow, can't you see? why it lies upon your Block there. By G—, quoth he, so it does; well, Jack, I beg your Pardon, for I did not see it till you told me. So taking out his Knife, and whetting it on his Steel, quoth he, *Prithce Jack come hither, and lend me a Hand to lift him on one of the Hooks, to flay him.* The Butcher was briskly whetting his Knife still, and did not mind what his Calf was made of, till Jack coming to assist him, finding it was somewhat of a Man, said to him, *Master, this is f— such a one, 'tis no Calf; but yet, Sir, as his Flesh may be a Novelty, I don't know but it may fetch a Penny in the Pound more than the best Mutton in the Market, considering he has fed himself a long Time upon laced Mutton, and will to his dying Day, if he can have it gratis; for he never loved to pay for any Thing in his Life, unless needs must, when the Devil drives.* The Butcher seeing his Mistake, kicks him off of the Block, but was bound over for it next Day, and had he not have made up his W—p's Loss, by *Nel*, he had certainly been prosecuted for the Robbery.

But a little after this Exploit, *Sympson* finding that her Tail brought her not the Comings-in she expected, though she was a tolerable handsome Woman, and a good Tongue Pad, she was resolved to try what her Hands could do. The first Experiment she made this Way, was at a certain Mercer's in *Bedford-street*; whither going in a Chair very well drest'd, with a Couple of sham Footmen attending her, in good Liveries, when she came into the Shop, she called for several Pieces of Silk to look on. In the mean Time an Apple Pasty coming in for the Family, she seem'd on a sudden to be taken very ill, and withdrew from the Place where she was, to the farther End of the Shop, and sat at the End of a Counter, under which was a great deal of rich Silks.

Her Footman taking the Hint of her Illness, told the Journeyman, there happening then to be none but him, that they believed their Lady (who pass for the Countess of *Colrain*) being newly married, longed for some of the Apple Pasty just then come in, for she was mighty apt to long of late for any Thing that was good. The Journeyman pitying her Condition, presently ran up Stairs, and acquainted his Master and Mistress of the Matter. They were mightily concerned at it; but before they came down, she gave her two Footmen six whole Pieces of Silk, who put them into the Chair, the Chairmen not supposing any otherwise than that the suppos'd Lady had bought it.

When the Mercer and his Wife came down, they invited her up Stairs, which Kindness, after some seeming Reluctancy, she accepted of, eat very heartily of the Pye, as she might have done of other Varieties which were there, but she refused them. When she had done, she returned them many Thanks, invited them to her Lodgings in *St. James's-Square*, and for their extraordinary Civility, promis'd to lay out five or six hundred Pounds with them, before she and her Lord went to *Ireland*.

When she came down Stairs, she laid out four or five Guineas, and pitched upon other Silks, to the Value of one hundred and twenty Pounds, which ordering to be brought to her House as aforesaid in the Evening, (because she was going then to pay a Visit to the Dutches of *Somerset* at *Northumberland House* at *Charing Cross*;) she then took Chair, and went off. But within a few Hours afterwards, the Silks she had stol'n being miss'd, there was a great Outcry, the Mercer swearing that the longing Lady had long'd for more than she could eat; which proved as he said, for going to enquire after her in *St. James's-Square*, there was no finding the Lady *Colrain*, nor any Thing like it.

Another Time she went to a Linnen-Draper's Shop in *Cornhill*, attended with a Couple of Footmen behind a hired Chariot; who knocking at the Door with an Authority, for it was then about eight or nine at Night in Winter Time, the Journeyman opened it, and gave Admission to this suppos'd Person of Quality, and her Attendants, whom she pretended to send to a Couple of Merchants by the *East-India-House*. Being shew'd several Parcels of the finest Mullins, she pitched upon as much as came to eighty Pounds, when pulling out a Purse, in which she had not above twenty Guineas, and perhaps most of them Counters, quoth she, *Upon my Word, Sir, I have less Money about me than I thought for, so I cannot pay what I have agreed for; therefore I beg the Favour of you to let your young Lad, your Apprentice here, just stop to Mr. such a one, my Banker, in Lombard-street, and telling him you are come from the Countess of Colrain, desire him to pay you one hundred Pounds upon Sight of this Note.*

Away goes the Apprentice with the Note, and in came her two Footmen, who presently knocking down the Journeyman, stunn'd him to that Degree, that they carried off above two hundred Pounds worth of Mullin into the Chariot, and went off with it, before the other could recover himself. After above a quarter of an Hour, calling down his Master, he told him of the Disaster, and wondering the Apprentice did not come back in above an Hour's Time, at last a Messenger was sent from the Banker, at whose House they found the Lad charged with a Constable, for bringing a forg'd Note. But when the Master came in his Behalf, and told how the Matter was, to his Loss of above two hundred Pounds, he was discharged.

But not long after this notorious Robbery, *Sympson* was taken in the Act of Shoplifting at *Sturbridge Fair*, and was committed to *Cambridge Gaol*, and the Assizes following try'd, she received Sentence of Death; whereupon she pleaded her Belly, and a Jury of Matrons being impannell'd, as is usual on such Occasions, she was brought in quick with Child; and was really so; for she was brought to Bed of a Girl before the Assizes following; when being called down to her former Judgment, she was hanged at *Cambridge*, upon *Saturday* the 19th of *July* 1714, aged twenty eight Years.

The LIFE of RHODERICK AUDREY.

TO give an exact Character of this Malefactor, would require a very curious Pen; for he was so dextrous in Thieving, that he seemed to be begotten by some Thief, and so he came an acute Villain into the World. He could scarce speak plain when he began to practice the taking of what was none of his own; and so improved himself in the Art and Mystery of Thieving, that he was hanged a little after he was turned his Teens.

'Tis true he had two elder Brothers, who envied his acuteness in Villany, and as they had the Priority of Birth, so they thought it their Birth-right to exceed the Youngest, in what brought them to the Gallows. One of these made himself an Evidence against his own Brother, to save himself from swinging. We must own they left nothing unattempted to claim a Superiority over *Rhoderick*, in the Faculty of Thieving, as robbing Friend or Foe; but the greatest of their Exploits was only for Pots, or Tubs of Butter, Pieces, not Fitches of Bacon, wet Linen, and old Cloaths, whereas the other scorned to meddle with not any Thing unless Plate or Money.

When the young one, who is the Subject of this Discourse, began first to launch abroad in the World, he was (tho' his Friends could bestow neither Writing nor Reading upon him) so ripe-witted in Roguery, that none of his Years could match him; he had not seen Nine when he was a great Proficient in Iniquity; and was so successful in his Designs, that with the Decoy of a Sparrow, he got above Two Hundred Pounds in less than a Twelvemonth. His way was as follows.

He'd go to *Chelsea*, or *Hampstead*, or *Bore*, or *Lambeth*, *East*, *West*, *North*, or *South*, for he was never out of his Road, and carrying a Sparrow along with him, would be playing about a House, where he saw a Side Board of Plate in the Parlour, or any other good Moveable, learning the Bird to climb the Ladder or fly to Hat. If the Sashes were open, or the Street-Door, he would throw in his Sparrow; then following it to catch it again, he stole away the Plate, and left the Sparrow to answer for his Master's Conduct. But if he was seen by any body in the House before he had finished his Work, it was a very plausible Pretence that his Design was no other than running after his Bird, as honest Children will do in such Cases; and he being also in a state of Infancy in a manner, the People that so caught him, did no otherwise than let him go about his Business; nay, sometimes were so kind, as to help him to catch it: As it was impossible at such Times for him to carry away the whole Plate-Fleet at once, nevertheless he commonly oblig'd those that helped him with the taking away a silver Spoon, a Fork, or some such little Thing.

In this Manner he was successful for some Time, having bit a great many in *Kensington-Square*, as well as at *Fulham*, *Highgate*, *Islington*, *Hackney*, and other Country Villages about *London*; till he was so well known at catching Sparrows, that they would as often catch him, and send him to fly his Sparrows in *Brixton*. Here he had been so often used to Punny and Block, that it hardened him in Audaciousness; for when he was from working on Hemp, that precious Commodity by which he died, he still went on daily in his pernicious Courses. He

would do nothing in a Morning; saying, there was nothing to be got then but a few Tea spoons, and *China Ware*: Nor would he often go abroad by Night, because then Parlour-Shutters being clapp'd up, prevented his seeing what House could furnish him with a Parcel of Plate to his Mind. His hunting about for a Prey was always about Dinner-Time; not but that he would go out Morning and Evening, if a *Bloss* was set him; that is to say, if any of his Society gave him Intelligence, that then there was an Opportunity of taking a Quarry of *Wedge*, which in the Thieves Language is Silver.

Whenever his Money was gone he still went upon fresh Exploits, till all the Country Towns and Villages within ten Miles about *London*, were sensible, that the Boy who play'd with the Sparrow was a Thief. Yet tho' he was often sent to *New Prison*, and the *Gatehouse* at *Westminster*, the Justices took so much Pity on his tender Years, as not to commit him to *Newgate*, for fear of his being spoilt, tho' he was already spoilt to their Hands. This Favour still encouraged *Rhoderick* in his Villany, till at last he was committed to *Newgate*, whither he went twenty Times afterwards, and being try'd upon a Matter of *Petit-Larceny*, for which the Jury found him guilty of Ten-pence, he flung from the Bar a Shilling to the Judge, desiring his Lordship to give him Two-pence for his Change; which Piece of Impudence caused him to be so well flaug'd, that he never valued whipping at the Cart's Arse ever after.

Playing his Pranks on t'other Side the Water in *Surry*, he, with one *Jacob Letherton*, who was also hanged, was committed to the *Marshalsea* Prison in *Southwark*, from whence by a Writ of *Habeas Corpus*, being removed upon a *Ham* robbery charged against them on this Side the Water, and no Person appearing against them, they had the good Luck to procure their Enlargement: For these Youngers were not so extravagant, but they deposited a little Cash against a rainy Day, in the Hands of an old Tutor of Thieves, keeping a Publick House not far from *White Chapel* Church, or else they had been sent out of the Land of the Living some Years before they did make their last Exit at *Tyburn*.

To hard drinking he was not much addicted; but for Gaming and Whoring he was a little Devil; 'tis said he had (as little, and as young as he was) a Wife too, who nick-nam'd him *Min Zed*. Her own Name, before she wedded with him, was *Kate Smith*, the Daughter of a Hawker, born in *St. Giles's* Parish, where she got a great deal of Money, by pretending to be a Sempstress. Under this Cover going with an empty Band-Box in her Hands early in a Morning to any Gentleman's House, and knocking at the Door, she would impudently ask the Servant that open'd it, whether the Lady is stirring, for she had brought such a Parcel of Lace or Muslin, as her Ladyship had bespoke of her over Night. The Servant perhaps innocently brings her into the Parlour to tarry, till he or she goes up to acquaint the Lady of the *Ham* Sempstress waiting below; who being she receives an Answer from above, rises, Parlor and Closets of what she can find for her Turn, and marches off. But this manner of Thieving has been described before.

But

But to return again to *Kate's* pretended Husband *Audrey*. As he was one Day about Dinner-Time, walking with another thro' *Soho-Square*, espying a great Parcel of Plate in a remote Room of a Person of Quality's House, his Mouth so watered at the glittering Sight, that he could not pass by it with a safe Conscience; and holding a Council with his Comrade about it, he thought it impracticable to attempt the taking of it. However, young *Audrey* would not acquiesce to his Opinion; have it he would: So desiring his faint hearted Comrade, who wore a green Apron, to lend it him, he presently steps to an Oil Shop, buys two or three Balls of Whiting, returns to the House he was resolved to attack, and getting upon the Rails, falls to cleaning the Windows with the Whiting, and a foul Handkerchief, with as good an Assurance as if he had been the Butler, or some other Servant belonging to the Family. He was mighty handy about his Work, lifting the Sashes up and down, and going in and out to clean them, without any Suspicion of People going by, who could have no Mistrust of his not dwelling there; till at last he cleaned the Side-Board of all the Plate, which he brought away in his Apron, to the Value of eighty Pounds.

Another Time young *Audrey* going thro' *Golien Square*, in Company with the aforesaid Companion, and seeing a great many silver Forks and Spoons, with other Pieces of Plate, lying on the Dresser under a Kitchen Window, he and his Comrade fell a playing at Pitch and Huffer just against it; and at last letting a Halfpenny rowl down the Window, *Audrey* was climbing over the Rails to go down after it, at which the Cook-Maid scolded and told him he should not come down, nor have what was fell down; and he on the other Side, begged and pray'd for it, and still made the best of his Way downwards, till the fiery Cook-Maid fell into such a Passion, that she run up Stairs in a great Fury to beat him. In the mean Time *Audrey's* Comrade put a Stick he had in his Hand through the Knocker of the Door, so that with all her pulling, and locking and unlocking, as thinking some Fault was in the Lock, she could not open it.

Whilst she was in this Fatigue, *Audrey* was not idle, for he got the Plate out of the Kitchen Window, saying, when he came out, you *B B B Birds*, (for he much stuttered) *I have got it and no Thanks to you*; which made her reply (though she knew not what he had got) in a propheticall Manner, *Ay, you young impudent Rogue, I'll warrant you I shall see you hanged*. But whether she did or not, I can't tell: However, if she did not, a great many hundreds did for her; and must needs say, that he went very decently to the Gallows; being in a white Waistcoat, clean Napkin, white Gloves, and having an Orange in one Hand, but no Book in the other; though a great many who could read no more than he, when they went to be hanged would have a Book, to seem either learned or devout.

He would often upbraid his two Brothers with the meanness of their Spirits, in stealing such trifling Matters, which were not worth taking the Pains of carrying away; telling them, they were only fit to rob Orchards, Roosts, and Sties, of their Fruit, Pullen, and Pigs, at which they were pretty expert; especially his Brother *John*; who being a Tapster some small Time at *Highgate*, one Day an ancient Widow in the Town, that had newly had a Sow pigg'd, in a Field not far from the Cottage where she dwelt, *Jack Audrey* happening to come by with some Puppies in his Lap, which he was sent to drown, spy'd the Sow and her young ones in the Ditch, to which he repaired, and for his three Puppies which he left, takes as many of the Pigs away with him to a private Place in *Canell-st*, where *Jack*, as often as he could in a Day, constantly resorted, and fed them with Milk, which he had learned to milk from the Cows that were feeding there by, into his Hat, till he had brought them up

to some three Weeks growth, still cutting their Hoofs to the very Quick, so that they could not run thence. Being not found out, no more Talk was had in *Highgate*, and thereabouts, than of the strange and prodigious Birth of this Sow, every one thinking that she had littered one half Pigs, and the other Puppies, which was universally look'd on as very ominous of some ensuing Disaster; nor was the same unriddled, till *Jack* having one Day Liberty given him to go to *London*, was catch'd driving them up to Town.

But as young *Roderick*, for Roguery, carried the Bell from either of his Brothers *Jack* or *Bill*, we shall still trace his Life. After the Facts above related, stealing a Box, and Plate, and Money, out of a House in *Rei-Lyon-Square*, he was taken in the Fact, and committed to *Newgate*; and when brought on his Trial for the same, was burnt in the Hand, and order'd to hard Labour for two Years, in *Brixtonwell* in *Clerkenwell*. Here he had not been above six Months of his Time, before *Richard Kede*, *William Loxther*, and *Charles Houghton*, were also committed for two Years, and being shew'd by young *Audrey* where the Keeper's Arms were, the three aforesaid Persons attempted to break into the Room where they lay, but were prevented in their Design. Nevertheless they made a Riot, in which *Charles Houghton* was killed on the Spot, *As* he lost one of his Eyes, and *Loxther* was desperately wounded in the Back. On the Keeper's Side, one *Perry*, his Turnkey, and Butler to the Prison, was flabb'd thro' the Heart with a Penknife. Whilst this Engagement lasted, of which we have before given some Account, young *Audrey* broke into the Deceased Turnkey's Chamber, from whence he stole twenty Pounds, and then found a Way to break out of *Brixtonwell*; making Way also for eighteen or twenty more, who followed their Leader; but were as soon retaken, excepting him, who stalk'd about four or five Months before he was apprehended, and that upon acting a fresh Piece of Villany.

Being now committed to *Newgate* for his last Time, his Thoughts were employ'd how to break out there too; using some few Stratagems, but he was unsuccessful in all his Attempts. Here his chief Diversion was eating instead of fasting, drinking instead of sober living, gaming instead of living what he had, whoring instead of preserving his health, swearing instead of praying, and damning himself instead of making a due Preparation for his latter end.

When he came before the Bench again, they knew him very well by his Impudence, of which he had a good Stock; and being found guilty of fleeing, after his late breaking out of *Brixtonwell*, a great Quantity of Plate, Sentence of Death was pass'd on him.

Whilst he was in the Condemn'd Hold, he was no changling; for thinking little of being hang'd, he was very rude, hindering other Prisoners that were under the same unhappy Circumstances, and would have employ'd the short Time appointed for them to live, to the best Advantage, by performing the laudable Exercises of Devotion. But yet he had to much Grace in him, as to own the Sentence pass'd upon him was just, and confess'd above a hundred Robberies in particular that he had committed; besides acknowledging his Commission of as many more, which he could not call to Mind where. What he stole was (as aforesaid) Plate and Money, to the Value of Two Thousand Pounds at Times; but to profuse had he been with it, that he had scarce Money to buy him a Coffin.

At last the fatal Day was come, in the Year 1744; when he was to go from hence, and be no more seen; then being convey'd in a Cart, unpitied by all honest People, to *Tyburn*, he seem'd very loath to die; but no Reprieve coming, which he expected to the last, in Consideration of his Youth, he dejected to the Tune of a penitential Psalm, being no more than 18 Years of Age.

The LIFE of WILL CHANCE.

WILLIAM CHANCE was born of mean Parents, near Colchester in Essex, by whom he had not the least Learning at all bestow'd upon him, tho' he was from his very Infancy a Child that shew'd a promising Genius.

When he came to be about sixteen Years of Age, he was put out Apprentice by the Parish to a Weaver, where he was so unlucky, that at three Years End his Master gave him his Indentures, and sent him packing; when to support himself, he took to thieving.

He was so good a Proficient in the Art of taking what was not his own, that a Gentleman who took a great Fancy to his Archness, often invited him to dine with him at his Table; and one Day above the rest, after Dinner, said, *Will, If thou wilt this Night steal the Bed I lie upon out of my Chamber, I'll give thee five Guineas, on the Word of a Gentleman.* Will accepted the Proposal, and left the Gentleman without giving him Time to reply.

A Doctor of Physick died some Days before at Colchester, and was buried there in St. Mary's Church-yard; Will goes in the Dead of Night, takes the dead Body by the Heels, and throwing it upon his Back, walked gently on towards the Gentleman's House unobserved, and mounting a Ladder, which he purposely contrived to stand at one Corner, very fairly began to untile that Part of the House over the Chamber where the Gentleman lay. Scarce was a Hole made in the Roof of the House, when Will let fall the Doctor thro'.

The Noise surpriz'd the Gentleman to be sure, and hearing no one stir, he rises out of his Bed, and by the Help of a Candle, that was burning in the Chimney, plainly discover'd, as he thought, the Body of Will on the Floor, who he imagin'd had broken his Neck by the Fall. This gave him no small Uneasiness, and made him lament his Curiosity; then calling to one of his Men, in whom he could safely confide, quoth he, *See here, Tom, what a strange Thing has happen'd, Will. Chance, whom I have so often entertain'd, has attempted to break into my House to rob me, but in the Attempt has broke his Neck. I have that Pity for his Misfortune, that to hide his Death from the World, you and I, Tom, will take the pains privately to bury him; the Church-yard is near at hand, and before Break of Day we can dig a shallow Grave and throw him into it.*

The Man, in Compliance to his Master's Pleasure, consented; so wrapping the Body up in an old Blanket, away they trudged to the Church-yard, where finding a Grave ready made to their Hands, they flung their Load into (tho' unknown to them) its proper Place. In the mean Time Will. Chance got into the House, and carried off his Bed; which when they return'd, put them into a worse Fright than before, as supposing Will's Ghost had, in their Absence, play'd the Thief, to be reveng'd for the sudden Loss of its earthly Tabernacle. But their Admiration was more rais'd the next Day, when he came in *propria Persona*, to demand the five Guineas, according to Promise. At first the Gentleman would not believe his own Eyes, till feeling it was Flesh and Blood, and being acquainted with his whole Stratagem, he accordingly paid him five Guineas.

Shortly after this Adventure, surprising Sir Jonathan Thornicroft, Bart. he unawares knock'd him off his Horse, and rifled him of a Diamond Ring worth 120 Pounds, a Gold Watch worth 50 Pounds, and 290 Guineas. A great Noise of this Robbery being made all over the Country, with the Promise of a Reward of 100 Pounds for any that could discover this bold Robber, Will. fled to a rich Uncle's at Hertford, to lie there *incognito*, till this hubbub was all over. His Uncle was a Grazier, who caress'd and receiv'd him with all the Tokens of Respect that could possibly be shown a near Relation. While he was here he bargain'd with his Uncle for 20 Oxen, signing an Obligation for the Money, which he promis'd to pay within a Month or two; then taking leave of his Uncle, he hired one to drive the Oxen to Norwich. After two or three Months were expired, the old Gentleman not hearing from him, turns to his Writings, where he found the Nest, but the Birds flown; for Will had temper'd the Ink with Saltpetre, and other corrosive Ingredients, which eat thro' the Paper. This startled the old Man so, that he suddenly took Pen in Hand, and writ a very severe Letter to his Kinsman, threatening him with a Course of Law.

He pretended to be greatly concern'd at the Matter, the better to maintain his Uncle's Esteem, cries out Whore first, and summon'd his Uncle to appear at the Assizes at Norwich; having in the mean Time suborn'd a false Witness or two, to give Evidence to a forg'd Paper, wherein his Uncle was found to confess himself indebted to his Father, in the Sum of 600 Pounds, payable, in case of his Decease, to this his unlucky Son. The usual Hand and Mark of the Uncle was artificially counterfeited, with a different Ink from the Body of the Obligation, both temper'd with Soot, to make them seem of such standing as the Date would require. Besides this, he had also forg'd a certain Discharge, the Tenor whereof was, that he had receiv'd 20 Oxen for 200 Pounds of the said six hundred.

This Acquittance was cunningly seal'd up, and sent to a Countryman near Colchester, whom he had also hir'd to be an Assistant; and he deliver'd it to the Uncle, in the Presence of the Court. Will, so soon as he saw him begin to open it, pray'd the Court to examine his Papers, which they did, and the Discharge made so much for him, that Judgment was pass'd in his Favour, and the Defendant constrain'd not only to renounce his Pretence, but also condemn'd to pay the Remainder of the Sum that was mention'd in the Obligation, which was four hundred Pounds.

At last having exhausted all his ill-got Money upon drinking, gaming, and whoring, he betakes himself to House-breaking, for which he had been twice committed to Newgate, and try'd at the Old Bailey, but had the good Luck to escape hanging, because the Witnesses were defective in their Evidence. This Success in his Roguery did so harden him, that there was scarce a Goal throughout London but what he was more than once a Tenant in. He was once condemn'd at Hertford Assizes for the Foot-Pad, but his Time not being yet come he was repriv'd, and after an Imprisonment of two Years and a half, he pleaded his Pardon granted by Queen

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ANNE, and obtained his Liberty once more. But not making good Use of his Freedom, and the royal Mercy he received, he pursued his old Courses, and went upon the Foot-Path, till he and another being apprehended for robbing a Gentleman near *Paddington*, of a silver hilted Sword, and forty two Shillings in Money, they were committed to *Newgate*, where his Comrade making himself an Evidence, to secure his own Neck, *Will* was convicted and received Sentence of Death.

Whilst he was in the Condemned Hold, he was at first very profligate, swearing, cursing, drinking, singing, and dancing, to the great Hindrance of the other condemned Malefactors from their Devotion: But when the dead Warrant was brought to the Lodge of *Newgate*, his Countenance changed at the fatal News, and he began to employ the little Time he was to live in serious Meditations of his approaching End, which was on *Wednesday*, the 21st of *April*, 1715, when he was hanged at *Tyburn* aged thirty five Years.

The LIFE of ZACHARY CLARE.

ZACHARY CLARE was a Baker's Son, born at *Hackney*, and by his Father bred up to his Trade; but becoming acquainted with *Ned Bonnet*, who learned him the Trade of robbing on the Highway, they practised it together with good Success for three or four Years, in the Counties of *Hartford* and *Cambridge*; and became such a Terror to the People of the Isle of *Ely*, that they durst hardly stir our far from home, unless they were half a Dozen, or half a Score in a Body together; but at length *Clare* being apprehended as robbing one Day by himself, to save his own Neck, he made himself an Evidence against *Ned Bonnet*, who being apprehended, was committed to *Newgate*, from whence was convey'd to *Cambridge*, and there hanged as before related.

One would think that untimely End of his Companion, would have reclaimed him, but instead of being reformed, he withdrew himself again from under his Father's Tuition, and took to his old Courses, with a Resolution of never leaving them off till he was hanged too. However, dreading a Halter, he was resolv'd to rob by Stratagem; and accordingly one Afternoon riding over *Bagshot Heath*, he falls to blowing of a Horn, just as if he had been a Post, whereupon three or four Gentlemen then on the Road gave him the Way, as is usual in such Cases, and being not rightly acquainted with the Place where they were, they made what Haste they could after him for a Guide, promising to give him somewhat for conducting them to such a Town. *Clare* accepts of their Civility, and being come upon the Middle of the aforesaid Heath, where was a lone House upon the Side of the Road, pretending to be Thirsty, he crav'd the Favour of the Gentlemen to bestow a little Drink upon him, withal saying there was a Cup of very good Liquor. They acquiesced to his Request, and rid up to the House, where a Couple of his Companions being planted, ready mounted, they attacked the Gentlemen at Sword and Pistol, with such Fury, that after a short Resistance, they obliged them to pay their Postman about two hundred thirty Pounds for safely conducting them into their Clutches.

Shortly after this Adventure, being thro' his Extravagance destitute of a Horse, Pistols, and Accoutrements, fitting for a Gentleman-Thief, he puts himself into the Disguise of a Porter, with an old Frock on his Back, Leather Breeches, a broad Belt about his Middle, a hiving Hat on his Head, a Knot on his Shoulders, a small Cord (an Emblem of what would be his Fate) at his Side, and a sham Ticket hanging at his Girdle; so going up and down the Streets to see how Fortune might favour his Designs, it was his good Luck one Evening to go thro' *Lombard-street*, when a Gentleman was sealing up a cou-

ple of hundred Pounds Bags. He takes the Advantage to walk by just as the aforesaid Gentleman came to the Door, where calling for a Porter, he plies him, and the Money was delivered to him, to carry along with the Gentleman to one Esq; *Mark-labwait's*, living near *Ret Lyon Square*. But *Zachary Clare*, being tired of his Burden, turns up *St. Martin's le-Grand*, and made the best of his Way to lighten himself as soon as he could of his Load.

The Gentleman turning about and missing his suppos'd Porter, ran up and down like a distracted Lunatick broke out of *Bellam*, out of one Street into another; in this Lane, and that Alley; this Court and that House; crying out, *Did you see the Alan that's run away with my two hundred Pounds?* But all his Scrutiny was to no Purpose, for *Zachary* having a light Pair of Heels, made, no doubt, what Haste he could to such Quarters where he might have a safe Retreat from Justice.

Clare being thus recruited, he soon metamorphos'd his Porter's Habit into that of a Gentleman's; and from a Man of Carriage, transform'd himself into an absolute Highwayman again. One of his Comforts buys him a good Horse in *West Smithfield*, whilst another buys Pistols, and other Materials, requisite for a Person that lives by the Words *Stand and Deliver*. Being thus equipped, he bids *London* adieu for ever; for it was the last Time he ever saw it. His Progress now was towards the West of *England*; where he and his Associates robbed the *Welsh* Drovers, and several Waggoners, besides Coaches; insomuch that they were a Dread and Terror to all those Parts which border upon *Wales*.

But staying there till the Country was too hot for them, they steered their Course into *Warwickshire*; where they committed several Robberies with very good Success; till one Day *Zachary Clare*, and only one more in Company with him, going to give their Horses a Breathing upon *Dunmore-Heath*, they attacked Sir *Humphry Jennison* and his Lady in their Coach, who had then above one thousand one hundred Pounds in the Seat of it, and the Knight being unwilling to lose it, he came out to give them Battle. An Engagement began betwixt the Highwaymen and Sir *Humphrey*, one of whose two Footmen was wounded in the Arm, and the other had his Horse shot in the Buttock. But still Sir *Humphrey's* Courage was not quell'd; he maintained the Fight more vigorously with what Pistols he had; till the Coachman discharging a Blunderbuss, shot *Zachary's* Horse dead on the Spot, and himself in the Foot. His Comrade seeing him dismounted, and wounded into the Bargain, he fled as fast as he could. *Clare* was now taken, and Sir *Humphrey* mounting his Footman's Horse, that was not wounded, pursued

ed *James Lawrence*, the Highwayman that had left *Clare* in the Lurch, and took him. Then tying them behind one another, with the Legs of them under the Horse's Belly, they were brought into *Warwick*, and being examined before a Magistrate, he committed them to Gaol.

Now being in close Confinement, they made several Attempts to break open the Prison; and in order thereto, they had Files, Chizzels, Ropes, and *Aqua Fortis*, to facilitate their Escape. But being detected by one of their Fellow Prisoners, they were loaded with the heaviest Irons the Gaol afforded, and were also stapled down to the Floor; under which strict Retraint they continued for above four Months, when the Assizes coming on, they were both brought to a Trial, having a great Number of Indictments exhibited against them, to the great Surprize of the whole Court, who try'd them upon no less than ten, of every one of which the Jury found them guilty.

Being ask'd what they had to say for themselves, before Sentence of Death was pass'd upon them according to Law, *James Lawrence* said, *He had always been an unfortunate Son of a Whore; however, if his Lordship would be pleas'd but to be hang'd for him, for one half Hour or so, it should be the last Favour that ever he should ask of him any more.* Being told he was a hardened impudent Rogue, *Zachary Clare* was ask'd what he had to say for himself, who answered, *My Lord, I have hang'd*

one Man already by swearing to save myself; and to save it once more, if your Lordship pleases, I'll swear right or wrong, against the whole Jury, to hang them too; for I own they have done me the greatest Diskindness that ever any Men did in my Life.

Being condemned, they were remanded back to Gaol again, and secur'd in a dark Dungeon under Ground; where instead of preparing for their latter End, they did nothing but sing, swear, play at Cards, and get druck from Morning till Night. So audacious were they, that a grave Minister coming to give them good Counsel, they had the Impudence to throw a Pot of Drink in his Face, crying out at the same Time, *Begone you old formal Son of a Whore! Have we nothing else to do do you think, than stand to be surfeited with your damned Cant?* They were no less impudent when they were conveyed to the Place of Execution; and when they were there, they would neither pray nor make Confession. When the Sheriff ask'd them if they had any Thing to say before they were turn'd off, *Lawrence* reply'd, *I wish I was safe in Bed with your Wife now!* and *Clare* cry'd, *I wish I might have the getting of that young Woman's Maidenhead there!* The Ladder upon this was immediately drawn from under them, and so they miserably ended their Lives, in *August*, 1715, the first of them aged thirty two, and the other twenty six Years.

The LIFE of JOHN PRICE.

IT would be but little Benefit and Satisfaction to the Reader to have an Account of this Criminal's Extraction, because it is so extraordinary mean; 'tis enough to say, that he first drew his Breath in the Fog-end of the Suburbs of *London*; and, like *Mercury*, became a Thief as soon as ever he peeped out of the Shell.

Fortune having reduced his miserable Parents to such Extremity, that they could not bestow on this their Son, any Education, it was his Misfortune to improve himself in all manner of Wickedness, before he was turn'd of Seven. So prone was he to Vice, that as soon as he could speak, he would curse and swear with as great a Passion and Vileness, as is frequently heard round any Gaming-Table. Moreover, to this unprofitable Talent of Prophaneness, he added that of Lying, at which he was so dextrous, that it was once a Means of his saving his Life.

For when *John Price* was about eighteen Years of Age, living with a Gentleman in the Country, he turned him out of his Service, purely upon the Account of his excessive Lying; when going towards *London*, and robbing a Market-Woman of about eighteen Shillings near *Brentwood* in *Essex*, he was taken by some Travellers coming suddenly on him in the Fact, and committed by a Magistrate to *Chelmsford* Gaol; where at the Assizes pleading Guilty, he received Sentence of Death; but his late Master being then High-Sheriff of the County of *Essex*, and taking Compassion on his Servant's Misfortunes, did not permit his Sentence to be put in Force against him; of which the Judges being informed the next Assizes, they severely blamed for his Neglect, especially since the Criminal had pleaded guilty to the Crime laid to his Charge. The Sheriff said, *He acknowledged that such a Man had been condemned*

the last Assizes; but then he knew the Fellow to be such an unaccountable Liar, that there was no believing one Word he said; so his pleading guilty to what was laid to his Charge, was, in his Opinion, an eminent Sign he ought to be believed innocent of the Fact; and he would not be guilty of hanging an innocent Man for the World. This facetious Story of Mr. Sheriff making the Judges smile, they reprieved the Criminal, but with a severe reprimand, and strict Charge of never coming before them any more.

Soon after this Escape, *John Price* makes the best of his Way for *London*; where he associated himself with a Tribe of Pick-pockets, and Gypsies, with whom he ran up and down the Country, frequenting all Fairs and Concourses of People, till he was catch'd diving in a Pocket that was none of his own, and committed to *Newgate* in *Bristol*. Being there severely whipt for his Fault, he went on board a Merchant Ship, and afterwards served in two Men of War, but not forbearing to pilfer from the Seamen, after having been whipt at a Gun, pickled with Brine, and Keel-hawl'd, he was discharged. Coming ashore at *Portsmouth*, he got to beloved *London* again, where he would never hearken to any wholesome Counsel, but was resolved to break thro' all virtuous Sentiments, and wholly to betake himself to all manner of Wickedness. Entering himself into a Gang of Foot-pads, they one Night divided themselves into three Bands, and an Attorney then falling into their Hands near *Hampstead*, his Money they demanded, with a Thousand Oaths and Curses. According to their Demand he gave them what Money he had about him, which was eight Guineas, rejoicing howsoever that he had now past, as he thought, all Danger. When lo, suddenly as he came up to the Halfway House, betwixt that Place and *London*,

London, he was again surrounded with a second Band of these Rogues, who viewing him nearly, demanded whence he came, and where he was going. He related his piteous Adventure, and into what cruel Hands he had fallen. *Cruel?* answered one of the Gang; *How durst you use these Terms? And who made you so bold as to talk to us with your Hat on? Pray, Sir, be pleased, henceforward to learn more Manners.* Which saying, they snatched his Hat and Wig off his Head, and took a diamond Ring off his Finger, in all to the value of fifteen Pounds. What could our poor Lawyer now do? To return back again, was to leap out of the Frying-Pan into the Fire; wherefore he tainly puts on. When scarce he had got past *Kentish Town*, but the third Band, who lay as Centinels in this Place, made up to him, bringing along with them a Man who had not a rag of Cloaths on his Back, no not so much as a Shirt, a dreadful Thing, considering the Time of the Year, it being then in the Depth of Winter: *Sir, (said Price, who was in this Party), You'll do a charitable Deed, to let this poor Wretch, whom we have just now stript, have your upper Coat, or rather both upper and under, for you see he is almost dead with Cold.* The Lawyer would willingly have pleaded, that Charity begins at home, and that every Man is bound by the Laws of Nature to conserve his own Being rather than anothers: But Alas! his Judges were other kind of Men than to be moved by the Laws of the Land or Nature either; wherefore they took from him both his Coats and his Waistcoat, telling him it was a Favour that they took not from him his Life also, seeing that he made so much bad Use of it.

Not long after this, *Price* and one of his wicked Associates privately conveying themselves one Evening into a House in *Fleet-street*, crept up into a Garret fill'd with nothing but Lumber, with an intent to rob the People; but in the Night bustling about in the Dark, as *Price* was going to a Table for a Pistol he had laid there, he no sooner laid his Hand on it, but it presently discharges, and awakened them of the House, who immediately began to rise to secure the Thieves; *Price's* Comrade flies presently to the Window, where they had fastened a Rope ready for their Escape, and offers to slide down, when scarcely had he got above a Story and half but the Rope broke, and he fell down: However, as naught is never in Danger, he received not so much Hurt, but that he made a shift to scumble away.

In the mean Time *Price* being left behind, and seeing himself alone three or four Stories high, without any Possibility of following his Companion, he resolved to venture Neck or nothing; so quickly removes the remaining Part of the Rope to another Window, whereby he might let himself down into the Balcony, whither he was no sooner got to, but all the People of the House were in an Alarm; upon which he jumps out full into a great Basket of Eggs, which a Man coming from *Newgate* Market had on his Head. The Eggs running all about his Ears, nay, all his whole Body, as he lay upon the Ground, there was then as great an Outcry of Murder, as there was of Thieves; but all to no Purpose, for *Price* having broke his Fall by his Jump into that brittle Commodity, he made his Escape likewise, to reign longer in his Villany.

Jack Price having got clear this Time, and beginning to be very much noted about Town, he takes a Journey into the Country, stopping all the Hedges he met with that had any Linen on them, till he had reached *Cumtrent*; where putting into a little Inn, the People whereof being none of the honestest, and finding by his Discourse that he was a Servant fit for their turn, he was entertained as their Tapster, and let into the Secret of their murdering Travellers that sometimes lay there. But long he had not been in this Employment, before a

Gentleman happened to put into this Inn for Lodging; who being in his Chamber, was secretly informed by a Maid of the Danger he was in. Amongst other Things she told him, 'twas the Inn-keeper's Custom to ring a Bell, at the Sound of which several Rogues came running; when presently one of them feigning to be Servant to the Inn, comes to the Chamber where the Guests are, and making as he would snuff the Candle, puts it out, upon which the other Villains enter, and most cruelly murder them. This Gentleman considering with himself what to do, caused the Maid to bring him a Lanthorn, puts a Candle lighted into it, and hiding it under a Stool, lays ready his Arms, and stands upon his Guard. When scarcely had he sat himself down, but a great boorish Fellow enters, who very officiously so snuff the Candle, that he snuffs it out. But the Gentleman presently bid his Man bring out the Lanthorn, repelled the Villains, killing two of them, and put the others to flight. Then he seized on the Inn-keeper and his Wife, delivered them into the Hands of Justice, and at the Assizes being moved by the Maid they had murdered at several Times fourteen of their Guests, whose Bodies were found in an arched Vault in the Garden, to which they had a secret Passage out of a Cellar, they were both condemned and executed, the Inn-keeper himself being afterwards hanged in Chains.

Being at last committed to *Newgate* for Petit Larceny, he was only whipt at the Cart's Arte, and upon paying his Fees, obtained his Liberty again. Afterwards endeavouring to mend his Fortune by Marriage, he entered into the State of Matrimony with a young Woman called *Betty*, whose Employment was daily to attend the Gaol of *Newgate*, and to run on Prisoner's errands. By this Means and his own good Behaviour, he quickly raised himself to Preferment, for he was made Hangman for the County of *Middlesex*. But the first Day he officiated at the Sessions at the *Old Bailey*, going to the *Blue-Zoe* Alehouse, situated not far from Justice-Hall, it was his Misfortune to have his burning Irons picked out of his Pocket, for which he was forced to pawn his Waistcoat to have them back again. However, he soon retrieved this Loss, for what with slightly putting a *Z*, which was all the Letters he knew of the whole Alphabet, on a Thief's Hand, and correcting others with a gentle Lath, he redeemed his Waistcoat, and bought a Shirt into the Bargain. Moreover, at the first Cart of his Office he performed at *Tyburn*, he made as much of the executed Persons Cloaths among the Brokers in *Monmouth-street* and *Chick Lane*, as procured him several drunken Bouts. Though he was bad enough in many Things, yet he had one good Principle in him while he was hangman, for let him have owed Money to any Body, if he could not pay them, he was very willing to work it out whenever they pleased; a Principle indeed which every Rogue is not endued with.

Whilst he was in this Post, he took upon him a great deal of State, making every Geneva Shop his Office, and every Bawdy-House his *Seraglio*. Instead of one wife he had two; and on every Execution-Day he had as great a Levee as some Persons of Quality; being attended on by Broom-Men for old Hats, Perwig Makers for old Wigs, Brokers for old Coats, Suits and Cloak, and Cobblers for old Shoes. Indeed, he was a Man every Way qualified for this Station, for he had Impudence in Abundance, Cruelty at his Fingers-end, Drunkenness to Perfection, and could swear as well without Book as within. However, these natural Parts could not protect him, for several envying his Felicity, they endeavoured to lower his Top-sail, and at last blew him out of the Haven of his reputable Business by his manifold Failings.

Some were glad he was to catch no body any more at *Hyde Park Corner*; and others as sorry, especially those whom he often obliged with an old

Shirt or an Handkerchief; and indeed, that which most troubled him for the Loss of his Place, was only that he could not any more send Men out of the World, without being called to an Account for it. Now he was left to shift for himself again; and indeed, so long as he had any Fingers he could make as good a shift as any Body, for there was nothing, excepting it lay out of his Reach, but what he made his own.

What brought him to his End, was his going one Night over *Bunhill-Fields*, in his drunken Airs, when he met an old Woman, named *Elizabeth White*, a Watchman's Wife, who sold Pastry-Ware about the Streets. This poor Creature he would have ravish'd, and, because she resisted the Heat of his Lust, he violently assaulted her in a barbarous Manner, almost knocking one of her Eyes out of her Head, giving her several Bruises about her Body, breaking one of her Legs, and wounding her in the Belly. Whilst he was acting this Inhumanity, two Men coming along at the same Time, and hearing dreadful Groans, supposed somebody was in Distress, and having the Courage to pursue the Sound as well as they could, at last came up to the distressed Woman, which made *Price* damn them for their Impudence. However, they secured him, and brought him to the Watchhouse in *Old-street*, from whence a Couple of Watchmen were sent to fetch the old Woman out of *Bunhill-Fields*, who within a Day or two dy'd under the Surgeons Hands.

Price was sent to *Newgate*, where he seemed to be under a great Surprise and Concern for the Death of the Woman, till being try'd and condemned for her, he was no sooner confin'd in the *Condemned Hold*, but laying aside all Thoughts of preparing himself for his latter End, he appeared quite void of all Grace; and instead of repenting for his manifold Sins and Transgressions, he would daily go up to Chapel intoxicated with cursed Geneva, comforting himself even to the very last that he should fare as well in a future State, as those who had gone the same Way before him. Thus his Conscience was eas'd with the Pleasure of thinking he should have Company under a State of Damnation. At length the fatal Day came, wherein he was to bid Adieu to the World, which was on *Saturday* the 31st of *May*, 1718. As he was riding in the Cart, he several Times pulled a Bottle of Geneva out of his Pocket, to drink before he came to the Place of Execution, which was in *Bunhill-Fields*, where he committed the Murder. Being arrived at the fatal Tree, he was, upon Mr. *Ordinary's* Examination, found so ignorant in the Grounds of Religion, that he troubled himself not much about it; but valuing himself upon his former Profession of being Hangman, stil'd himself *Finisher of the Law*, and so was turn'd off the Gibbet, aged upwards of forty Years; and the same Day was hanged at *Stone-Bridge* at *Kingstand*, in Chains.

The LIFE of JAMES FILEWOOD.

THIS Fellow was often called *Vilet*, tho' *Filewood* was his right Name. He was born of honest Parents, in the Parish of *St. Peters Cornhill*. His Father was a Poulterer; which Occupation he, and two or three other Brothers, pretended originally to follow; but finding that the fiddling Wook of scalding, picking, and gutting Cocks and Hens, and other Poultry, was not so beneficial as picking Pockets, they took up that Employment, as knowing there was their ready Money as soon as they had done their Work.

When this Fellow suffered Death, 'twas thought there were some of his Brothers who deserved it more, one of them having been formerly condemn'd, gave Proof that the Mercy was ill bestowed, for he lived to do a great deal of Mischief; and another of them had been at *Old Bridewell* by *Fleet-Ditch*, where he was two Years at hard Labour; which going hard against the Grain, he and some others mutiny'd, with a Design to break out; but the Keepers and Blucecoat Boys soon quelled them. And in this rash Attempt, one *Isaac Rag*, a Prisoner then with him, and who was afterwards an Evidence against *White*, and another Person hanged with him, for the horrid Murder of Mrs. *Knap* in *Fockey-Fields*, had one of his Eyes shot out.

But to return to *James Filewood*. As soon as he had list'd himself under the Banners of Wickedness, he first went a *Clouting*, that is, picking Handkerchiefs out of Pockets: in which having pretty well improved himself, after often being duck'd in a Horse-pond, or pumped, he next ventured to pick Pockets and Fobs of Money and Watches. To which Purpose, he always gave his constant Attendance at the King's going to the Parliament-House, the Lord-Mayor's Show, the Artillery Men making a Mock Fight, Entries of Ambassadors, *Bartholomew* and

Southwark Fairs, *Drury-Lane* and *Lincolns-Inn* Play-Houses, or any other Place where a great Concourse of People is drawn together upon any Occasions; and to be sure he never miss'd going on *Sundays* to Church, tho' it was more to serve the Devil, than that omnipotent Majesty, to whose Honour and Glory the House of Prayer is erected; and here he would, as well as pick Pockets, change an old Hat or two for a new one.

In the late Queen's Reign, *Vilet* being try'd at the Affizes at *Oxford*, for a Matter in which he was allowed the Benefit of Clergy, being put to read his Neck Verse, a Student standing at the Bar, took so much Compassion as to instruct him. The Words were *Lord have Mercy upon us*: So he held the Book, and the Scholar bid him say after him: *O Lord*, says the Scholar; *O Lord*, says *Vilet*; and his Thumb being upon the other Part of it, the Scholar said, *Take away thy Thumb*; says *Vilet* then, *O Lord, take away thy Thumb*. Quoth the Judge, *Legit, aut non legit, ut Clericus?* And he that was appointed to answer, being pleas'd to favour the Criminal, reply'd, *Legit ut Clericus*; by which Means he saved his Neck this Time.

One Day this *Vilet* meeting with another of his own Profession, named *Clark*, *Come, Clark*, quoth he, *since we have so happily stumbled upon one another, let us take a Pint together*. *A Match*, says the other; so they went into a Tavern in *Holborn*. But drinking about for a While, when they came to examine their Pockets, they found themselves deceived, one thinking the one had, and the other thinking the other had, Money enough to defray the Reckoning, when indeed both of them could make not above a Groat. *Hang it then*, (said the Inviter) *we had as good be in for a great deal as a little*. So they called lustily till it came to five

or six Shillings, then looking out at the Window, as if they had been viewing the Descent, says one to the other, I have it now. Upon that, knocking, and desiring to speak with the Master, up he came. *Sir, says Vilet, we came hither about a mathematical Business, to measure from your Window to the Ground: I have laid upon 13 Foot my Friend on 13 Foot 9 Inches, and you are to be Judge that I slip not this Line (which was Packthread upon a Piece of Brass, which Joyners and Carpenters use in Mensuration) till he goes down, to see whether from this Knot, (showing it him) which is just so much, it reaches to the Ground.* The Vintner was content. The other Sharper being below in the Street, cry'd, *It did not reach by eleven Inches.* Pray, *Sir*, said *Vilet* to the Vintner, *Hold it here till I step down and see; for I won't believe him.* So down he went, telling the Drawer he'd paid his Master, and away they both scoured, leaving the String for the Reckoning.

Once *Jemmy Vilet* having stolen an Alarm Watch, stiffly denied it before the Justice, so that upon the slender Evidence he was discharged; but before he got out of his Worship's Presence, the Alarm went, and he was ordered to be brought back again, and searched; at which he cry'd out, *What devilish Luck have I, that I should so easily baffle both Justice and Constable, and yet am trapp'd by the Watch!* But for all his Jestings, the Justice was in such good earnest now, that he committed him to Newgate; and had he not so far made it up with the Prosecutor to throw in a Bill of Ignoramus at Sessions, he might have perhaps been hanged then.

Once *Vilet* having been at some Country Fairs, he got a pretty deal of Money; but falling into Play with a Shoemaker at *Lincoln*, it was his Misfortune to lose it, Cloaths and all. *Crispin* gave him his old Cloaths, and his leather Apron, and when he departed from *Lincoln*, was so civil, as to put twenty Shillings into his Pockets to bear his Charges. With this he sets out to travel, and coming to a lone Inn betwixt *Grantham* and *Stamford*, he puts in there, and spending four or five Shillings, the People provided him a good Lodging, and *Jemmy* went to Bed betimes. It so fell out, that they had several Guests came to the Inn, which took up all their Lodgings, so that a Parson coming in very late, they had no room for him. The Parson rather than go farther, chose to accept of a Bedfellow; but there was none cared to be disturbed at that Time of Night but *Vilet* whom they took for a Shoemaker, and who was well enough pleased with the Honour of having such a Bedfellow.

Matters being thus accomodated, and the Parson a-bed, he soon fell asleep, and slept very heartily, being tired with the Fatigue of his Days Journey; but *Vilet* having slept well before, had no Mind to sleep any more that Night, but lay awake meditating Mischief; and seeing the Parson had a great deal of Money in his Pockets, which he pulled out to pay for a Pot of Beer which he called for to make his Bedfellow drink, he was contriving how to change Breeches with him, well knowing his own Pockets were but thin lin'd with that precious Metal. After having resolved what he would do, he gets up at the dawning of the Day, and puts on not only the Parson's Breeches, but also all his sacerdotal Garments, finding they fitted him very well; and being rigg'd in those sacred Habiliments, down Stairs he goes very softly, and calls the Hostler, bidding him bring his Boots, and make ready his Horse.

Now the Hostler, not in the least mistrusting, but that *Vilet* being in that Dress, was really the Parson, brought him his Boots, and ask'd him what Corn he must have? He told him half a Peck of Oats, which was accordingly given him; and *Vilet* was very uneasy till the Horse had eat them; but in the mean Time, that he might be the sooner ready to go, he called to pay; and was answered he had

paid all last Night but for his Horse. The Horse having eat up his Corn he was very much in Haite to be gone; but the Hostler asking what it was a Clock by his Watch, which he saw the Parson pull out the Night before, it put *Vilet* to a little Stand, not having so far examin'd his Pockets as to know whether he had or no, and therefore being loath to make a vain Essay, he answered that his Watch was down, and so got upon his Horse, and giving the Hostler a Shilling, rid away as fast as he could; and it being Summer Weather, he had a long Day before him. After he had rid a considerable Way, he examines his Pockets, and finds in them six Guineas, four Pounds odd Money in Silver, and a very good Watch; and having found himself so well provided, he rid away the more merrily, resolving to live well as long as that lasted.

But let us return to the true Parson, whom he left fast asleep in his Bed. About Seven in the Morning, it being in *June*, the Parson awakes, and going to bid his Bedfellow good Morrow, he soon found not only that the Bird was flown, but also that he had flown away with his Feathers; for he saw nothing there but some old Cloaths, which he suppos'd belonged to his Bedfellow; whereupon he calls for somebody to come up; but the Servants, who supposed it to be only the Shoemaker, ask'd him, what a Pox wou'd him to make such a Noise, and bid him be quiet, or else they'd make him quiet. This vex'd the Parson, and made him knock the harder; till the Chamberlain came up, and threatened to thrash his Sides, if so be he would not be quiet.

The Minister wondring at this rude Treatment, ask'd, *Where was his Cloaths?* The Chamberlain still taking him for *St. Hugh*, reply'd, *Where the Plague should they be but upon the Chair, where you left them? Who the Devil do ye think would meddle with your Cloaths? They are so much worth I'm sure, you need not fear any Body's meddling them.* The Minister said, *I think*, replies the Parson, *Do ye know who ye speak to? Speak to*, says the Fellow; *Yes, sir, I think I do.* If you did, you'd use better Words, says the Parson. Better Words, says the Man; my Words are good enough for a drunken Shoemaker. Shoemaker! says the Parson; *I am no Shoemaker, I am the Minister that came in here last Night.* The Devil you are, replies the Chamberlain, *I am sure the Minister went away soon after three a Clock this Morning.* With that the Minister gets out of Bed in his Shirt, and taking hold of the Chamberlain, *Sirrah*, says he, *bring me my Cloaths, and my Money, and my Watch, or I'll break your Neck down Stairs.* With this Noise and Scuffle comes up the Master of the Inn, and some other of the Servants; who presently knew that was none of him whom they took for a Shoemaker; and upon a little Enquiry into the Matter, found that *St. Hugh* had made an Exchange with the Parson. Whereupon the Master of the Inn furnished him with a Suit of his own, and Money to bear his Charges, till they could hear what became of the Thief.

He was at length taken in picking a Pocket, and tho' the Value he took from the Person did not come to ten Shillings, yet he was convicted thereof; and likewise upon another Indictment preferred against him by *Mrs. Frances Balford*, for snatching from her a Pocket valued at one Shilling, and in which were twelve Guineas and two Pistoles. For these Facts he received Sentence of Death at Justice-Hall in the *Old-Bailey*; but no Report being immediately given in to the King of the Malefactors condemned in the Sessions he was try'd, he remained in the *Condemned-Hall* till another Sessions; when the dead Warrant being signed for eight Criminals, he was one among them appointed for Death; and accordingly on the 31st of *October*, 1718, he took shipping at *Newgate*, sail'd with a fair Wind up *Holborn* River, and striking against the Rock of *St. Giles's*

Giles's, was cast away at *Tyburn*, in the 27th Year of his Age.

Tho' many are the Examples made in a Year of such wicked Wretches, yet hanging being an easy Death, or as the Thieves themselves call it, *Half an Hours Pastime*, they no more dread the Gallows, than they do the perpetrating a Murder to screen their Villany from the Knowledge of Justice. 'Tis true, we have that merciful Compassion in *Great-Britain*, towards offending Persons, as not to put

them to any exquisite Torment; but if Thieves were to be all severely punished in this Nation, I believe the Terror and Fear thereof, would make fewer than there now are. I do not presume to direct the Parliament what Laws they shall enact for the Punishment of Thieves of any kind; but in my Opinion, if those Offenders were to be sent, during Life, to dig in the Lead Mines in *Cornwall*, or the Coal-Pits at *Newcastle*, that perpetual Labour they would count worse than Hanging.

The LIVES of WILLIAM WARD, SAMUEL LYNN, RALPH EMMERY, ROBERT VICKERS, JOHN PRIOR, and FRANCIS PARQUET.

AS all these Malefactors were executed at the same Time, and as we have not many Particulars to relate of any one of them, we thought it best to put them all into one Chapter.

William Ward was born at *Drydocking* in the County of *Norfolk*. When he was but three Years old, his Parents removed from thence to the City of *Norwich*. His Father who was a Mill-Wright by Trade, made him, when capable, to work with him in that Occupation: Afterwards he came up to *London*, where he married a very honest Woman, and at *Bow*, and other Places thereabouts, followed the Business he was brought up to; but unhappily falling into ill Company, he was too easily seduced to follow their bad Examples. The first Fact he committed, was the taking off from a Hackney-Coach standing at the four *Swans-Inn* Door within *Bishopsgate*, a Portmanteau corded under the Coachman's Seat, in which there was a gold Watch and Chain, Cloaths, and several other Things of Value, which were sold together for fourteen Guineas, and shared between him and two others concerned with him in that Fact: However, the right Owner had them again for twenty one Guineas.

Another Time *Will Ward* riding thro' *Holborn* in a Hackney-Coach, and espying a Porter with a great Trunk on his Back, bids the Coachman stop, and call the Porter to him; accordingly the Man of Carriage comes, to whom giving a Shilling to step just by of an Errand, he bade him lay his Load into the Coach, of which he would take Care. No sooner was the Porter gone, but *Ward* calls to the Coachman again, who was feeding his Horses, and bids him drive to such a Place, where the Porter (he said) was to meet him. He is driven to an Alehouse in *Lutener's-Lane*, which harbours all Sorts of Villains; where opening the Trunk to find what Prize he had got, he found therein about eighty Pounds in Money, besides a great Quantity of rich Cloaths, both Woollen and Linnen; in the mean Time the Porter was making a great Outcry all thro' *Holborn* for his Loss, but all to no Purpose, for the Owner of the Trunk sued his Sureties, which all Ticker-Porters give, and they again su'd the Porter, who was put in Gaol for his Folly.

Not long after, *Ward* committed another Robbery at the four *Swans-Inn* in *Bishopsgate-street*, taking from another Hackney Coach a Portmanteau Trunk, but being presently stopped and seized with it, was carried to the *Poultry Compter*, from whence he was committed to *Newgate*, so that he had no Opportunity to know what was in it. At the Sessions held at the *Old-Bailey* in *October* 1718, he was try'd for

it, and found guilty of his last Fact; which proving but a single Felony, he was thereupon only ordered for Transportation; but whilst he lay under Confinement he was convicted upon two other Indictments. First for breaking open the House of *Thomas Lane*, and stealing ten Pounds Weight of Tea, on the 12th of *April* 1717; and Secondly, for a Burglary committed by him and *Samuel Lynn* hereafter mentioned in the House of Mr *Julian Bailey*, in the Parish of *St. Giles's Cripplegate*, from whence they took divers Pieces of Plate to the Value of forty Pounds, on the 24th of *July*, 1717, and on *Monday* the 16th of *February* 1718-19, he was executed, being twenty two Years of Age, at *Tyburn*, where he confess'd that about a Twelvemonth before then, he and *Sam. Lynn* took from off a Coach standing at the *Spread Eagle Inn* in *Gracechurch-street* a Portmanteau with Goods in it, belonging to *Dr. Tilburg*; and had also been concerned together in several other Facts, but could not particularly recollect themselves about them.

SAMUEL LYNN was born at *Brampton* in *Norfolk*, and for some Time lived at a neighbouring Town called *Sherington*. When he was Young, his Father (a Grocer and Tallow-Chandler) removed to the City of *Norwich*, where he was bound Apprentice to him, and afterwards wrought Journey-work there, and then came up to *London*, where falling into ill Company, he soon took to picking of Pockets, for which he was brought to Justice; particularly for picking the Pocket of the Lady *Dorcas Roberts*, from whom he took a green silk Purse with three Guineas, and sixteen Shillings in it, on the 16th of *March*, 1713-14, and a little after was try'd and received Sentence of Death for the same, but afterwards received the King's gracious Pardon, and pleaded it at the *Old Bailey* on the 16th of *August* 1715, the Conditions of that Pardon (which he did not observe) being, that he should transport himself within six Months out of His Majesty's Dominions in *Europe*; but wanting Grace to improve this Mercy, he not only fell in again among his wicked Acquaintance, but returned to his former Trade of Thieving, till he was condemned for the same Fact as *Ward* abovementioned, and at the same Time hanged at *Tyburn*; aged 19 Years.

RALPH EMMERY, was executed at the same Time, for a Murder and Robbery committed by him on the Body of *Nathaniel Affer*, on the 28th of *June*, 1718. He was born in *Old street*, in the Parish of *St. Giles's Cripplegate*. He was a

Parish-Boy, and bound for nine Years to a *Cane-Chair maker*, whom he served faithfully all that Time, which when expired he followed that Business for himself, going about the Streets to get mending Work of that Sort, whereby he got a Livelyhood. The Murder he stood condemned for, was committed in *Stepney Fields*, in Company with *William Audley*, and *Sarah Brown*, executed some Time before. *Emmery* took out of the Deceased's Pocket a Pocket-Book, and some Coffee; however, he deny'd the bloody Fact, saying, that he never was guilty of any Murder, but could not justify himself in other Matters, for he had lived a long Time in Fornication and Adultery, had been a prophane Swearer, a vile Drunkard, and all along neglected the Service of God; that he had abandoned himself to a sinful Course of Life, and for Six Years past made it his Common Practice to pick Pockets, That for these and the like Wicked Facts he was committed once to the Goal in *White-Chapel*, and six times to *Newgate*; that he had took several Trials, been thrice whipt, and sent twice to *Bridewell*, but none of those Corrections working any Reformation in him, he still pursued his wicked Course of Life.

The abovesaid *Ralph Emmery* had likewise been upon the Foot-pad, and with two others meeting just upon the Close of the Evening with a Non-juring Parson just beyond the Halfway House to *Hampstead*, one of them jostled the honest Doctor, which the other two perceiving, they seem'd to take the Doctor's Part, saying, go along with us, Sir, for that's some Rogue without doubt. So these two Rogues went scolding along with the single Rogue, getting the Doctor betwixt 'em to protect him from robbing, till coming to a Ditch *Emmery* pushes the Doctor into it, takes his Hat off his Head, and runs away with it. Look you there now, said the other two, did we not tell you before that he was a Rogue; we hope you'll be pleased to bestow something on us for conducting you hither. The Doctor did not at all like his Guardians, and indeed he had no Reason, for taking his Peruke, Coat, and Sword, from him, they search'd his Breeches, in which finding about Eight Shillings, they then left him to get out of the Ditch.

JOHN PRIOR was born at *Caifoo* in *Bedfordshire*; of such poor Parents, that they could not bestow any Education upon him, insomuch that he could neither write nor read; for a Livelihood he follow'd Husbandry in the Country, but leaving both Husbandry and Country, he came up to *London* about the Beginning of the Year 1714. and list'd himself in the second Regiment of Foot-Guards, soon after which giving way to a lewd Life, he committed several most notorious Robberies on the Foot-pad, at many Country Places about the Cities of *London* and *Westminster*.

He was at last condemn'd for the following Robberies on the Highway, with *Robert Vickers* and *Francis Parquot*: First, for assaulting and robbing *William Spinnage*, Gent. and taking from him a Purse with Fourteen Guineas, and a Half Guinea, a Watch, value Eight Pounds, and other Things, as he was riding in a Hackney Coach in *Farringdon*

Lane, near *Hornsey*, on the eighteenth of *August* 1718. Next for a like Assault and Robbery by them jointly committed on the Person of *George Flower Esq;* on *Horseback*, near *Tottenham Court*, in the Parish of *St. Pancras*, from whom they took a Pair of Pistols, value Forty Shillings, and a Gelding, value Thirty Pounds, on the eighteenth of *September* following. And lastly, for such another Assault and Robbery, which the said *Prior* and *Vickers* committed on Mr. *William Squire*, who was by them roughly handled, and threaten'd to be kill'd (besides their taking from him Five Guineas, a Watch with a Chain and Seal, and Ten Shillings in Silver, near the Turnpike at *Tottenham*) without any regard to the said Mr. *Squire's* Character, being one of his Majesty's Messengers. After his Condemnation he was very impudent in the Condemn'd Hold, and was in great Hopes of a Reprieve, but he was nevertheless hang'd at *Tyburn* on *Monday* the Sixteenth of *February* beforemention'd, aged 34 Years.

ROBERT VICKERS, hang'd also at the same Time, aged twenty three Years, was born at *Nethercot* in *Warwickshire*, and when but very young going from thence to *Woburn* in *Buckinghamshire*, he was there bound Apprentice to a Baker. When his Time was expired, he came up to *London*, and was Journeyman to a Baker in *Coxe-Cross*, and afterwards to another in *Golden Lane*, in the Parish of *St. Giles's Crippleate*. But he growing weary of his Employment, list'd himself in the second Regiment of Foot-Guards, where he had not been very long before he began to be loose, and follow all Courses, especially going on the Foot-pad.

The first Person whom he attack'd in this Manner was a certain *Irish* Barrister of the *King's-Bench Walks* in the *Temple*, who was very well known for his not taking the Oaths to the then present Government. This Lawyer *Vickers* meeting one Night walking from *Mary-le-bone*, cross the Fields towards *Southampton House*, he did not only take what Money he had, but also stript him to his Shirt, which dawbing all over with Dirt in a Pond, he put it on the Lawyer, saying, *that now he looked something like a Limb of the Law, since he was in black*. Then tying him Neck and Heels, he left him there to ponder till next Morning, on *Wingate's Statute*, *Coke upon Littleton*, *Magna Charta*, old *Plowden*, *Levinz's Reports*, and other musty Authors of the Law.

FRANCIS PARQUOT, hang'd also with the abovementioned Malefactors, aged thirty Years, was born in *France*, at a Seaport Town call'd *Marine*, near *Rocheb*. When he was about fifteen Years old he came into *England*, where he lived three Years with a *French Jeweller*. Then leaving his Master he went to the City of *Bath*, and there kept a Shop for some time; but being in debt, was forced to leave that Place, and come up to *London*, where he privately follow'd his Occupation, till falling into ill Company, he betook himself to House-breaking, which he follow'd till his Acquaintance with *Prior* and *Vickers* brought him to share their Fates.

The LIVES of TOM GARRET, KIT BANISTER, and JOHN WHEELER.

WE are induced to put these Lives together, for the same Reason as the foregoing; for tho' these three Malefactors were not executed at the same Place, nor precisely the same Time, yet all their Exits happened within the Compass of a Month.

THOMAS GARRET was born at *Ipswich*, in *Suffolk*, his Parents living in good Credit and Reputation, and having no other Son but this, they put him Apprentice to an Ironmonger, in the City of *Norwich*, and when he had served his Time out, he was put up with a Thousand Pounds Stock, and shortly after married a Wife with whom he had a Portion of eight hundred Pounds.

But ill Company enticing him to Gaming, making nothing to lose forty or fifty Pounds and sometimes more, in a Night, he soon wasted his Stock; and in less than two Years breaking, to avoid the Prosecution of his Creditors, who plagu'd him with continual Duns, he sent his Wife, and one Child he had by her, to her own Friends, and came up to *London*, where he soon became acquainted with the several Vices of the Town, addicting himself to all manner of Lewdness and Whoredom to support himself, in which he took to the Highway.

He had committed several Robberies, which came to his Father's Ears, who thereupon came up to *London*, and finding him out, would have took him Home; which Kindness he refused, alledging he was so far crackt in the Country, that he was resolv'd not to see it for one While. His Father then, upon the Son's Promise of Amendment of Life, bought a Freedom for him in the City of *London*, and set him up with a Thousand Pounds more in *Leadenhall-street*; but being corrupted with a vicious Inclination, he wou'd still shake his Elbow, and now and then go out privately on the Road, with a certain Mercer in *Cheapside*, and take a Purse.

Garret and his Companion being at an Inn at *St. Albans* in *Hertfordshire*, a certain Gentleman put up there too for a Night, and gave his Portmanteau to the Inn-keeper to lay safe up for him till Morning. The Inn-keeper locking it up, came to *Garret* and his Friend, for he knew their Employment, and told them, *That he had a Portmanteau now in keeping, that he believed would be worth their While to take, for it was very heavy; I'll go, says he, and persuade the Gentleman to come in to you; and fisting him which Way he goes To-morrow, you know how to order Matters, I need not instruct you.* Accordingly going to the Gentleman, he said to him, *Sir, I see you are all alone, there are a Couple of honest Gentlemen in the Parlour, whom I know very well, would be glad of your Company, if you please to accept it; follow me, Sir, and I'll introduce you.* Upon these Words, and the Recommendation of the Gentlemen by the Landlord, he was willing to participate of their Conversation till Bed-time. He is brought into the Parlour, where they respectfully saluted him, and had a great deal of Discourse without so much as an Oath, or any prophane Word in it. Supper is brought to the Table, after which they drank their Bottle of Wine

a-piece, and the Reckoning coming to be paid, they would not let the strange Gentleman pay one Farthing towards it; which extraordinary Piece of Civility made the Gentleman return them many Thanks, adding, *That if they went his Way next Day, which was towards London, he should be glad of their good Company, and endeavour to retaliate their Kindness.*

They then went to their respective Beds: In the Morning took a hearty Breakfast, towards which *Garret* and his Comrade would not then let the Gentleman pay any Thing; and then they proceeded on their Journey. When they came to *Coney-Hatch*, or thereabouts, seeing the Coast clear, they set upon the Gentleman, opened his Portmanteau, out of which they took one hundred Pounds, and rode off.

The Gentleman finding he had paid too dear for his Supper and Breakfast, alights off his Horse, and fills the Vacancy they had made in his Portmanteau with Stones, and then with a Penknife pricking the Horse so under the Hoof, as to make him go lame, he rid back again to the same Inn, and telling the Landlord he had a Mischance befell his Horse, ordered a Farrier to be presently sent for, and gave him his Portmanteau to lay up for him. The Landlord feeling it to be as heavy as before, suppos'd *Garret* and his Comrade had not took the Prize, out of which he was to have a snack for his Intelligence, and curs'd them heartily to himself. Whilst the Farrier was dressing the Gentleman's Horse, he desir'd the Landlord's Company to drink with him, calling in very briskly for one Bottle after another. All his Discourse was on the two Gentlemen's great Favour shew'd him over Night and that Morning, drinking their Healths over and over, and saying also that if he knew their Names, and where they lived, he would make them amends for their Generosity; nay, he would bring them down shortly thither and give them a Treat of ten Guineas with his Landlord and Landlady. These Words confirming the Inn-keeper's Suspicion that they had not robbed him, and being a little elevated with Liquor, and having Hopes too of the ten Guineas to be spent at his House, made him then tell their Names and Places of Abode, for which the Gentleman seem'd to be extream glad, for he said, *He was resolv'd to see them as soon as he could.* His Horse being dress'd by the Farrier who told him he might ride him safe enough to *London*, he mounts with his Portmanteau, and arriv'd in Town by Night.

About Five the next Morning he went first to *Garret's* House, and knocks at the Door, which being opened by a Servant, he told him, *He must speak with his Master.* The Servant told him, *He was not stirring, and believed would not till Ten or Eleven of the Clock, as being much weary and fatigued in coming off a Journey late last Night.* Quoth the Gentleman, *It is upon such extraordinary Business I want to see him, that I must and will speak with him just now.* Upon this Urgency the Servant went up to his Master and told him, *There was a Gentleman below Stairs, who says, he must and will speak with you presently.*

Garret

Garret being conscious of somewhat ill approaching him, slips on his Night-Gown, and comes down, and seeing 'twas the Gentleman he had robbed the Day before, takes him into a back Room, where the Gentleman told him, *That he had lately borrowed a hundred Pounds of him, which if he did not then pay, he must expect to feel the utmost Severity of Justice.* Garret pays him the Money upon Sight; and then he went to his Comrade's House in *Cheapside*, where making the same Uproar as he did at the same Place from whence he came last, he got there another hundred Pounds, by which he was so much gainer.

Tho' the Gentleman told the Story among all his Acquaintance, yet he would not discover the Persons Names who robbed him: Nevertheless, the Matter being nois'd about so much, that it came to the Ears of Garret and his Comrade, and they having a guilty Conscience and Dread that it would at last be disclos'd, they both went off by Night, and pursu'd their old Courses more openly, till Garret began to be so publicly noted over most Counties in *England*, that he left off robbing on the Highway, and turn'd House-breaker, as supposing he should thus longer screen himself from Justice; but long he had not practis'd the Art of Felony and Burglary, before he was apprehended for breaking open the House of one *Thomas King*, in the County of *Kent*, and taking thence Money, Rings and Plate, to the Value of three hundred Pounds and upwards; for which he was condemned at the Assizes held at *Rochester*, on *Monday the 9th of March, 1718-19*, before the Right Honourable the Lord Chief Justice *Pratt*, and receiving Sentence of Death, was hang'd on the *Saturday* seven-night following, aged twenty nine Years.

CHRISTOPHER BANISTER was born at *Colampton in Devonshire*, and put Apprentice to a Gun-Smith, and coming up to *London*, wrought for the Master of the Ordnance. He had lived near forty Years in *East Smithfield*, and other Places contiguous to the Metropolis of this Nation, in which Time he had also followed the Employment of a Banist, and of late Years that of lending Money upon Pawns.

He had been a most notorious Villain in all his Occupations, for when he belonged to the Tower, he was turn'd out by the Master of the Ordnance, for pilfering the royal Stores; when he turned Bailiff, he would set poor People together by the Ears, and encourage them to arrest one another for the Value of a Groat; take Bribes of them he were to arrest, to cheat their Plaintiff; and when he transformed himself into that most detestable and damnable Profession of a Pawn-broker, he would make the poor pay fifty *per Cent* for what they borrowed, and very often cheat them of their Pledges if any Thing valuable, especially silver Plate, Watches, or gold Rings.

Among the many Sins he was addicted to, Whoredom was very predominate in him, keeping a common Jilt under his Wife's Nose, even in his own House; against whom, one *Porcel Revel* having a Writ, and serving it on her in *Banister's House*, he ran up Stairs for a Dagger then lying in his Bed-Chamber, and coming down again, most barbarously murdered the aforesaid Officer, whose Brother some short Time afterwards was one of the Turnkeys to the Master Side of *Newgate*; and next a Tip-staff to one of the Courts of *Westminster-Hall*. This Murder was committed on the Eighth of *January, 1712-13*, and he received Sentence of Death for it the Sessions next ensuing in the same Month; but thro' the Expence of a great deal of Money, which he then had by him, he obtained her late Majesty's Pardon for it, and pleaded it there on *Wednesday the 12th of August, 1713*.

He was no sooner discharged, but he returned to the wicked Course of Life he had been before ad-

dicted to; inasmuch, that in Process of Time, by his Progress in Iniquity, he brought himself under the Lash of the Law again, as being burnt in the Hand, on *Saturday the 4th of June 1715*, for a Felony. He was a little after try'd at *Mandstone* in *Kent*, for robbing on the Highway; and tho' guilty of the Crime, was yet acquitted for Want of sufficient Evidence. But at last Justice pursuing this notorious Fellow, he was committed to *Newgate*, and at the Sessions held at the *Old-Bailey* in *February 1718-19*, took his Trial for robbing on the Highway; which take as follows.

Christopher Banister, of *St. Botolph Aldgate*, was indicted for assaulting *Dorothy Thompson* on the Highway, putting her into bodily Fear, and taking from her a Mullin Hood, value four Shillings and ten Pence, the 21st of *January* last, about 10 a Clock at Night. The Prosecutor depos'd, that as she was coming out of the *Minories*, the Prisoner catch'd her by the Throat and said he'd Throttle her; but she crying out, a young Man came to her Assistance, whereupon the Prisoner snatched her Hood off her Head, and ran away with it. She was positive the Prisoner was the Person; and had on a laced Hat and white Cloak; that she saw him plainly by the Light of two Lamps, (one on each Side the Door) and knew him; he having lived some Time in the same Street.

The Prisoner deny'd the Fact, and pleaded in his Defence, that about fourteen Months ago he lent the Prosecutor one Pound one Shilling and Six-pence, for which he had a Note under her Hand, and produced a Note in Court, and that he arrested her a Month ago for the Money, which was the Occasion of this Prosecution. He called one *Mrs. Bon* to prove it, who swore, that the Prosecutor told her the Prisoner had arrested her but there was a Hoop-Petticoat stole, and she would swear it against him. She farther depos'd, that the Prosecutor was a Woman of the Town, and that the House she lived in had been reputed a Bawdy House above half a Year. He likewise called one *Mr. Dawnes* to discredit the Prosecutor, who did not; but gave him a very ill Character, and said that they had some Trouble to rout him out of the Neighbourhood, being afraid of being robbed by him every Night.

The Prosecutor deny'd the Note, or that she ever gave him one, or ever had any Dealings with him. She also called one *Mrs. Miel* to her Reputation, who said she was a very civil industrious Woman, and made Perriwig Cauls for her Livelihood, which she sold to the Barbers and Perriwig makers, and that she lived in a private House of good Reputation. The Justice depos'd, that he owned he assaulted her, and said that he would make Satisfaction, and then swear against her, and so be even with her; that he was a bold audacious Fellow, held up his Fist against him, called him Sirrah, and swore he would be revenged of him. The Constable likewise depos'd, that he enquired after her in the Neighbourhood, and found a good Character of her; and that the Prisoner would have agreed it up both before and after they went before the Justice. The Jury found him Guilty.

Whilst he was under Sentence of Death, he was no Changeling, for he would swear, curse, damn and sink in the *Condemned Hold*, as if he had not been to have died at all; and being convey'd in a Coach to *Tyburn*, on *Monday the 23d of March, 1718-19*, he most blasphemously said, *He was as innocent as our Saviour*: And afterwards was turned off the Cart, aged sixty Years, with the following Malefactors, viz: *Thomas Draper* and *Samuel Davis*, for breaking open the House of *Mrs. Frances Higham*, and taking thence a hundred and seventeen Yards of printed Linnen, twenty five Yards of printed Callicoe, and other Things; and also *Isaac Smith* for killing his Wife, by stabbing her under the right Arm, of which wound she languished eleven Days in a miserable Condition, and then died.

JOHN

JOHN WHEELER was born in the Parish of *St. Bridget* in *London*, and at about sixteen Years of Age was put Apprentice to a Joyner in *Bartholomew-Close*, which is the Parish of *St. Bartholomew the Great*, and having served out his Apprenticeship, he became an Inmate in *St. Sepulchre's* Parish for the last nine Years of his Life, in all which While he wrought Journey-work at his Trade, whereby he maintained himself and his Family pretty well, for being a very good Workman he was commonly in Business, but only this was his Misfortune, that he never worked in any House, but what he would be sure to rob, as soon as Opportunity served.

He was induced to follow a vicious Course of Life by the Persuasion of a near Relation of his, who was an Accomplice with him in most of the Robberies which he committed. He was altogether for House-breaking, excepting once when he stole a Horse out of a Field at *Hackney*, from a Gentleman who set such a Value upon his Beast, which cost him forty Pounds, that he was daily cursing the Thief, whom he could not discover, for above a Twelvemonth.

But when the abovesaid *John Wheeler* was wont to go upon any Burglary, or breaking open a House in the Night-Time, he commonly carried a young Kitten in his Coat-Pocket, so that if he should happen to make any Noise that should occasion the People to go and hearken at the Chamber-Door in which he was, he would severely pinch the Kitten's Tail, which making it to Mew very loud, the Listeners would return from hearkening, saying, *Is it you Mrs. Puss; e'en Mew and be poxt, what a clatter you make! the Devil is in you for catterwauling.* So by this Means the Thief proceeded in his Robbery, without any farther Interruption.

One Time *Wheeler* breaking into the House of one *Holder* a Shoemaker, keeping a Bawdy-House in *Denmark-Court* in the *Strand*, and there being at that Time a Covey of no less than half a dozen Whores sleeping and snoring in their Beds, he pack'd up all their Manteaus, Petticoats, Linnen, and every Thing that was worth taking, as silk Stockings and

laced Shoes, which throwing out to his Comrade, he jump'd after, and went off. But in the Morning when the Strumpets came to rise, and found all their Cloaths gone, what a *Holobo-loo* was there! worse than what the wild *Irish* make at the Funeral of a *Bogtrotter*. There was swearing and cursing, by Wholesale, till quite weary with venting Imprecations, they were obliged to lie in Bed till they could agree with a Tally-man to new rig them.

Another Time he broke into the House of one *Mrs. Clark*, an eminent Midwife, living in *Exeter-street*, out of which he stole a large silver Cup, a dozen of silver Spoons, a dozen of silver Forks, a dozen of silver-hafted Knives, besides Money and rich Apparel. He also robbed one *Snead* a Taylor, in the *Strand*, of two rich Suits of Cloaths, which were made for a Person of Quality, worth above eighty Pounds. Likewise he robbed one *Mr. Cook* an Upholsterer near the *Star-Inn* in the *Strand*, of a set of rich Tapestry Hangings, worth two hundred and fifty Pounds. And he robbed one *Mr. Atkinson* a Taylor in *Fountain-Court* in the *Strand*, of forty Pounds in Money, and a silver Tankard and Punch-Bowl.

Whilst he followed Thieving, with his Relation aforementioned, he broke open above a hundred Houses in the Night-time, and robbed them; but at last being apprehended, and committed to *Newgate* for his most notorious Villanies, he was try'd, convicted, and condemned, at the Sessions-House in the *Old-Bailey*, upon two Indictments; first, for breaking open the House of one *Samuel Mead*, and stealing thence ten pewter Dishes, thirty six Plates, a brass Porridge Pot, two Stew Pans, and other Goods, on the 20th of *January*, 1718-19; and secondly, for another Burglary committed in the House of one *Joshua Winesmore*, out of which he took three silver Spoons, a silver Cup, and a silver quartern Pot, *March* the 4th, 1718-19. Whilst he was under Sentence, he gave Satisfaction to some whom he had injur'd, particularly to a Gentlewoman whom he had robb'd of her wearing Apparel. He was executed alone at *Tyburn*, on *Monday May* the 25th, 1719, aged 32 Years.

The LIVES of JOHN TRIPPUCK the Golden Tinman, ROBERT CANE, THOMAS CHARNOCK, and RICHARD SHEPHERD.

THE first of these Offenders had been an old Sinner, and had acquir'd the Nick Name of the *Golden Tinman*, in the same Manner as a former Practitioner in his wretched Calling, did that of the *Golden Farmer*. *Trippuck* had robbed alone and in Company for a considerable Space, till his Character was grown very notorious. Some short Time before his being taking up for this last Offence, he had by dint of Money and Interest procured a Pardon. However, venturing on the Fact which brought him to Death, the Person injured soon seized him, and being inexorable in his Prosecution, *Trippuck* was cast and received Sentence. But having still some Money, he did not lose all Hope of a Reprieve, but kept up his Spirits, by flattering himself with his Life being preserved, till within a very few Days of Execution. If the Ordinary spoke to him of the Affairs of his Soul, *Trippuck* immediately cut him short with, *D'ye believe I can obtain a Pardon? I don't know that indeed,* says the Doctor,

But you know one Counsellor such a one, says *Trippuck*, *prithee make Use of your Interest with him, and see whether you can get him to serve me, I'll not be ungrateful Doctor.*

The Ordinary was almost at his Wits End with this sort of cross Purposes; however, he went on to exhort him to think of the great Work he had to do, and entreated him to consider the Nature of that Repentance, which must atone for all his numerous Offences. *Trippuck* upon this, opened his Breast, and shewed him a great Number of Scars, amongst which were two very large ones, out of which he said two Musquet Bullets had been extracted. *And will not these, good Doctor,* quoth he, *and the vast Pains I have endured in their Cure, in some sort lessen the Heinousness of the Facts I may have committed.* No, said the Ordinary, *what Evils have fallen upon you in such Expeditions, you have drawn upon yourself, and are not to imagine that these will in any Degree, make amends for the multitude of*
your

your Offences. You had much better clear your Conscience, by a full and ingenious Confession of your Crimes, and prepare in earnest for another World, since I dare assure you, you need no Hopes of staying in this.

Trippuck as soon as he found the Ordinary was in the right, and that all Expectation of a Reprieve or Pardon were totally in vain, began, as most of those sort of People do, to lose much of that stubbornness, they mistake for Courage; He now felt all the Terrors of an awakened Conscience, and therefore persisted no longer in denying the Crime for which he died; tho' at first he declared it altogether a fallhood, and *Constable* his Companion had deny'd it even to Death.

It had been reported, that this *Trippuck* was the Man who killed *Mr. Hull* towards the end of the Summer before on *Black Heath*; but when this Story reached his Ears, he declar'd it was an utter Falstity, repeating this Assertion to the Ordinary a few Moments before his being turned off; pointing to the Rope about him, said, *As you see this Instrument of Death about me, what I say is the real Truth.* He died at last with all outward Signs of Penitence.

RICHARD CANE was a young Man, of about twenty two Years of Age, at the Time he suffered. Having a tollerable Genius when a Youth, his Friends put him Apprentice twice; but to no Purpose; for having got rambling Notions in his Head, he would needs go to Sea: There too but for his own unhappy Temper he might have done well, for the Ship of War in which he sailed, was so fortunate as to take, after eight Hours sharp Engagement, a *Spanish Vessel*, of an immense Value, but the large Share he got here did him little Service: *Richard* as soon as he came home made a quick Hand of it, and when the usual Train of sensual Delights, which pass for Pleasures in low Life, had exhausted him to the last Farthing, Necessary, and the Desire of still indulging his Vices, made him fall into the worst, and most unlawful Methods, to obtain the Means by which he might pursue them.

Sometime after this, the unhappy Man of whom we are speaking, fell in Love with a virtuous young Woman, who lived with her Mother, a poor well-meaning Creature, utterly ignorant of *Cane's* Behaviour, or that he had ever committed any Crimes punishable by Law. The Girl, as such silly People are wont, yielded quickly to Marriage, which was to be consummated privately, because *Cane's* Relations were not to be disobligh'd, who it seems did not think him totally ruin'd, while he escaped Matrimony. But the unhappy Youth not having Money enough to procure a License, and being ashamed to put the Expence on the Woman and her Mother, in a Fit of amorous Distraction, he went out from them one Evening, and meeting a Man somewhat fuddled in the Street, he threw him down, and took away his Hat and Coat. The Fellow was not so drunk, but that he cried out, and People coming to his Assistance, *Cane* was immediately apprehended; and so this Fact, instead of raising him Money enough to be married, brought him to Death in the most ignominious Way.

While he lay in *Newgate*, the miserable young Creature who was to have been his Wife, came constantly after him to cry with him, and deplore their mutual Misfortunes, which were encreased by the Girl's Mother falling sick, and being confin'd to her Bed through Grief for her design'd Son-in-Law's sad Fate. When the Day of his suffering drew on, this unhappy Man compos'd himself to submit to it with great Serenity: He profess'd abundance of Contrition for the Wickedness of his former Life, and lamented with much Tenderness those Evils he had brought upon the Girl and her Mother. The softness of his Temper, and the steady Affection he had for the Maid, contributed to make his Exit much

pity'd; which happened at *Tyburn* in the 22d Year of his Age. He left a Paper behind him, which he also read at the Tree, containing a Confession of his Crime, a Vindication of his Sweetheart's Character, and a Profession of his Faith, and universal Charity.

RICHARD SHEPHERD was born of very honest and reputable Parents in the City of *Oxford*, who were careful in giving him a suitable Education, which he through the Wickedness of his future Life utterly forgot, insomuch, that he knew scarce the *Creed*, and *Lord's Prayer*, at the Time he had most need of them. When he grew a tollerable big Lad, his Friends put him out Apprentice to a Butcher, where having served a great Part of his Time, he fell in Love with a young Country Lass hard by; and his Passion growing outrageous, he attacked her with all the amorous Strains of Gallantry he was able. The Hearts of young uneducated Wenches, like unfortify'd Towns, make little Resistance when once besieged, and therefore *Shepherd* had no great Difficulty in making a Conquest. However the Girl insisted on honourable Terms, and unfortunately for the poor Fellow they were married before his Time was out. An error in Conduct, which in low Life is seldom retrieved.

It happened so here; *Shepherd's* Master was not long before he discovered this Wedding; he thereupon gave the poor Fellow so much Trouble, that he was at last forced to give him forty Shillings down, and a Bond for twenty eight Pounds more; which having totally ruin'd him, *Dick* fell unhappily into the Way of dishonest Company, who soon drew him into their manner of gaining Money, and supplying his Necessities at the Hazard both of his Conscience, and his Neck. He became an expert Proficient, yet could never acquire any Thing considerable thereby, but was continually embroiled and in Debt; his Wife bringing in every Year a Child, contributing not a little thereto.

When he first began his Robberies, he went on House breaking, and committed several Facts in the City of *Oxford* itself; but those Things not being so easily concealed there, as at *London*, report quickly began to grow very loud about him, and *Dick* was forced to make shift with pilfering in other Places, in which he was so unlucky, that the second or third Fact he committed in *Hertfordshire*, he was detected and seized, and at the next Assizes capitally convicted; yet his Friends out of Compassion to his Youth, and in Hopes he might be sufficiently check'd by so narrow an Escape from the Gallows, procured him first a Reprieve and then a Pardon.

But this proximity to Death made little Impression on his Heart, which is too often the Fault of Persons, who receive Mercy, and have too little Grace to make use of it. *Dick*, partly driven by Necessity (for few People cared after his Release, to employ him) partly through the instigations of his own wicked Heart, went again upon the old Trade, for which he was so lately like to have suffered; but thieving was still an unfortunate Profession to him. He soon after fell again into the Hands of Justice, from whence he escap'd by impeaching *Allen* and *Chambers*, two of his Accomplices, and so evaded *Tyburn* a second Time; yet all this signified nothing to him, for as soon as at home, he was at work in his old Way, till apprehended and executed for his Wickedness.

No unhappy Criminal had ever more Warning than *Shepherd*, of his approaching miserable Fate, if he would have suffered any Thing to have deterred him; but alas! what are Advices, what are Terrors, what even the Sight of Death itself, to Souls hardened in Sin, and Consciences so sear'd as his. He was taken up, carried before Col. *Ellis* and committed to *Newprison* for a capital Offence. He had not remained there long, before he wrote the Col. a Letter, in which (provided he were admitted an Evidence) he offered to make large Discoveries. His Offers were accepted, and both

convicted capitally at the *Old-Bailey*, by him, were executed at *Tyburn*; whither *Shepherd* quickly followed them.

Shepherd had picked up while in *Newgate*, a thoughtless Resolution as to dying, not uncommon to old Malefactors, who having been often condemned, grow at last hardened to the Gallows. When he was exhorted to think seriously of making his Peace with God, he replied, It was done, and he was sure of going to Heaven.

THOMAS CHARNOCK, executed with these, was ya oung Man well and religiously Educated. He

had by his Friends been placed in the House of a very eminent Trader, and being seduced by ill Company, yielded to a Desire of making a Shew in the World; and in order to it, robbed his Master's Accompting-House; which Fact made him indeed conspicuous, but in a very indifferent Manner from what he had flattered himself with. They died tolerably Submissive and Penitent; this last Malefactor especially, who had rational Ideas of Religion. The Day of their Execution was *January* the 29th, 1719-20.

The LIVES of JOHN HAWKINS and GEORGE SYMPSON,

JOHNS HAWKINS at the Time of his Death was about thirty Years old. His Father was a Farmer at *Stains* in *Middlesex*, very honest, but poor; and therefore could not give his Son but a slender Education. At fourteen *John* waited on a Gentleman, but soon left him to be a Tapster's Boy at the *Red-Lyon* at *Brentford*, where he continued till he got into another Gentleman's Service: But being of an unsettled Temper, he seldom tarried long in a Place. The last Family he was in was Sir *Dennis Dutry's*, where he was Butler, and might have lived happily; for being a handsome creditable Servant, he was approved of by his Master and Lady. But the Opinion he had of his own Person made him too assuming, and he thought it a small Fault to be out two or three Nights a Week at the Gaming Tables. By his repeated Neglect of his Master's Business, the Family was incens'd against him, and he was turned away, not without a Suspicion of having first been a Confederate in robbing the House of a considerable Value in Plate. Having been instructed in the Nature of trading to *France* and *Flanders*, in Wines, Brandies, &c. He join'd with his Brother, a Captain of a Vessel or Sloop, in fetching those Commodities from those Places, and commonly paid the King's Custom for them. This Way of Life was very agreeable to him; but having a strong and violent Inclination to arrive at great Riches and Splendour, on a sudden, he left the uncertain Way of dealing at Sea, to deal in the *South-Sea*, and the Bubbles; from which he had recourse to Bubbling in another Way, as some others besides have done, in which vicious Courses he had Success for a considerable Time.

He was now twenty four. His first Expedition was to *Hounslow-Heath*, where he stopp'd a Coach, and eas'd the Passengers of about eleven Pounds. With this Booty he returned safe to *London*, and repairing immediately to the *King's-Head* at *Temple-Bar*, he threw it all off. Thus he went on a pretty While by himself, losing at Play what he had got upon the Road: But finding some Difficulties in robbing alone, he chose for his Companions *Ryley*, *Cummerford*, *Reeves*, and *Leonard*, an *Irish* Captain. With these he committed several Robberies on *Hounslow* and *Bagshot Heaths*. But tho he sometimes acquired considerable Prizes by such Means, they did him but little Service; for he still had such an Itching to Gaming, that he could never forbear till he had lost the last Penny; so that he was often put to the pitiful shift of bilking an Ordinary for a Dinner.

Having followed this Course about two Years *Leonard* was made a State Prisoner, for being concerned in the *Preston* Rebellion; and *Hawkins* and one *Wooldridge*, for attempting to rescue him, were apprehended by the King's Messengers, but in a short Time they were both discharged. A few Days after this, *Cummerford*, *Reeves*, and *Ryley*, were seized at *Guilford*. *Hawkins* had been with them, but he could not get a Horse. The two former were executed, and *Ryley* transported, and the Government took Care of *Leonard*.

Hawkins now engaged with a new Gang, among which was one *Pocock*, who being apprehended, impeach'd all the rest: This quickly dispers'd them, and one *Ralphson*, to whom they had entrusted most of their Stock, went off with it to *Holland*. By which Means *Hawkins* was left without Money or Companions, for they had all forsaken the Town, except his Brother *Will* and *James Wright*. *Will* was taken on *Pocock's* Information, and *Wright* was in a Salivation. *Hawkins* himself skulk'd about Town, not daring to appear but in such Houses as he could confide in, one of which *Wilson*, who was Evidence against him at his Trial, frequented. They soon became as familiar as ever, and believing *Wilson* would not betray him for the sake of the Reward, *Hawkins* told him every Thing that we have related concerning him and his Companions, and other Passages that are omitted: As that he was present when Colonel *Floyer* shot *Wooldridge*, and that he himself shot General *Evans's* Footman, which he said happened thus. He stopp'd the General and another Gentleman in a Coach; the General and the Gentleman both fired at him, upon which he shot directly into the Coach, but miss'd them and killed the Servant who was behind it.

Hawkins often lamented this Misfortune, and when he fell into Company with a Clergyman, would always be asking some casuistical Questions on Cases parallel to his own; but tho' he fancied this was no Murder because he had no Design against the Deceas'd, yet he was always told, that the Design against the Master made the Person as Guilty, as if it had been intended against the Man who was killed.

Wilson took so much Pleasure in hearing *Hawkins* relate his Pranks and Robberies, that he grew very fond of his Company. *Wright* being now recover'd, he and *Hawkins* fell to their old Sport, and when they came home at Night, *Wilson* used to drink with them. Their first Robbery after this Re-union was in *Richmond-Lane*, upon the Earl of *Bur-*
lington

lington and the Lord Bruce, from whom they took twenty Pounds, two gold Watches, and a saphire Ring, for which his Lordship offered a hundred Pounds to Jonathan Wild. Hawkins pretended he sold it for six Pounds, and poor Wright thought that a good Price, and gladly accepted of three Pounds for his Snack, tho' Hawkins then had the Ring in his own Possession, and afterwards sold it in Holland for forty Pounds.

James Wright was born of honest Parents, and bred a Barber. He was one of the best Temper, and greatest Fidelity to his Companions, that ever was known of a Highwayman. How his Acquaintance begun with Hawkins is uncertain, but they two for about a Month after Wright's Salvation, went on very prosperously together, before Wilson engaged with them.

About this Time a good-natur'd Countryman lent Wilson ten Pounds, who had been starving for some Weeks; notwithstanding which, he made all the Haste he could to the Tables and lost it every Farthing. From the Table he went to Hawkins and Wright, and having drank freely, Hawkins began to talk about robbing, but said a third Man was necessary, and ask'd Wilson if he durst take a Pistol. Wilson answered, *Yes, as well as any Man, for the want of Money has made me ready for any Thing.* He, who was always glad of new Companions, proffered very kindly to get a Horse against next Night. They agreed, and so went to Bed.

Hawkins was as good as his Word, and in the Evening they sat to drinking again. At a proper Hour Hawkins told us all was ready; and so they mounted about Ten a Clock, and soon after robbed Sir David Dalrymple near Winstanley's Water-Works: They put on upon stopping the Coach, to try how capable he was of becoming a Man of Business. And he perform'd so well, that Hawkins never after cared to part with him.

They took from Sir David about three Pounds in Money, a Snuff-Box, and a Pocket-Book, for which last, Sir David offer'd sixty Pounds to Will; but they return'd it by a Porter, gratis; for they had no dealings with Wild, nor did he know either of them.

The next Coach they robbed was Mr. Hill's of Hackney; they took from him ten Pounds and a Watch; but miss'd three hundred Pounds in Bank Notes. They seldom fail'd of committing two or three Robberies in a Week, for a Month together. They scarce ever went above five Miles out of Town, and when they returned to it again, they attack'd the Coaches in the Streets. One Night in August, 1720, when all Mankind were turn'd Thieves, they robb'd a Coach in Chancery-Lane, another in Lincoln's-Inn Fields, and in going off stumbled upon my Lord Westmoreland, who had three Footmen behind his Coach. They had some Difficulty in robbing his Lordship, for the Watch pour'd in upon them; but at hearing a Pistol fir'd over their Heads, they retir'd as fast, and gave them an Opportunity of escaping.

Will Hawkins, the Brother of John, and Wright, were soon after both Prisoners, Hawkins could not impeach any Body, because he was impeach'd himself. Wright indeed might have taken that Advantage to have saved his own Life; but he told Jack Hawkins's Wife that he would hurt no Body, and much less her Husband, because of his Children. How well this Generosity was returned will appear hereafter. Hawkins and Wilson, to conceal themselves, went to Oxford, and staid there a Month; in which Time Hawkins defac'd some Pictures in the Gallery over the Bodleian Library. The University offered a hundred Pounds to any that would discover the Person who did it; and a poor Taylor, who had distinguished himself for a Whig, was taken up and imprison'd on Suspicion, and narrowly escap'd a Whipping.

The Sessions at the Old-Baily being ended, Hawkins was discharged, and Wright reserved for Kingston Affizes. The two Brothers then went to Holland with all Wright's Goods to the Value of fifty Pounds, and left him starving in Jail.

About the end of October they both returned to London, where Wilson joined with them, and they went on together till Christmas; when Wilson became of age, and was in Possession of a small Estate his Father left him, which he sold for three hundred and fifty Pounds. But he soon lost it all at play, except what he lent to Jack and Will to buy Horses.

One Night Hawkins and Wilson took a Ride to Hampstead, and being elevated with Wine, resolv'd, as they returned, to rob the first Coach they met. It happened that about a hundred Yards on this side Fig-Lane, they met a Chariot with two Gentlemen in it. As soon as they pass'd them they muffled up with Cape and Handkerchief, and overtook 'em at the End of Fig-Lane. The Coachman stopt at the first Word, and down went the Sashes, Wilson on one side, and Hawkins on the other. The Gentleman fired both at once. One of them lodg'd three Slugs in Hawkins's Shoulder, but the other mist Wilson had they suffer'd them to have come nearer they might have shatter'd them to pieces. However our Highwaymen thought it best to move off, to prevent Murder on both sides.

This Action was follow'd with such bad Weather, that they could do nothing; and when fair Weather came, their Horses Heads were so swell'd that they could not get 'em out of the Stable, and so they agreed to rob on Foot in Hile Park. The first Coach they attempted there was Mr. Green the Brewer's but the Coachman whipt his Horses and left them. However Wilson shot one of his Horses, and endeavouring to fire again shot himself thro' the Hand, which made his retreat very difficult having the Wall to get over.

Being thus disabled Wilson had Leisure to reflect on his deplorable Condition, and was convinc'd that Vengeance would one Day overtake him, and such a Course of Life be finish'd with Scandal at Tyburn! These Reflections brought him to a Resolution of leaving the Town, pursuant to which he borrow'd Money of a Friend, took a Horse out of the Stable and set forward for Wiltshire, Feb. 1. 1721.

Thus prepared for an honest Life arrived at Wiltby, where in a few Days he fell into his Mother's Business, and followed it diligently till the succeeding August: when one day being sent for to a Publick-House, to his great Surprise, he found his old Friend John Hawkins, and a new Companion George Simpson. After the usual Salutations, Hawkins told Wilson that as he had been like other Men, he was now as liable to suffer as any Body; for his Brother Will had impeach'd him and all the rest of his Companions, and he should be fetch'd away in a few Days. This startled Wilson so much, that he agreed to go with them. So they all bought Horses, and came to London. Then Wilson found that Hawkins had deceived me, for I was not impeach'd nor was his Brother in Custody.

George Simpson was about twenty eight when he died. He was born at Putney in Surrey, and brought up at Cozere in Lincolnshire. He had no Education, and but poor natural Parts: He was never capable of designing; but when any thing was contriv'd for him, no one was more speedy or bold in the Execution; for he was equally brisk and stout. He had been Bailiff of a Hundred in Lincolnshire; but for some Misdemeanor, flying the Country, he came to London, and serv'd the Lord Castlemain and other Gentlemen in quality of a Footman. But discontented with that condition of Life, and becoming acquainted with Jack Hawkins he commenced Collector on the Highway.

However it was not long before Hawkins was in earnest taken by the Servants of Sir Edward Lawrence, whom he and Butler Fox had robb'd in the Huntingdon

Huntington Coach. Will impeached every Body that had been concerned with him, tho' none but Fox and Wright were apprehended. Wright was acquitted at Kingston the Summer Affizes before; and having obtain'd his Liberty, fell into an honest Employment, which he follow'd till a *Hawkins* impeached him. He was convicted of *HStreet-Robbery*, done about two Years before, and hanged. And thus was poor Wright's Generosity repaid. He saved *Hawkins* to be hang'd himself.

Butler Fox was a Porter in *Milk-street*. He had a Wife and three Children. His Acquaintance with *Will Hawkins* began at *Carter's House* by *London-Wall*, a Nest for Highwaymen. *Hawkins* impeach'd him of robbing Colonel *Hamilton*, and at the Trial swore, that himself and Fox committed that Robbery, tho' neither of them was concerned in it; for it was done by *Jack Hawkins* and *George Simpson*, and no other Person; and they, the same Night, informed Will of all the Particulars. This I had from *Jack* himself, who own'd he had often exclaim'd against Will for swearing Fox into this Robbery.

All this Time the rest of the Gang play'd least in Sight; their most convenient House was by *London-Wall*. The Landlord knew all their Circumstances, and found his Account in that Knowledge; for they seldom committed a Robbery, but he had his Snack by way of Reckoning. As he kept a Livery-Stable, they had an Opportunity of riding out at all Hours, so that they harra's'd most of the Morning Stage-Coaches in *England*. One Morning they robb'd the *Worcester*, the *Glocester*, the *Cirencester*, the *Bristol*, and the *Oxford* Coaches all together. Next Morning the *Chichester* and *Ipswich*, and the third Morning the *Portsmouth* Coach. They were constant Customers to the *Bury* Coach; and touch'd it no less than ten Times. And for any of these they seldom rode farther than the *Stones End*. When they met with any Portmanteaus, they carried them to *Carter*, and ranack'd 'em.

Their Evening Enterprizes were commonly between *Richmond*, *Hackney*, *Hampstead*, or *Bow*, and *London*; and often behind *Buckingham-Wall*. They committed innumerable Robberies with great Success, and might, perhaps, have continued much longer if they had not meddled with the Mails.

One Time as they were making up to the *Portsmouth* Coach, a Gentleman upon it fired at them, before they spoke to the Coachman; for their passing the Coach and immediately returning, was a plain Indication of what they aimed at. They were treated in the like Manner in attempting a mourning Coach, but with worse Luck; for *Wilson's* Horse received a Wound, of which he died. One Thing was remarkable enough, and that was their meeting Mr. *Green* and his Lady behind *Buckingham Wall*, and robbing them; because when they once before attacked the same Coach, and being on Foot the Coachman drove away, upon which *Wilson* told him they should have the Luck to meet him again, when they were mounted.

Thus they went on till the Beginning of *April*, 1722, when they began to talk of robbing the Mails. This Design was first concerted with their Landlord *Carter*. He propos'd to begin with the *Harwich* Mail, but that being as uncertain as the Wind, they could not agree to wait for it. At last, they pitched upon the *Bristol* Mail, and prepared every Thing for that Purpose.

On *Sunday*, *April* the 15th, they set out, and next Morning they took the Mail; and again on *Wednesday* Morning. They robbed it the second Time, to get the Halves of some Bank Notes, the other Halves of which, they had taken the first Time.

On *Monday*, *April* the 23d, *Wilson* went after Dinner to see his Horse in *Fenchurch-street*; and from thence to *Carter's*, where he found two or three Men, whose Looks made him withdraw abruptly to *Moregate Coffee-House*.— There he fell into

a Sett of Company, among whom was one who appeared to be a *Quaker*, and told him there was great Enquiry made after the Robbers of the *Bristol* Mail, and that some were even then searching for them in the Neighbourhood. This confirming *Wilson's* Suspicion, he paid for his Gill, left the Coffee-House, and took a turn in *Bedlam*; where he determined in his Mind to take a Passage that Night for *Newcastle*.

With this Resolution he went towards *Moregate* Coffee-House again, and in his Way, met the Persons he had seen at *Carter's*. As soon as he past 'em, they turned about and followed him, tho' not so closely but he got into the Coffee-House unperceived by them; for they went thro' *Moregate* Arch. He then went out at the Fore Door, where they stood watching in the Street; and as soon as they saw him, they seized him. They carried him to the Post-Office, where he was examined by the Post Master General, who could make nothing of him that Night. Next Morning he was carried before him again, four or five Times to as little Purpose, tho' Mr. *Carteret* used the most prevailing Arguments to procure a Discovery. All the Post-Officers, in short, were very pressing to no Purpose; till one of them called *Wilson* aside, and shew'd him the following Letter:

S I R,

I AM one of those Persons who robbed the Mails, which I am sorry for; and to make amends, I will secure my two Companions, as soon as may be. He whose Hand this shall appear to be, will, I hope, be entitl'd to the Reward and his Pardon.

Wilson knew this to be *Simpson's* Letter, and so presently made a Discovery; whereupon, *Hawkins* and *Simpson* were apprehended on the *Thursday* following.

At their Trial *Hawkins* pray'd the Court that all the King's Witnesses might be examin'd a-part, which the Court granted.

Thomas Green, the Postboy, depos'd thus. On *Monday* the 16th of *April*, about one in the Morning, as I was riding by the *Pyde-Horse* at *Slouth*, and blowing my Horn, I was overtaken by *James Ladbroke*, who was travelling the same Way. We rode in Company to *Langley-Broom*, where a Man on a Chestnut Horse made up to us, and went off again. We rode thro' *Colebrook*, and then perceived that two Men follow'd us at a Distance; and on this side *Longford* they came up to us, with Handkerchiefs in their Mouths, and their Wigs and Hats pulled forward over their Faces. The foremost of them was on a Chestnut Horse. He held a Pistol to my Head, and said, *You must go along with me*; and then taking hold of my Horse's Bridle he led me down a narrow Lane, and the other Man brought *Ladbroke* after me in the same manner. Then they making us both dismount, he on the Chestnut Horse said to me, *Are you the Lad that swore against Child?* No, I said, *I have been Post-Boy but a very little while.* Have you ever been rob'd yet says he. No, says I. Why then, says he, you must pay Beverage now, for God damn my Blood and Ouns I'll be revenged upon somebody for poor Child's sake. Then he cut *Ladbroke's* Horse's Bridle, and turned him a drift, and that being done, he went off with the black Gelding I rode upon. As soon as he was gone the other Man ty'd our Hands behind us, bound us Back to Back, and so fastened us to a Tree in a Ditch. Then he ask'd *Ladbroke* what Money he had about him. *Ladbroke* told him he had but 3 s. 6 d. He searched *Ladbroke's* Pocket, and finding no more, he did not take that, nor any Thing else from him, but left us bound, and went after his Companions. *Ladbroke* and I, with a great deal of struggling, got from the Tree, but could not get from one another: And so, ty'd Back to Back, we went to an Inn in *Longford*, from whence the Ostler came with us, and

and we went down the Lane together, and there we found the Gelding loose, and the Bags cut open.— It was pretty dark, so that I cannot swear to the Persons, or their Horses, only I could perceive that one was a Chestnut Horse.

James Ladbroke confirmed all the Post-Boy's Evidence.

Ralph Wilson. I have known *John Hawkins* these two Years, but was not acquainted with *Simpson* till *August* last. We had often consulted together about robbing some Mail, but did not agree upon what Mail, till five Days before the Fact was committed, and then we resolved it should be the *Bristol* Mail. Pursuant to this Resolution, about eleven o'Clock on *Sunday* Morning, the 15th of *April*, we all three took Horse at the *Blue-Boar-Inn* in *Southwark*; *Hawkins* on a tall Bay, or Brown Gelding, *Simpson* on a Chestnut or Sorrel Mare, and I on a dapple Grey. We cross'd the Water at *Kew Ferry*, dined at the *Three Pigeons* at *Brentford*, staid there till Six in the Evening, called at the Post-house at *Hounslow*, and loitered on the Road till we came to the Post-house at *Colebrook*, where we sup'd on Horseback; we enquir'd of the Ostler what Time the *Bristol* Mail would come by, and he told us between One and Two o'Clock in the Morning. We went thence, and came to *Langley Broom* about Midnight, where we agreed to dispatch *Simpson* alone to meet the Mail. He went and we loitered about, waiting for his Return: And about One o'Clock we saw the Post-boy and a Traveller with him, and *Simpson* following them. Then we met *Simpson*, and held a fresh Consultation, in which at last it was agreed, that he and I should follow the Mail, and that *Hawkins* should watch at a Distance, because he being pretty Bulky, would be more remarkable. Then *Hawkins* and I changed Horses, and I and *Simpson* followed the Boy and the Traveller thro' *Colebrook*; and on this Side of *Longford*, we rode up to them, and taking hold of their Horses Bridles, led them down *Harmonsworth Lane*, where we made them dismount. I left *Simpson* to bind them, and took the Boy's Gelding and Mail to the End of the Lane, where I found *Hawkins* waiting, and where in a little Time *Simpson* came to us. We all rifled the Bags, and carried several of them to *Hounslow-Heath*, where we selected those of *Bath* and *Bristol*, and left the rest. Thence we rode thro' *Kingston* and *Wandsworth*, and going down a bye Road we searched the Bags, took out what we thought fit, most of which we put in two riding Bags, and the rest into our Pockets, and what we thought would be of no Service to us, we put into the *Bristol* and *Bath* Bags again, and so threw them over a Hedge. Then taking our Way through *Camberwell*, we came along *Greenwich Road*, to the *Hand-Inn* in *Barnaby-street*, between Five and Six on *Monday* Morning. There we put up our Horses, and drank a Pint of burnt Wine, and after some Time took Coach and drove to the *Minories*; where, to avoid Suspicion, we parted, and went by different Ways to *Frank Green's* at the *Cock and George* in the *Minories*. We went into a Room by ourselves, and to take off all Mistrust, we called for a Candle, Wax, Paper, Pen and Ink, and then locking the Door, we examin'd our Prize. We reserved only the Bank Notes, and burnt all the other Notes and the Letters with the Candle which we set in the Chimney; we found three 20 l. Bank Notes, one of 25 l. half of a 50 l. and two halves of 25 l. each, which we equally

divided. I was apprehended on the *Monday* following, and made this same Confession before Mr. *Carter*, the Post Master General, and by my Directions the Prisoners were taken, at Mrs. *Bogden's* (a Midwife's) in *Green-Arbor-Court* in the *Little Old-Bailey*.

The Ostlers at the several Inns where they had been, confirmed almost all the Circumstances of *Wilson's* Deposition.

Richard Room Constable. I went with *Richard Mills*, and others to apprehend the Prisoners at a Midwife's House, in *Green-Arbor-Court*, in the *Little Old-Bailey*, between Eight and Nine at Night. A Woman came to the Door, and asked what we wanted? We bid her not be frighted, but light a Candle, for we were come to search for stolen Goods. The Prisoners, who were above, over heard us, called out and said, *We are the Men you want, but Give us the first that comes up is a dead Man*. We told them we were provided for them, let them fire as soon as they would. Then *Hawkins's* Brother came down foremost, and persuaded them to surrender quietly. I told them we were come upon *Wilson's* Information. *Are you so*, says the Prisoner *Hawkins*, *why then we are dead Men; but we had rather lose our Lives, than save them in such a base and infamous a Manner as that Villain Wilson has saved his*.

Richard Mills depos'd the same in Substance. The Prisoners then brought several Evidences to vindicate their Characters; One of which gave the Court some Trouble, on account of a Receipt which he produced; the whole Affair is too long to be rehearsed. In fine, at a second going out, the Jury brought them in Guilty.

The Verdict being recorded, *Hawkins* express'd himself to this Purpose. *I am altogether innocent of this Robbery; though I don't blame my Countrymen for their Verdict; for their Intentions were honourable, but they were over-ruled by a partial Judge. I have been ill dealt by: My Friend has been brow beat, and hardly suffered to speak. I expect to dye, but yet I would not change Conditions, with the Villain that has saved his own Life, by saving away mine: For I prefer Death to a Life sav'd in such an infamous Manner. My Blood lies upon his Head, and upon some others. — I hope your Lordship is not concerned in it.*

When they were convey'd to Execution, not being allowed the Privilege of a Coach, they appeared in the Carts with uncommon Tokens of Repentance, scarce ever raising their Eyes from their Books to regard the great Crowds about them, not tarrying to drink Quantities of Liquor, as is usually done.

Being in some Confusion he was turned off, and died, not without prodigious Difficulty and Struggling; contrary to his Friend, who was more composed before he died, and more easily lost his Breath.

The same Day their Bodies were carried to *Hounslow-Heath*, and there hanged in Irons on a Gibbet erected for that Purpose, not far from that on which *Benjamin Child* was hanged in the same manner. — he was convicted at *Ailsbury* Assizes (on the Evidence of his Man *William Wade* and the Post Boy) for robbing the *Bristol* Mail. On *Monday* the 8th of *March*, 1722, he was carried on Horseback from *Ailsbury* Jail, to the Bear at *Slough*, where he lay that Night, and about Ten next Day was carried to a Coach to the Place of Execution.

The History of the Waltham Blacks, and their Transactions, to the Death of RICHARD PARVIN, EDWARD ELLIOT, ROBERT KINGSHEL, HENRY MARSHAL, JOHN and EDWARD PINK, and JAMES ANSELL, alias PHILLIPS, at Tyburn, whose Lives are also included.

SUCH is the unaccountable Folly which Reigns in too great a Part of the human Species, that by their own ill Deeds, they make such Laws necessary for the Security of Mens Persons and Properties, as would otherwise appear cruel and inhuman; and doubtless, those Laws which we esteem barbarous in other Nations, and even some which appear so, tho' anciently practiced in our own, had their rise from the same Cause. I am led to this Observation, from the Folly which certain Persons were guilty of, in making small Insurrections for the Sake only of getting a few Deer; and going on, because they found the Lenity of the Laws could not punish them at present, untill they grew to that Height as to ride in armed Troops, Blacked and Disguised, in order the more to terrify those whom they assaulted; and where ever they were denied what they thought proper to demand, whether Venison, Wine, Money, or other Necessaries for their debauched Feasts, they would by Letters threaten to plunder and destroy with Fire and Sword, whomsoever they thought proper. These Villanies being carried on with a high Hand for some Time, in the Year 1722 and 1723, their Insolence grew at last so intollerable, as to oblige the Legislature to make a new Law against all who thus went Armed and Disguised, and associated themselves together by the Name of *Blacks*, or entered into any other Confederacies to support and assist one another in doing Injuries and Violencies to the Persons and Properties of the King's Subjects.

By this Law it was enacted, *That after the first Day of June, 1723, whatever Persons armed with offensive Weapons, and having their Faces Black'd, or went otherwise Disguised, should appear in any Forest Park, or Grounds enclosed with any Wall or Fence, wherein Deer were kept, or any Warren where Hares or Conies are kept, or in any Highway, Heath, or Down, or unlawfully Hunt, Kill, or Steal, any Red or Fallow Deer, or rob any Warren, or steal Fish out of any Pond, or maliciously break down the Head of any Fish-pond, or kill or wound Cattle, or set Fire to any House or Out-House, Stack, &c. or cut down, or any other ways destroy Trees planted for Shelter or Profit, or should maliciously shoot at any Person, or send a Letter, demanding Money or other valuable Things, or should rescue any Person in Custody of an Officer, for any such Offences, or by Gift or Promise, procure any one to join with them, should be deemed Guilty of Felony without Benefit of Clergy, and suffer Pains of Death as Felons so convicted.*

Nor was even this Thought sufficient to remedy those Evils, which the idle Follies of some rash Persons had brought about, but a Retrospect was also, by the same Act, had to Offences heretofore committed, and all Persons who had committed any Crimes punishable by this Act, after the Second of February, 1722, were commanded to render them-

selves before the 24th of July, 1723, to some Justice of his Majesty's Court of *King's-Bench*, or to some Justice of the Peace for the County where they lived, and there make a full and exact Confession of the Crimes of such a Nature which they had committed, the Times when, the Places where, and Persons with whom; together with an Account of such Person's Places of abode, as had with them been Guilty as aforesaid, in order to their being thereupon apprehended and brought to Judgment according to Law, on Pain of being deemed *Felons*, without Benefit of the Clergy, and suffering accordingly. But they were entitled to a free Pardon and Forgiveness, in Case that before the 24th of July they surrendered and made such Discovery. Justices of Peace by the said Act, were required on any Information being made before them, by one or more credible Persons, against any Person charged with any of the Offences aforesaid, to transmit it under their Hands and Seals, to one of His Majesty's principle Secretary's of State, who by the same Act was required to lay such Information and Return before His Majesty in Council; whereupon, an Order was to issue for the Person so charged, to surrender within forty Days, and in case he refused or neglected to surrender within that Time, then from the Day in which the forty Days were elapsed, he was to be deemed as a Felon convicted, and Execution might be awarded as attainted of Felony by a Verdict. Every Person also who after the Time appointed for the Surrender of the Person, should conceal, aid, or succour him, knowing the Circumstances in which he then stood, should suffer Death as a Felon, without Benefit of the Clergy. And that People might the more readily hazard their Persons for the apprehending such Offenders, it was likewise enacted, that if any Person should be wounded so as to lose an Eye, or the use of any Limb, in endeavouring to take Persons charged with the Commission of Crimes within this Law, then on a Certificate from the Justices of the Peace, of his being so wounded, the Sheriff of the County was commanded within thirty Days after the sight of such Certificate, to pay the said wounded Person 50 l. under pain of forfeiting 100 l. on failure thereof; and in case any Person should be killed in seizing such Persons as aforesaid, then the said 50 l. was to be paid to the Executors of the Person so killed.

It cannot seem strange, that in Consequence of so extraordinary an Act of the Legislature, many of these Presumptuous and silly People should be apprehended; and a considerable Number of them, having upon their Apprehension been committed to *Winchester Gaol*, seven of them were, by *Habeas Corpus*, removed to the greater Solemnity of their Trial to *Newgate*, and for their Offences brought up and arraigned at the *King's Bench Bar, Westminster*; and were convicted on full Evidence, all of them of Felony, and three of Murder. We shall inform

inform you, one by one, of what has come to our Knowledge in Relation to their Crimes, and the Manner and Circumstances with which they were committed.

RICHARD PARVIN was Master of a Publick-house at *Portsmouth*, a Man of a dull and flegmatick Disposition, who continually denied his having been in any Manner concerned with these People, though the Evidence against him at his Trial, was as full and as direct as possibly could have been expected, and he himself evidently proved to have been upon the Spot, when the Violences committed by the other Prisoners were transacted. In Answer to this, he said, *That he was not with them, tho' indeed he was upon the Forest*; for which he gave this Reason: He had, he said, a very handsome young Wench who lived with him, and for that Reason being admired by many of his Customers, she took it in her Head one Day to run away; he hearing that she had fled cross the Forest, pursued her, and in that Pursuit, calling at the House of Mr. *Parford*, who keeps an Alehouse on the Forest, this Landlord, it seems, who was an Evidence against the other Blacks, took him into the Number, tho' as he said, he could fully have cleared himself, if he had had any Money to have sent for Witnesses out of *Berkshire*; but the Mayor of *Portsmouth*, seizing as soon as he was apprehended, on all his Goods, put his Family into great Distress, and whether he could have found them or no, hindered his being able to produce any Witnesses at his Trial. He persevered in these Professions of his Innocency to the very last, still hoping for a Reprieve, and not only feeding himself with such Expectations while in Prison, but also gaz'd earnestly when at the Tree, in hopes that a Pardon would be brought him, till the Cart drew away, and extinguished Life and the Desire of Life together.

EDWARD ELLIOT, a Boy of about Seventeen Years of Age, whose Father was a Taylor, at a Village between *Perfworth* and *Guilford*, was the next who received Sentence of Death with *Parvin*. The Account he gave of his coming into this Society, has something in it very odd, and which gives a fuller Idea of the strange Whims which possessed these People. The Boy said, that about a Year before his being apprehended, thirty or forty Men met him in the County of *Surrey*, and hurried him away; he who appeared to be the Chief of them, telling him that he enlisted him for the Service of the King of the Blacks; in Pursuance of which he was to disguise his Face, obey Orders of whatsoever kind they were, such as breaking down Fish Ponds, burning Woods, shooting Deer, taking also an Oath to be true to them, or they by their *Art Magick* would turn him into a Beast, and as such make him carry their Burthens, and live like a Horse upon Grass and Wrtter. And he said also, that in the Space of Time he continued with them, he saw several of their Experiments of their Witchcraft; for that once when two Men had offended them, by refusing to comply in taking their Oath, and obeying their Orders, they caused them immediately to be blindfolded, and stopping them in Holes of the Earth up to their Chin, ran at them as if they had been Dogs, bellowing and barking as it were in their Ears; and when they had plagued them a While in this ridiculous Manner, took them out, and bid them remember how they offended any of the Black Nation again, for if they did, they should not escape so well as they had at present. He had seen them also, he said, oblige Carters to drive a good Way out of the Road, and carry whatsoever *Venison* or other Thing they had plundered, to the Places where they would have them: Moreover, that the Men were generally so frightened with their Usage, and so terrified with the Oaths they were

obliged to swear, that they seldom complained, or even spoke of their Bondage.

As to the Fact for which they died, *Elliot* gave this Account: *That in the Morn. when that Fact, for which he died, was committed, Marshall, Kinghell, and four others came to him and persuaed him to go to Earning-holt, and that he need not fear disobliging any Gentlemen in the Country, some of whom were very kind to this Elliot: They persuaed him that certain Persons of Fortune were concerned with them, and would bear him harmless if he would go. He consented that at last he consented to go with them, but trembled all the Way; insomuch, that he could hardly reach the Holt, while they were engaged in the Business for which they came, viz. killing the Deer. The Keepers, he said, came upon him, for he was wandered a considerable Way from his Companions after a Fawn, which he intended to send as a Present to a young Woman at *Guilford*; him therefore they quickly seized and bound, and leaving him in that Condition, went in search of the rest of his Associates. It was not long before they came up with them; the Keepers were Six, the Blacks were Seven in Number; they fell warmly to it with Quarter-Staffs; the Keepers unwilling to have Lives taken away, advised them to retire; but upon their refusing, and Marshall's firing a Gun, by which one of the Keepers belonging to the Lady How was slain, they discharged a Blank-buss and shattered the Thigh of one Barber amongst the Blacks, upon which three of his Associates ran away, and the two others, Marshall and Kinghell, were likewise taken, and so the Fray for the present ended. Elliot lay bound all the While within hearing, and in the greatest Agonies imaginable, at the Consideration that whatever Blood was spilt, he should be as much answerable for it as those who shed it; in which he was not mistaken; for the Keepers returning after the Fight was over, carried him away bound, and he never had his Fetters off after, till the Morning of his Execution. He behaved himself very soberly, quietly, and with much seeming Penitence and Contrition; he owned the Justice of the Law in punishing him, and said, *He more especially deserved to suffer, since at the Time of the committing this Fact, he was Servant to a Widow Lady, where he wanted nothing to make him happy or easy.**

ROBERT KINGSHIELL was 26 Years old, lived in the same House with his Parents, being Apprentice to his Brother a Shoemaker. His Parents were very watchful over his Behaviour, and fought by every Method to prevent his taking ill Courses, or being guilty of any Debauchery whatever. The Night before this unhappy Accident fell out, as he and the rest of the Family were sleeping in their Beds, Barber made a Signal at his Chamber Window, it being then about Eleven a Clock: *Kingshell* upon this, arose and got softly out of the Window; Barber took him upon his Horse, and away they went to the Holt, twelve Miles distant, calling in their Way upon *Henry Marshall*, *Elliot*, and the rest of their Accomplices. He said it was Eight a Clock in the Morning before the Keeper attacked them; he owned they bid them retire, and that he himself told them they would, provided the bound Man (*Elliot*) was released, and deliver'd into their Hands; but that Proposition being refus'd, the Fight presently grew warm. Barber's Thigh was broke, and *Marshall* killed the Keeper with a Shot. Being thereupon very hard pressed, three of their Companions ran away, leaving him and *Marshall* to fight it out, *Elliot* being already taken, and Barber disabled. It was not long before they were in the same unhappy Condition with their Companions. From the Time of their being apprehended, *Kingshell* laid aside all Hopes of Life, and applyed himself with great Fervency and Devotion, to enable

ble him in what alone remained for him to do, viz. *dying Decently.*

HENRY MARSHAL, about thirty six Years of Age, the unfortunate Person by whose Hand the Murther was committed, seem'd to be the least sensible of the Evils he had done of any, such was the Pleasure of Almighty God, that till the Day before his Execution, he neither had his Senses, nor the use of his Speech: When he recovered it, and a Clergyman represented to him the horrid Crime of which he had been Guilty, he was so far from shewing any deep Sense of the Crime of shedding innocent Blood, that he made light of it, and said, *Sure he might stand upon his own Defence, and was not bound to run away and leave his Companions in Danger.* This was the Language he talked for the Space of twenty four Hours before his Death, when he enjoyed the Use of Speech; and so far was he from thanking those who charitably offered him their Admonitions, that he said, he had not forgot himself, but had already taken Care of what he thought necessary for his Soul; however, he did not attempt in the least to prevaricate, but fairly acknowledged that he committed the Fact for which he died, tho' nothing could oblige him to speak of it in a manner as if he was sorry for, or repented of it, farther than for having occasioned his own Misfortunes. So strong is the Prejudice which vulgar Minds may acquire, by often repeating to themselves certain Positions, however ridiculous or false, that a Man had a right to imbrue his Hands in the Blood of another, who was in the Execution of his Office, and endeavouring him in the Commission of an illegal Act.

These of whom we have last spoken, were altogether concerned in the aforementioned Fact, which was attended with Murder. But we are now to speak of the rest, who were concerned in the Felony only, for which they with the abovemention'd *Parvin* suffered. Of these there were two Brothers, whose Names were *JOHN* and *EDWARD PINK*, Carters in *Portsmouth*, and always accounted honest and industrious Fellows, before this Accident happened. They did not, however, deny their being Guilty, but on the contrary, ingeniously confessed the Truth of what was sworn, and mentioned some other Circumstances then had been produced at the Trial, which attended their committing it. They said that they met *Parvin's* House-keeper upon the Road, that they forced her to cut the Throat of a Deer which they had just taken upon *Bear Forest*, gave her a Dagger, which they forced her to wear, and to ride cross legg'd with Pistols before her. In this Dress they brought her to *Parford's* House upon the Forest, where they dined upon a Haunch of Venison, feasted merrily, and after Dinner sent out two of their Companions to kill more Deer; not in the *King's Forest*, but in *Wilham Chace*, belonging to the Bishop of *Winchester*: One of these two Persons they called their King, and the other they called Lyon: Neither of these two Brothers objected any Thing, either to the Truth of the Evidence given against, or the Justice of that Sentence passed upon them; only one insinuated that the Evidence would not have been so strong against him and *Ansel*, if it had not been for running away with the Witness's Wife, which so provok'd him that they were sure they should not escape when he was admitted a Witness. These, like the rest, were hard to be persuaded that the Things they had committed were any Crimes in the Eyes of God, and said, Deer were wild Beast, and they did not see why the Poor had not as good a Right to them as the Rich: However, as the Law condemned them to suffer, they were bound to submit; and in Consequence of that Notion, they behaved themselves very orderly, decently, and quietly, while under Sentence.

JAMES ANSEL, alias *Stephen Philips*, the Seventh and last of these unhappy Persons, was a Man addicted to a worse and more profligate Life than any of the rest had ever been; for he had held no settled Employment, but had been a loose disorderly Person, concerned in all Sorts of Wickedness for many Years, both at *Portsmouth*, *Guilford*, and other Country Towns, as well as at *London*. Deer where not the only Things that he had dealt in; stealing, robbing on the Highway, had been formerly his Employment; and in becoming a Black, he did not, as the others, ascend in Wickedness, but came down on the contrary a Step lower: Yet this Criminal, as his offences were greater, so his Sense of them was much stronger than in any of the rest, excepting *Kingbell*, for he gave over all manner of Hopes of Life, and all Concerns about it as soon as he was taken; yet even he had no Notion of making Discoveries, unless they might be beneficial to himself; and though he owned the Knowledge of twenty Persons who were notorious Offenders in the same Kind, he absolutely refused to name them, since such naming would not procure himself a Pardon. Talking to him of the Duty of doing Justice, was beating the Air: He said he thought there was no Justice in taking away other Peoples Lives, unless it was to save his own; yet no sooner was he taxed about his own going on the Highway than he confessed it, and said, he knew very well Bills would have been preferred against him at *Guilford* Assizes, in case he had got off at the *King's-Bench*, but that he did not greatly value them: for tho' formerly he had been Guilty of some Facts in that Way, yet they could not all now be proved; and he should have found it no difficult matter to have demonstrated it of those then charged upon him, of which he was not really Guilty, but owed his being thought so to a profligate Course of Life he had for some Time led, and his Aversion to all honest Employments. As bold as the whole Gang of these Fellows appeared, yet what with Sickness, what with the Apprehension of Death, they were so terrified, that not one of 'em but *Ansel*, alias *Philips*, was able to stand up, or speak, at the Place of Execution; many who saw 'em there, affirming, that some of them were dead even before they were turned off.

As an Appendix to the melancholly History of these seven unhappy Persons, we will add Part of a Letter written at that Time by a Gentleman of *Essex*, to his Friend in *London*, containing a more particular Account of the Humour of these People than we have seen any where else.

A Letter to Mr. C. D. in London.

DEAR SIR,

YOU cannot but have heard of the Waltham Blacks, as they are called, a set of whimsical merry Fellows, that are so mad to run the greatest Hazards for the Sake of a haunch of Venison, and passing a jolly Evening together. For my Part, I took the Stories of them for Fables, till Experience taught me the contrary, by the Adventure I am going to relate to you.

To begin then, my Horse got some Way a Stone in his Foot; so that finding it impossible to get him along, I was glad to take up at a little blind Ale-House, which I perceived had a Yard and Stable behind it. The Man of the House received me very civilly, but when I ask'd him whether I could lodge there that Night, he told me No, he had no room. I desired him then to put something to my Horse's Foot, and let me sit up all Night: The Man made me no Answer; but when we came into the House together, the Wife dealt more roughly and more freely with me, that truly I neither could, nor should stay there,

there, and was for hurrying her Husband to get my Horse out : However, on putting a Crown in to her Hand, and promising her another for my Lodging, she at last told me that there was indeed a little Bed above Stairs, on which she would order a clean Pair of Sheets to be put ; for she was persuaded I was more of a Gentleman than to take any Notice of what I saw passed there. This made me more uneasy than I was before : I concluded now I was got among a den of Highwaymen, and expected nothing less than to be robbed and have my Throat cut ; however, finding there was no Remedy, I even let myself down, and endeavoured to be as easy as I could.

By this Time it was very dark, and I heard three or four Horsemen alight, and lead their Horses into the Yard. As the Men were coming into the Room where I was, I overheard my Landlord say, Indeed Brother you need not be uneasy, I am positive the Gentleman's a Man of Honour. To which I heard another Voice reply, What good could our Death do to any Stranger ? Faith I don't apprehend half the Danger you do : I dare say the Gentleman would be glad of our Companies, and we should be pleas'd with his, come, hang Fear, I'll lead the Way. So said, so done, in they came, Five of them, all disguis'd so effectually, that unless it were in the same Disguise, I should not be able to distinguish any one of them. Down they sat and he who was constituted their Captain *pro hac Vice*, accosted me with great Civility, and asked me *If I would honour them with my Company at Supper.* I did not yet guess the Profession of my new Acquaintance : But supposing my Landlord would not suffer either a Robbery or a Murder in his own House, by Degrees my Mind grew perfectly easy.

About Ten a Clock I heard a very great Noise of Horses, and soon after of Mens Feet trampling in a Room over my Head : Then my Landlord came down and informed us, Supper was just ready to go upon the Table. Upon this, we were all desired to walk up ; and he, whom I before called the Captain, presented me with a humorous kind of Ceremony to a Man more disguis'd than the rest, who sat at the upper End of the Table, telling me at the same Time, he hoped I would not refuse to pay my Respects to *Prince Oroonoko King of the Blacks.* It then immediately struck into my Head, who those worthy Persons were, and I called myself a thousand Blockheads in my Mind for not finding it out before ; but the Hurry of Things, or to speak the Truth, the Fear I was in, prevented my judging, even from the most evident Signs.

As soon as our awkward Ceremonies was over, Supper was brought in : It consisted of eighteen Dishes of Venison in every Shape, roasted, boiled with Broth, hashed Collups, Patties, Umble Pies, and a large Haunch in the Middle larded. The Table we sat at was very large, and the Company in all twenty one Persons ; at each of our Elbows there was set a Bottle of Claret ; and the Man and Woman of the House sat down at the lower End. Two or three of the Fellows had good natural Voices, and so the Evening was spent as merrily, as the Rakes pass theirs at the *King's Arms*, or the City Apprentices at *Sadler's Wells.* About Two the Company seemed inclined to break up, having first

assured me that they should take my Company as a Favour any *Thursday* Evening, if I came that Way.

Before I conclude my Epistle, it is fit I should inform you, that they did me the Honour, of acquainting me with those Rules by which their Society was govern'd. Their *Black Prince* assured me that their Government was perfectly *Monarchical*, and that when upon Expeditions, he had an absolute Command ; But in the time of Peace (continued he) and at the Table, I condescend to eat and drink familiarly with my Subjects as Friends. We admit no Man into our Society, till he has been twice drunk with us, that we may be perfectly acquainted with his Temper, but if the Person who sues to be admitted, declares solemnly he was drunk in his Life, this Rule is dispensed with, and the Person is only bound to converse with us a Month. As soon as we have determined to admit him, he is to equip himself with a good Mare or Gelding, a Brace of Pistols, and a Gun to lye on the Saddle Bow ; then he is sworn upon the Horns over the Chimney ; and having a new Name conferred by the Society, is thereby entered upon the Roll, and from that Day forward, considered as a lawful Member.

He went on with abundance more of their wise Institutions which are not of Consequence enough to tell you : In the Morning having given my Landlady the other Crown Piece, I speeded directly home, as much in Amaze at the new People I had discovered, as the *Duke of Alva's* Huntsmen when they found an undiscovered Nation in Spain, by following their Master's Hawk over the Mountains. Pray, in Return let me see if all your *London* Rambles can produce such another Adventure.

I am yours, &c.

Before we leave these People we think it proper to acquaint our Readers, that their Folly was not to be extinguished by a single Execution ; there were a great many young Fellows of the same Stamp, who were Fools enough to forfeit their Lives upon the same Occasion. However, the Humour did not run very long ; Tho' some of them were impudent enough to murder a Keeper or two afterwards, in the Space of a Twelvemonth, the whole Nation of the *Blacks* was extinguished, and these *Country Rakes* were contented to play the Fool upon easier Terms. The last Blood that was shed on either Side, being that of a Keeper's Son at *Old Windsor*, whom some of these wise People fired at as he look'd out of the Window.

A special assizes was held at *Reading*, before three of his Majesty's Judges, to try the Persons concern'd in this Murther, and several others. Four Men were Capitally convicted and executed ; several others were ordered for Transportation, and in short this was the decisive Stroke which put a Period to their whimsical Monarchy. The Men that were hang'd, like those abovementioned, were so weak with lying in Prison, that one of them was borne between two to the *Town-Hall*, and carry'd upon the Hangman's Back into the Cart that convey'd him to the Tree. The rest were not in a much better Condition.

The LIFE of JOSEPH BLAKE, alias BLUESKIN.

AS there is Impudence and Wickedness enough in the Lives of most publick Malefactors, to make Persons of a sober Education and Behaviour, wonder at the depravity of human Nature; so there are sometimes superlative Rogues, who as far exceed the ordinary Class of Rogues, as they do honest People; and whenever such a Monster as this appears in the World, there are enough Fools to make such a Noise about his Conduct, as to invite others to imitate the Obstinacy of his Deportment, thro' that false Love of Fame, which influences those Wretches. Amongst the Number of these, *Joseph Blake*, better known by his nick Name of *Blueskin*, always deserves to be remembred, as one who studiously took the Paths of Infamy, in order to become Famous.

By Birth he was a Native of this City of *London*; his Parents being Persons in tollerable Circumstances, kept him six Years at School, where he did not learn half so much from his Master, as he did Evil from his School-Fellow *William Blewit*, from whose Lessons he copied so well, that all his Education signified nothing. He absolutely refusing, when he came from School, to go to any Employment, but on the contrary set up for a Robber when he was scarce Seventeen; but from that Time to the Day of his Death, was unsuccessful in all his Undertakings, hardly ever committing the most trivial Fact, but he experienced for it, either the Humanity of the Mob, or of the Keepers of *Bridewel*, out of which, or some other Prison, he could hardly keep his Feet for a Month together.

He fell into the Gang of *Lock*, *Wilkinson*, *Carrick*, *Lincoln*, and *Daniel Carrol*. And being one Night out with this Gang, they robb'd one Mr. *Clark* of eight Shillings, and a silver hilted Sword, just as Candles were going to be lighted. A Woman looking accidentally out of a Window, perceived it, and cry'd out Thieves: *Wilkinson* fired a Pistol at her, which (very luckily) upon her drawing in her Head, graz'd upon the Stone of the Window, and did no other Mischief. *Blake* was also in the Company of the same Gang, when they attack'd Captain *Langley* at the Corner of *Hide Park Road*, as he was going to the *Camp*; but the Captain behaved himself so well, that notwithstanding they shot several Times thro' and thro' his Coat, yet they were not able to rob him. Not long after this, *Wilkinson* being apprehended, impeached a large Number of Persons, and with them, *Blake* and *Lock*. *Lock* hereupon made a fuller Discovery than the other before Justice *Blakerby*, in which Information there was contained no less than seventy Robberies, upon which he also was admitted a Witness; and having nam'd *Wilkinson*, *Lincoln*, *Carrick* and *Carrol*, with himself, to have been the five Persons who murder'd *Peter Martin* the *Chelsea Pensioner*, by the *Park Wall*. *Wilkinson* thereupon was apprehended, tried, and convicted, notwithstanding the Information he had before given, which was thereby totally set aside.

Blake himself also became now an Evidence against the rest of his Companions, and discovered about a dozen Robberies which they had committed,

amongst these there was a one very remarkable one. Two Gentlemen in Hunting Caps were together in a Chariot on the *Hampstead-Road*, from whom they took two gold Watches, Rings Seals and other things to a considerable Value, and *Junks*, alias *Levee*, laid his Pistol down by the Gentlemen all the while he search'd them, yet they wanted either the Courage or the presence of Mind, to seize it and prevent their losing Things of so great Value. Not long after this *Oakly*, *Junks*, and this *Blake*, stopp'd a single Man with a Link before him in *Fig-Lane*, and he not surrendering so easily as they expected, *Junks* and *Oakey* beat him over the Head with their Pistols, and then left him wounded in a terrible Condition, taking from him one Guinea and one Penny. A very short time after this, *Junks Oakey*, and *Flood*, were apprehended and executed, for robbing Colonel *Cope* and Mr. *Young* of that very Watch, for which *Carrick* and *Malony* had been before executed, *Joseph Blake* being the Evidence against them.

After this hanging Work of his Companions, he thought himself not only entitled to Liberty but Reward: therein however he was mightily mistaken, for not having surrendered willingly and quietly, but being taken after long Resistance and when he was much wounded, there did not seem to be the least Foundation for this confident Demand. He remained still a Prisoner in the *Woodstreet Compter*, obstinately refusing to be transported for seven Years, 'till at last procuring two Men to be bound for his good Behaviour, he was carried before a worthy *Alderman* of the City and there discharged. At which time, some-body there present asking how long time might be given him, before they should see him again at the *Old-Baily*? A Gentleman made answer, in about three Sessions, in which time it seems he guess'd very right; for the third Sessions from thence, *Blake* was indeed brought to the Bar.

For no sooner was he at Liberty but he was employed in robbing; and having picked up *Jack Shepherd* for a Companion, they went out together to search for Prey in the Fields. Near the half Way House to *Hampstead*, they met with one *Pargitar*, pretty much in Liquor, whom immediately *Blake* knock'd down into the Ditch, where he must inevitably have perished, if *John Shepherd* had not kept his Head above the Mud with great Difficulty. For this Fact the next Sessions after it happened, the two Brothers (*Brightwells*) in the Guards were tried; and if a Number of Men had not sworn them to have been upon Duty at the Time the Robbery was committed, they had certainly been convicted, the Evidence of the Prosecutor being direct and full. The elder *Brightwell* died in a Week after he was released from his confinement, and so did not live to see his Innocence fully clear'd by the Confession of *Blake*.

A very short Space after this *Blake* and his Companion *Shepherd*, committed the Burglary together in the House of Mr. *Kneebone*, where *Shepherd* getting into the House, let in *Blake* at the back Door and carry'd of Goods to a considerable Value. For this, both *Shepherd* and he were apprehended; and the Sessions before *Blake* was convicted, his Companion



Shepherd in the Stone Room in Newgate

nion received Sentence of Death; but at the Time *Blake* was taken up, had made his Escape out of the Condemned Hold.

He behaved with great Impudence at his Trial, and when he found nothing would save him, he took the Advantage of *Jonathan Wild's* coming to speak with him, to cut the said *Wild's* Throat, a large Gash from the Ear beyond the Wind-pipe; of which Wound *Wild* languished a long Time, and happy had it been for him if *Blake's* Wound had proved fatal, for then *Jonathan* had escaped Death by a more dishonourable Wound in the Throat, than that of a Penknife: But the Number of his Crimes, and the Spleen of his Enemies procured him a worse Fate. Whatever *Wild* might deserve of others, he seems to have merited better Usage from this *Blake*; for while he continued a Prisoner in the Compter, *Jonathan* was at the Expence of curing a Wound he had received, allowed him three Shillings and Sixpence a Week, and after his last Misfortune promised him a good Coffin, actually furnished him with Money to support him in *Newgate*, and several good Books, if he would have made any Use of them: But because he freely declared to *Blueskin*, there was no Hopes of getting him Transported, the bloody Villain determined to take away his Life, and was so far from shewing any Signs of Remorse, when he was brought up again to *Newgate*, that he declared if he had thought of it before, he would have

provided such a Knife as should have cut off his Head.

At the Time that he received Sentence, there was a Woman also condemned, and they being placed as usual, in what is called the *Bail Dock* at the *Old-Bailey*, *Blake* offered such Rudeness to the Woman, that she cried out and alarmed the whole Bench. All the Time he lay under Condemnation, he appeared utterly thoughtless and insensible of his approaching Fate. Tho' from the cutting of *Wild's* Throat, and some other Barbarities of the same Nature, he acquired amongst the Mob the Character of a brave Fellow; yet he was in himself but a mean spirited timorous Man, and never exerted himself, but either thro' Fury or Dispair. He wept much at the Chapel before he was to die; and tho' he drank deeply to drive away Fear, yet at the Place of Execution he wept again, trembled, and shewed all the Signs of a timorous Confusion, as well he might, who had lived wickedly, and trifled with his Repentance to the Grave. There was nothing in his Person extraordinary; a dapper, well set Fellow, of great Strength, and great Cruelty; equally detested by the sober Part of the World, for the audacious Wickedness of his Behaviour, and despised by his Companions for the Villanies he committed even against them. He was executed in the 28th Year of his Age, on the 11th of November, 1724.

The LIFE of JOHN SHEPHERD.

AMONGST the Prodigies of ingenious Wickedness and artful Mischief, which have surprised the World in our time, perhaps none has made so great a Noise as *John Shepherd*, the Malefactor of whom we are now going to speak. His Father's Name was *Thomas Shepherd*, who was by Trade a Carpenter, and liv'd in *Spittle-Fields*; a Man of an extraordinary good Character, and who took all the Care his narrow Circumstances would allow, that his Family might be brought up in the Fear of God, and in just Notions of their Duty towards their Neighbour; yet he was so unhappy in his Children, that both this Son *John* and another took to ill Courses, and both in their Turns were convicted at the Bar in the *Old-Bailey*.

After the Father's Death, his Widow did all she could to get this unfortunate Son of hers admitted into *Christ's Hospital*, but failing of that, she got him bread up at a School in *Bishopsgate-Street*, where he learned to read, and might in all probability have got a good Education, if he had not been too soon removed, being put out to the Trade of a Cane-Chair-Maker. His Master us'd him very well, and probably he might have liv'd honestly with him but he dying in a short time afterwards *Shepherd* was put to another, a much younger Man, who used him so harshly, that in a little time he ran away from him. He was then put to another Master, one Mr. Wood in *Witch-Street*, from whose Kindness and of Mr. *Kneebone's*, whom he robbed, he was taught to write, and had many other Favours done him by that Gentleman, whom he so ungratefully treated. But good usage or bad was grown all alike to him now; he had given himself up to the sensual Pleasures of low Life, Drinking all Day, and getting to some impudent Strumpet at Night.

Amongst the Chief of his Mistresses there was one *Elizabeth Lion*, commonly call'd *Edgeworth Bess*;

the Impudence of whose Behaviour was shocking even to the greatest Part of *Shepherd's* Companions; but it seems charm'd him so much, that he suffered her for a while to direct him in every Thing; and she was the first who engaged him in taking base Methods to obtain Money wherewith to purchase baser Pleasures. This *Lion* was a large masculine Woman, and *Shepherd* a very little slight-limb'd Lad; so that whenever he had been drinking and came to her quarrelsome, *Bess* often beat him into better Temper, though *Shepherd* upon other Occasions manifested his wanting neither Courage nor Strength. Repeated Quarrels however between *Shepherd* and his Mistress as it does with People of better Rank, created such a Coldness, and at last a Separation.

The Creature he picked out to supply the Place of *Betty Lion*, was one Mrs. *Maggott*, a Woman somewhat less boisterous in her Temper, but full as wicked: She had a very great Contempt for *Shepherd*, and only made Use of him to go and steal Money, or what might yield Money, for her to spend in Company that she lik'd better. One Night when *Shepherd* came to her, and told her he had pawn'd the last Thing he had for half a Crown, *Prithee*, says she, don't tell me such melancholly Stories, but think how you may get more Money: I have been in White-horse Yard this Afternoon; there's a Piece-Broker there worth a great deal of Money, he keeps his Cash in a Drawer under the Compter; and there's Abundance of good Things in his Shop that would befit for me to wear; a Word you know to the Wife is enough; let me see now how soon you'll put me in Possession of them. This had the Effect that she desired; *Shepherd* left her about One o'Clock in the Morning, went to the House she talked of, took up the Cellar Window Bars, and from thence entered the Shop, which he plundered of Money and Goods to the amount of 22 l. and brought it to his Doxy the

the same Day before she was stirring, who appeared thereupon very well satisfied with his Diligence, and helped him in a short Time to squander what he had so dearly earned.

He still attained some Affection for his old Favourite *Bess Lyon*, who being taken up for some of her Tricks, was committed to *St. Giles's Round-house*, where *Shepherd* going to see her, broke the Doors open, beat the Keeper, and like a true *Knight Errant*, set his distressed *Paramour* at Liberty; which heroick Act got him so much Reputation amongst the Ladies in *Drury-Lane*, that there was no Body of his Profession so much esteemed by them as *John Shepherd*. His Brother *Thomas*, who was himself in tollerable Estimation with that debauch'd part of the Sex, now importun'd some of them to speak to his Brother *John* to lend him a little Money, and for the Future allow him to go out a robbing with him. To both these Propositions, *Jack*, being a kind Brother, consented at the first Word, and from thence forward the two Brothers were always of one Party.

In about three Weeks after their coming together, they broke open a Linnen-Draper's Shop, near *Clare Market*, where the Brothers made good use of their Time; for they were not in the House above a quarter of an Hour, before they made shift to strip it of 50 l. But the younger Brother acting impudently in disposing of some of the Goods, he was detected and apprehended, upon which the first Thing he did was to impeach his Brother, and as many of his Confederates as he could. *Jack* was very quickly apprehended upon his Brother's Information, and committed by Justice Parry to the *Round-house*, for farther Examination; but instead of waiting for that, he began to examine, as well as he could, the Strength of the Place of his Confinement; which being much to weak for a Fellow of his Capacity, he marched off before Night, and committed a Robbery into the Bargain; vowing to be revenged on *Tom* who had so basely behaved himself (as *Jack* phrased it) toward so good a Brother.

That Information going off, *Jack* went on in his old Way as usual. One Day he and *J. Benson* being in *Leicester Fields*, *Benson* attempted to get a Gentleman's Watch; but missing his pull, the Gentleman perceived it, and rais'd a Mob, where *Shepherd* passing briskly to save his Companion, was apprehended in his stead, and being carried before Justice *Walters*, was committed to *New-Prison*, where the first Sight he saw, was his old Companion *Bess Lyon*, who had found her Way thither upon a like Errand. *Jack*, who now saw himself beset with Danger, began to exert all his little Cunning, which was indeed his Master-piece. He applied himself first to *Benson's* Friends, who were in good Circumstances, hoping by their Meditation to make the Matter up; but in this he miscarried. Then he attempted a slight Information; but the Justice to whom he sent it, perceiving how trivial a Thing it was, and guessing well at the Drift thereof, refused it. *Shepherd* was now driven to his last Shift, when *Bess Lyon* and he laid their Heads together how to break out; which they effected by Force, and got safe off to one of *Bess Lyon's* old Lodgings, where she kept him secret for some Time, frightening him with Stories of great Searches being made after him, in order to detain him from conversing with any other Woman.

But *Jack* being not naturally timorous, and having a strong Inclination to to be out again in his old Way with his Companions, it was not long before he gave her the slip, and lodged himself with another of his Female Acquaintance, in a little bye Court near the *Strand*. Here one *Charles Grace* desired to become an Associate with him. *Jack* was very ready to take any young Fellow in as a Partner of his Villanies; especially as *Grace* told him that his Reason for doing such Things, was to keep a beautiful Woman without the Knowledge of his Relations. *Shepherd* and he getting the Acquaintance of one *An-*

thony Lamb, an Apprentice to Mr. *Carter*, near *St. Clements Church*, they inveigled the young Man to consent to let them in to rob his Master's House. He accordingly perform'd it, and they took from Mr. *Barton*, who lodged there, to a very considerable Value. But *Grace* and *Shepherd* quarrelling about the Division, *Shepherd* wounded *Grace* in a violent Manner, and on this Quarrel betraying one another, *Grace* and *Lamb* were taken. But the Misfortune of poor *Lamb*, who had been drawn in, so far prevail'd upon several Gentlemen who knew him, that they not only prevail'd to have his Sentence mitigated to Transportation, but also furnish'd him with Necessaries, and procured an Order, that on his Arrival there he should not be sold, as the other *Felons* were, but that he should be left at Liberty to provide for himself as well as he could.

It seems that *Shepherd's* Gang, which consisted of himself, his Brother *Tom*, *Joseph Blake*, alias *Blueskin*, *Charles Grace*, and *James Sikes*, whom his Companions called *Hell* and *Fury* not knowing how to dispose of the Goods they had taken, made use of *William Field* for that purpose, whom *Shepherd* in his Ludicrous Stile, us'd to characterize thus; That he was a Fellow wicked enough to do any thing, but his want of Courage permitted him to do nothing but carry on the Trade he did; which was that of selling stolen Goods when put into his Hands. But *Blake* and *Shepherd* finding *Field* sometimes delatatory, not thinking it always safe to trust him, they resolv'd to hire a Warehouse and lodge their Goods there; which accordingly they did near the *Horse-Ferry* in *Westminster*. There they plac'd what they took out of Mr. *Kneebone's House*, and the Goods made a great shew there, whence the People in the Neighbourhood really took them for honest Persons, who had so great wholesale Business on their Hands as occasion'd their taking a place there which lay convenient for the Water. *Field* however importun'd them, having got scent they had such a Warehouse, that he might go and see the Goods, pretending that he had it just now in his Power to sell them at a very great Price: They accordingly carried him thither and shewed him the Things. Two or three Days afterwards, *Field*, tho' he had not Courage to rob any Body else, ventured however, to break open the Warehouse, and took every Rag that had been lodg'd there.

Not long after, *Shepherd* was apprehended for robbing Mr. *Kneebone*, and tried at the next Sessions at the *Old-Bailey*. His Appearance there was very mean, and all the Defence he pretended to make, was, that *Jonathan Wild* had helped to dispose of part of the Goods, and he thought that it was very hard that he should not share in the Punishment. The Court took little Notice of so insignificant a Plea, and Sentence being pass'd upon him, he hardly made a sensible Petition for the Favour of the Court in the Report; but behav'd throughout as a Person either stupid or Foolish; so far was he from appearing in any Degree likely to make the Noise he afterwards did.

When put into the *Condemned Hold*, he prevail'd upon one *Fowls*, who was also under Sentence, to lift him up to the Iron Spikes placed over the Door which looks into the Lodge, a Woman of a large Make attending without, and two others standing behind her in Riding Hoods. *Jack* no sooner got his Head and Shoulders thro' between the Iron Spikes, than by a sudden Spring his Body followed with Ease; and the Women taking him down gently, he was, without Suspicion of the Keepers, (tho' some of them was drinking at the upper End of the Lodge) convey'd safely out of the Lodge Door, when soon getting a Hackney Coach, he went clear off before there was the least Notice of his Escape; which, when it was known, very much surprized the Keepers, who never dreamt of an Attempt of that Kind before.

As soon as *John* breathed the fresh Air, he went again briskly to his old Employment; and the first thing he did was to find out one *Page*, a Butcher of his acquaintance in *Clare-Market*, who dress'd him up in one of his Frocks, and then went with him upon the Business of raising Money. No sooner had they set out, but *Shepherd* remembering one Mr. *Martin's* a Watch-maker, near the *Castle Tavern* in *Fleet-street*, and the Situation of the Shop, he prevail'd upon his Companion to go thither, and screwing a Gimlet fast into the Post at the Door, they tied the Knocker of the Door thereto with a String, and then boldly breaking the Glasses, snatched three Watches before a Boy that was in the Shop could open the Door, and marched clear off; *Shepherd* having the Impudence upon this Occasion, to pass underneath *Newgate*.

However, he did not long enjoy his Liberty, for strolling about *Finchly Common*, he was apprehended and committed to *Newgate*; and was put immediately in the *Stone Room*, where they loaded him with a heavy pair of Irons, and then stapled him fast down to the Floor. He being left there alone in the Sessions Time, most of the People of the Gaol then attending at the *Old-Bailey*, he with a crooked Nail opened the Lock, and by that Means got rid of his Chain, and went directly to the Chimney in the Room; where, with incessant working, he got out a couple of Stones, and by that Means entered a Room called the *Red Room*, where no Body had been lodged for a considerable Time. Here he threw down a Door, which one would have thought impossible to have been mov'd by the Strength of a Man though with ever so much Noise. From hence with a great deal to do, he forced his Passage into the Chapel, there he broke a Spike off the Door, forcing open by its help four other Doors. Getting at last upon the Leads, he from thence descended gently, by the Help of the Blanket on which he lay, (for which he went back thro' the whole Prison) upon the Leads of Mr. *Bird* a Turner, next Door to *Newgate*, and looking in at the Garret Window, saw the Maid going to Bed. As soon as he thought she was asleep, he stepp'd down Stairs, went thro' the Shop, opened the Door, then into the Street, leaving the Door open behind him.

In the Morning when the Keepers were in search after him, hearing of this Circumstance by the Watchman, they were then perfectly satisfied of the Method by which he went off: However, they were obliged to publish a Reward, and make the strictest Enquiry after him some foolish People having propagated a Report, that he had not got out without Connivance. In the mean while *Shepherd* found it a very difficult Thing to get rid of his Irons, having been obliged to lurk about and lye hid near a Villiage not far from Town, till with much ado he procured a Hammer and took them off. He was no sooner freed from the Incumbrance that remained upon him but he came privately into the Town and that Night robbed Mr. *Rawlin's* House a *Pawn-Broker* in *Drury-Lane*. Here he got a very large Booty, and amongst other things a very handsome black Suit of Cloaths and a Gold Watch. Being dressed with these he carried the rest of the Goods and valuable Effects to two Women, one of whom was a poor young Creature whom *Shepherd* had seduced, and who was imprisoned on this account.

No sooner had he taken care of the Booty, but he went amongst his Companions, the Pick-pockets and Whores in *Drury Lane* and *Clare Market*; where being accidentally espied fuddling at a little Brandy-Shop, by a Boy belonging to an Alehouse who knew him very well, the Lad immediately gave Information; upon which he was apprehended, and re-conducted with a vast Mob to his old Mansion-House of *Newgate*, being so much intoxicated with Liquor, that he hardly was sensible of his miserable Fate. They now took effectual Care to prevent a third Escape, never suffering him to be alone a Moment,

which as it put the Keepers to great Expence, they took Care to pay themselves with the Money they took of all who came to see him.

In this last Confinement it was that Mr. *Shepherd* and his Adventures became the sole Topick of Conversation about Town: Numbers flocked daily to behold him; and he, far from being displeased at being made a Spectacle of, entertained all who came with the greatest Gaiety that could be. He acquainted them with all his Adventures; related each of his Robberies in the most ludicrous Manner, and endeavour'd to set off every Circumstance of his flightious Life, as well as his Capacity would give him leave; which, to say Truth, was excellent at Cunning, and Buffoonery, and nothing else. Nor were the Crowds of People on this Occasion, that throng'd to *Newgate*, made up of the Dregs of the People only, for then there would have been no Wonder; but instead of that, Persons of the first Distinction, and not a few even dignified with Titles. 'Tis certain that the Noise made about him, and this Curiosity of Persons of so high a Rank was a very great Misfortune to the poor Wretch himself; who from these Circumstances began to conceive grand Ideas of himself, as well as strong Hopes of Pardon; which encouraged him to play over all his Airs, and divert as many as thought it worth their While, by their Presence, to prevent a dying Man from considering his latter End. Yet when *Shepherd* came up to Chapel, it was observed that all his Gaiety was laid aside, and he both heard and assisted with great Attention at Divine Service; tho' upon other Occasions he as much as he could avoided religious Discourse; and depending upon the Petitions he had made to several Noblemen to intercede with the King for Mercy, he seem'd rather to aim at diverting his Time till he receiv'd a Pardon, than to improve the few Days he had to prepare himself for his last.

On the 10th of November, 1724, *Shepherd* was by *Certaorari* removed to the Bar of Court of King's Bench at *Westminster*; an *Affidavit* being made, that he was the same *John Shepherd* mentioned in the Record of Conviction before read. Mr. Justice *Powis* awarded Judgment against him, and a Rule was made for his Execution on the 16th.

Such was the unaccountable Fondness this Criminal had for Life, and so unwilling was he to lose all hopes of preserving it, that he fram'd in his Mind all Resolutions of cutting the Rope when he should be bound in the Cart, thinking thereby to get amongst the Crowd, and so into *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*, and from thence to the *Thames*. For this Purpose he had provided a Knife, which was with great Difficulty taken from him, by Mr. *Watson* who was to attend him to Death. Nay, his Hopes were carried even beyond hanging; for when he spoke to a Person to whom he gave what Money he had remaining, out of the large Presents he had received from those who came to divert themselves at *Shepherd's* Show, or *Newgate* Fair, he most earnestly entreated him, that as soon as possible his Body might be taken out of the Hearse which was provided for him, put into a warm Bed, and, if it were possible, some Blood taken from him; for he was in great Hopes he might be brought to Life again; but if he was not, he desired him to defray the Expences of his Funeral, and return the Overplus to his poor Mother. Then he resumed his usual Discourse about his Robberies, and in the last Moments of his Life endeavour'd to divert himself from the Thoughts of Death. Yet so uncertain and various was he in his Behaviour, that he told one whom he had a great Desire at see the Morning he died, that he had then as much Satisfaction to his Heart, as if he was going to enjoy two hundred Pounds per Annum.

At the Place of Execution, to which he was convey'd in a Cart, with Iron Handcuffs on, he behaved himself very gravely; confessing his robbing
Mr. *Philips*

Mr. Philips and Mrs. Cook, but denying that Joseph Blake and he had William Field in their Company when they broke open the House of Mr. Knee-

bone. After this he submitted to his Fate on the 16th of November, 1724, much pitied by the Mob.

The LIFE of LEWIS HOUSSART.

AS there is not any Crime more shocking to human Nature, or more contrary to all Laws human and divine, than Murder, so perhaps there have been few Murders, in these last Years committed, accompanied with more odd Circumstances than that for which this Criminal suffered.

Lewis Houffart was born at Sedan, a Town in Champaigne, in the Kingdom of France; his own Paper says, *That he was bred a Surgeon, and qualified for that Business*; however that were, he was here no better than a Penny Barber, only that he let Blood, and thereby got a little Money. As to the other Circumstances of his Life, all we shall say of him is, that while his Wife Anne Rondeau was living, he married another Woman, and the Night of the Marriage, before sitting down to Supper, he went out a little Space. During the Interval between that and his coming in, it was judged from the Circumstances, that he cut the poor Woman's Throat, who was his first Wife, with a Razor. For this being apprehended he was tried at the *Old-Baily*; but for Want of Proof sufficient was acquitted. Not long after he was indicted for *Bigamy*; upon which Indictment, scarce making any Defence, he was found guilty. He said thereupon, *That he did not trouble himself to preserve so much as his Reputation in this Respect, for in the first Place he knew they were resolved to convict him, and in the next Place his first Wife was a Socinian, an irrational Creature, entitled to the Advantages of no Nation nor People, because she was no Christian*; and accordingly the Scripture says, *with such a One have no Conversation, no, not so much as to eat with them*. An Appeal was then lodg'd against him by Solomon Rondeau, Brother and Heir to Anne his Wife; yet that appearing to be defective, it was quash'd, and he charged upon another; whereunto joining Issue upon six Points, they came to be tried at the *Old-Baily*; where the following Circumstances appeared upon the Trial.

That at the Time he was at Supper at his new Wife's House, he started on a sudden, looked agast, and seemed to be very much frightened. A little Boy deposed, that the Prisoner gave him Money to go to his own House in a little Court, and fetch the Mother of the deceased Anne Rondeau to a Gentleman who would be at such a Place and stay for her. When the Mother returned from that Place, and found no-body wanting her, or that had wanted her, she was very much out of Humour at the Boy's calling her; but that quickly gave way to the Surprise of finding her Daughter murder'd as soon as she enter'd the Room. This Boy who called her was very young; yet out of a Number of Persons that were in *Newgate*, he singled out Lewis Houffart, and declared that he was the Man who gave him Money to go for old Mistress Rondeau. Upon this and several other corroborating Proofs the Jury found him guilty: Upon which he arraigned the Justice of the Court, declaring, that he was innocent, and that they might punish him if they would, but they could not make him guilty; and much more to the like Effect. But the Court was not troubled at that; and he scarce endeavoured to make any other Defence.

While in the Condemn'd-Hole, amongst the rest of the Criminals, he behaved himself in a very odd Manner, insisted upon it that he was innocent of the Fact laid to his Charge, and threw out most opprobrious Language against the Court that condemn'd him; and when he was advised to lay aside such Heats of passionate Expressions, he said, *He was sorry he did not more fully expose the British Justice upon the spot at the Old-Baily, and that now, since they had tied up his Hands from acting, he would at least have Satisfaction in saying what he pleased*.

When this Houffart was first apprehended he appeared to be very much affected with his Condition, was continually reading good Books, praying and meditating, and shewing the utmost Signs of a Heart full of Concern, and under the greatest Emotions; but after he had been once acquitted, it made a thorough Change in his Temper: He quite laid aside all his former Gravity, and gave way, on the contrary, to a very extraordinary Spirit of Obstinacy and Unbelief. He puzzled himself continually, and if Mr. Deval, who was then under Sentence, would have given Leave, would have puzzled him too, as to the Doctrines of a future State, and an identical Resurrection of the Body, saying, he could not be persuaded of the truth thereof in a literal Sense. But Mr. Deval, after he had answered as well as he could these Objections once, refused to hearken a second Time to any such Discourses, and was obliged to have Recourse to harsh Language, to oblige him to desist. In the mean while his Brother came over from *Holland*, on the News of this dreadful Misfortune, and went to make him a Visit in the Place of his Confinement; where going to condole with him on the Weight of his Misfortunes, instead of receiving the Kindness of his Brother in the Manner it deserved, Houffart began to make light of the Affair, and treated the Death of his Wife and his own Confinement in such a Manner, that his Brother leaving him abruptly, went back to *Holland*, more shocked at the Brutality of his Behaviour, than grieved for the Misfortune which had befallen him.

It being a considerable Space of Time that Houffart lay in Confinement in *Newgate*, and even in the Condemn'd-Hole, he had there of Course Abundance of Companions; but of them all he affected none so much as John Shepherd, with whom he had Abundance of merry, and even loose, Discourses; once particularly, when the Sparks flew very quick out of the Charcoal Fire, he said to Shepherd, *See, see! I wish there were so many Bullets that might beat the Prison down about our Ears; and then I might die like Sampson*.

It was near a Month before he was called up to receive Sentence; after which he made no Scruple of saying, *That since they had found him guilty of Throat-cutting, he would verify their Judgment by cutting his own Throat*. Upon which when some, who were in the same sad State with himself, objected to him how great a Crime Self-murder was, he immediately made Answer, *He was satisfied it was no Crime at all*: And upon this he fell to argu-
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